WEEK ENDING OCT. 15, 1927

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

"Hold 'Em!"

Beginning A New Serial

THIN ICE *by* KATHLEEN NORRIS

A DRAMATIC NOVEL *of* MODERN MARRIAGE

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,
candy man,
Buy Wrigley's Double Mint,
fast as you can!
But as fast as you get it, the
good people come
To get this delicious REAL
PEPPERMINT *gum!*

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H80 ···*"After every meal!"*

In every woman's circle

There is one too timid to ask about intimate matters of feminine hygiene

WHY do the other women leave her out of their confidences when delicate subjects are discussed? Has she too much reserve? Is she herself lacking in frankness? Does she fail to give as well as receive? Many a young woman has occasion to ask herself just such questions as these.

And yet she may not be actually ignorant of physical facts. It is simply the *doubt*. Does she know the *whole* truth? Is her knowledge up-to-date and based on medical authority? For it must be remembered that the whole subject of feminine hygiene is quite generally misunderstood. Physicians recommend it as a healthful practice, but the selection of an effective antiseptic has always been a matter involving actual danger.

Why this subject has been under a cloud

For the very reason just given, feminine hygiene has long been under a cloud, almost taboo. Almost everyone has heard of cases of permanent injury, and worse. All owing to the use of *poisonous antiseptics*. Imagine the effect on delicate feminine tissues when they are subjected to the caustic action of carbolic acid and its compounds. Hardening of the membranes often sets in, producing in time an area of scar-tissue, the possibilities of which can be explained by any physician.

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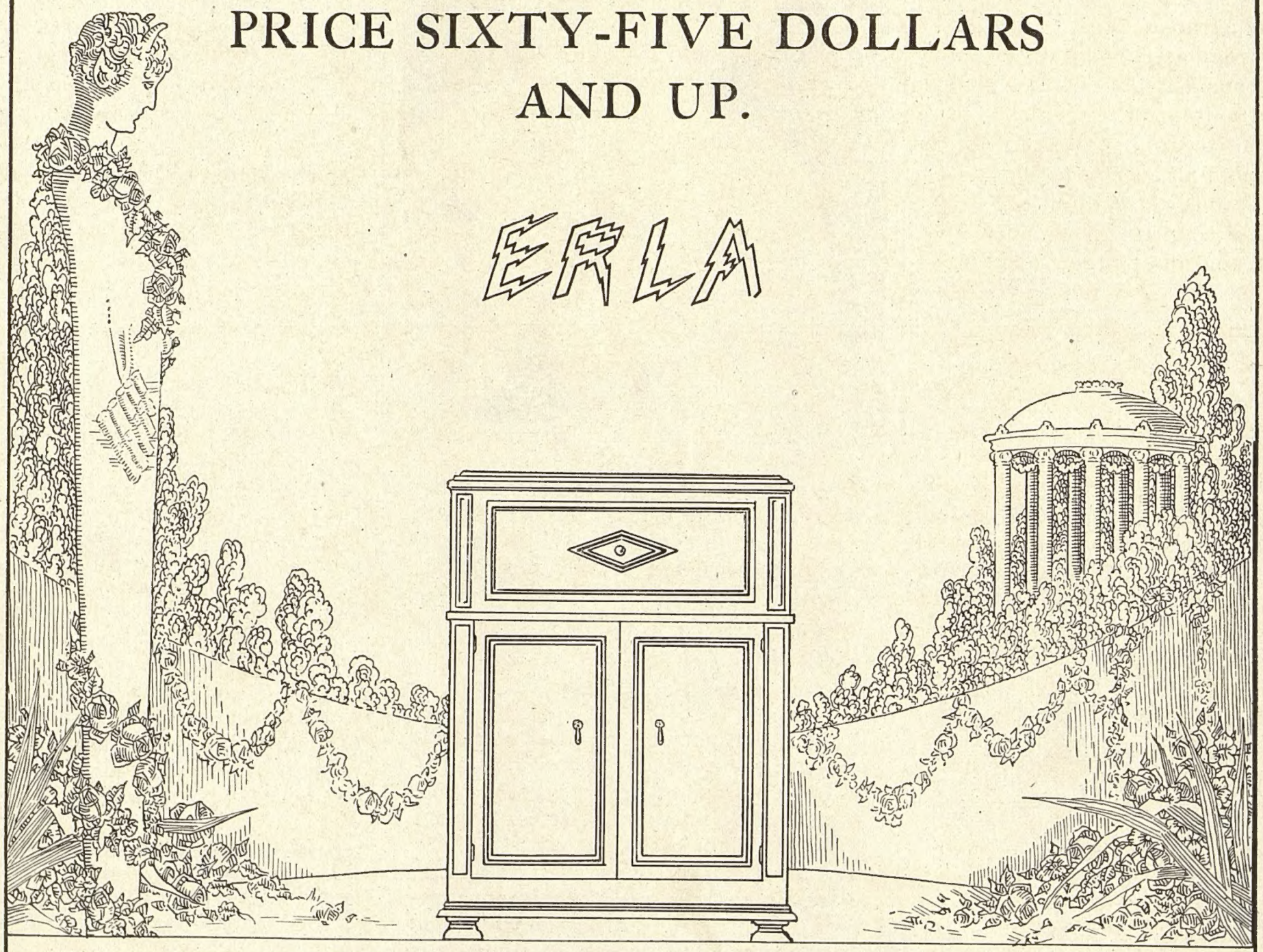

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OCT. 15, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 4 No. 24

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

TEETOTALERS BY STATUTE

In a recent issue of LIBERTY appeared an account of the operations of the bone-dry Wright act in Indiana.

Our article showed how Governor Ed Jackson of Indiana was compelled to ignore a law of his own State in order to provide whisky to save Mrs. Jackson's life.

It showed also how whisky illegally obtained saved the lives of the children of Arthur L. Gilliom, Indiana's Attorney-General. Gilliom now urges modification of the law.

The more fanatical a law is, the more certain it is to break down. Our experience with the Volstead act and the Eighteenth Amendment has proved this doctrine again. Bad as these may be, the Indiana statute is worse.

Prohibition enforcement is reasonably efficient in some parts of the United States. But only where sentiment was preponderantly dry before the dry law was passed—chiefly the South and the agrarian West.

The only regions now enthusiastically for prohibition that used to be enthusiastically wet are the grape-growing sections of central and southern California. This enthusiasm is not due to principle, but to profit. Our bar against French and Italian wines has created an enormous demand for home-grown wines.

The dry law is not well enforced in the most conspicuous wet spots of the country—New York City, Chicago, San Francisco, Detroit, and most other large cities. There are arrests now and then, but the impression prevails that they are only for the moral effect and to make the shakedown better.

The quality of the liquor people drink is inferior and the price is higher, but it is always easy to get.

What we fail to see, even now, is why the prohibitionists insisted on drying up our wet and wicked cities.

If the drys had not been meddlesome and had allowed the cities to go dry in their own way and their own time, we should have been relieved of much lawlessness.

It is well known that when we break one law we find it easier to break others. There are, unfortunately, elements in our population whose moral fortitude never was made to stand the strain of breaking even one law with impunity.

We are better off with few laws than with many. Loose regard for law is bad for the moral tone of any individual, community, or people.

LIBERTY is as much opposed as it can be to introducing liquor where it isn't wanted. By the same line of reasoning, we think it was a mistake to force the prohibition law upon a population that is ten to one against it, as in the case of New York City, for example.

Most of our other large cities are three to one or more against prohibition. The dry hinterland should not impose its prejudices and principles upon the wet cities. And *vice versa*.

Perhaps there is more than coincidence in the fact that the cities are almost without exception wet and the rural districts almost without exception dry.

There must be a fundamental difference between the labor performed in the country and the city, and the conditions under which men work.

Country people don't seem to desire nerve narcotics or stimulants as city people do. Men and women in the smaller towns may find their nerves sufficiently calmed by roast beef and mashed potatoes. The city worker craves also a few glasses of beer.

It is a different physiological need. Why leave one free to do as he pleases and strait-jacket the other?

The ultimate solution will be, or should be, local option. Communities that want to be wet will be wet and those that want to be dry can stay dry.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

WHY did more than six years separate the conviction and execution of Sacco and Vanzetti? The amazing legal procedure that permitted this unparalleled condition in American jurisprudence is fully explained in THE LAW'S DELAY, an interesting and enlightening article by WILDER GOODWIN, a member of the New York bar.

FRANK R. ADAMS, in a short story, GRANDFATHER'S CLUCK, has packed in enough laughs, heart-throbs, and tears to grace a novel. You will enjoy this story of a modern youth strong enough to say good-by and a girl who knew he didn't mean it.

THE SIGNAL LAMP, by WADSWORTH CAMP, is a gripping narrative of a marital storm in the midst of a tornado from the Caribbean Sea.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN has written impartially of a type of woman we all know. You may get an inkling of her from the title, MARRIED SPINSTERS.

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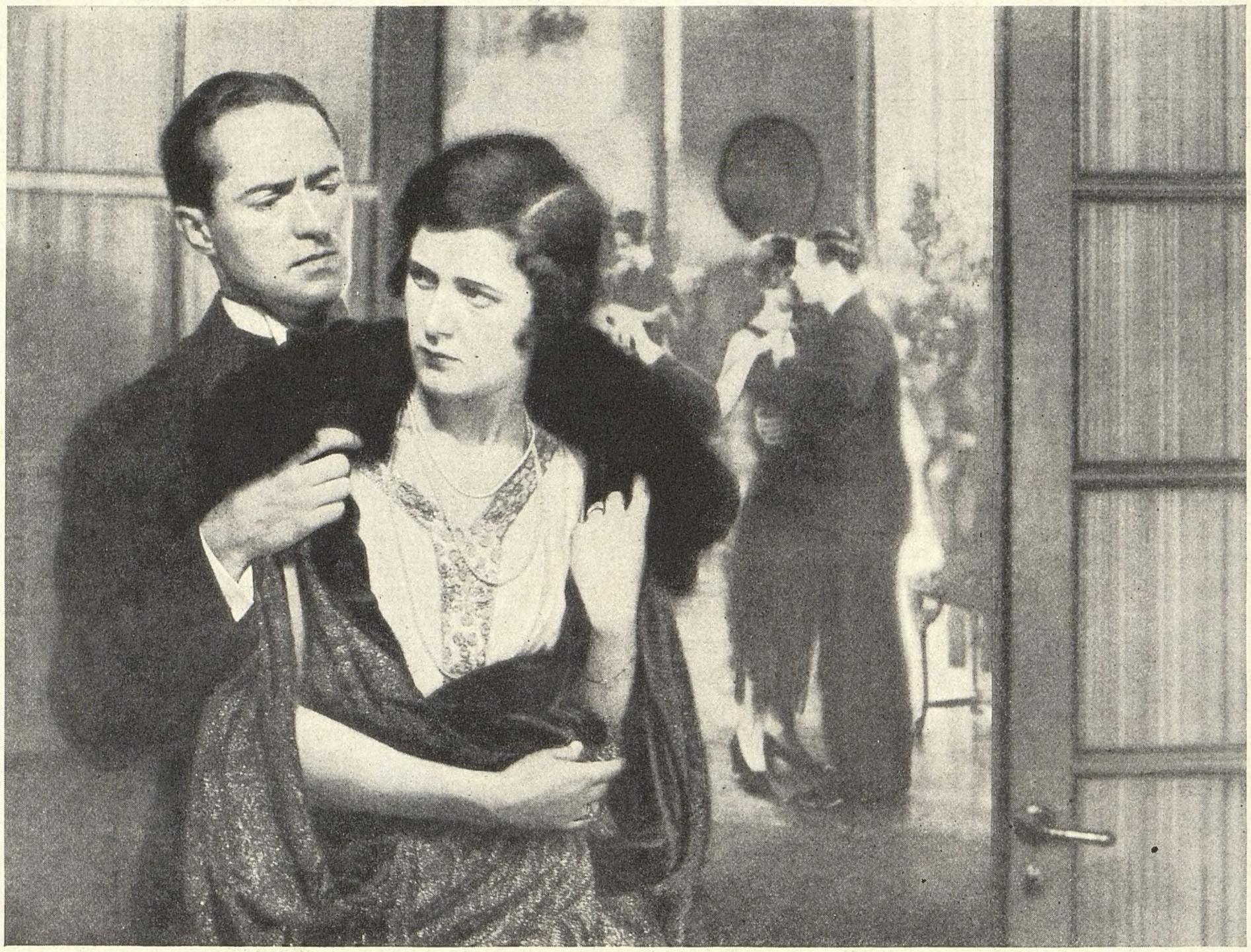

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Thin ICE

Pictures by
CHARLES D. MITCHELL

SHE had dared to write "Dearest one" or "My very dear." But Tom's return seemed already to have changed this.

The Love Story of a Wife

A New Serial by

KATHLEEN NORRIS

(Reading time: 26 minutes.)

PART ONE

SHE lifted a pen. The sheet of thick white note-paper lay blank on the desk before her. Willoughby sighed, caught her full lower lip lightly with her teeth, narrowed her eyes, and stared into space, faintly frowning.

It had to be done. It had to be done. It must be done!

The house was absolutely still, in the mid-morning of a dull, soft, January day. Fog pressed against the windows, from the patio. Sounds, far off, down the tree-lined streets, came softly, muffledly, through it.

Foy Lung was making no noise in the kitchen; perhaps he had put on a clean apron and trotted to market with his big basket. Kitty O'Brien, upstairs in the nursery, was neither singing nor slamming things nor rocking; little Richie was asleep, and Kitty didn't want to waken him. Stella, the downstairs maid, was wiping glasses. And the girls, Willa and Patsy, were in school.

Silence. Except the brisk, cheerful ticking of the clock on the mantel, and the occasional soft collapse in the fireplace of a log of wood that was reduced to clean, pinkish embers.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THIN ICE
Continued from Page Seven]

"I can not—I can not write this letter!" Willoughby said aloud.

She laid down her pen and flattened, with a fine, quick, nervous hand, the opened radiogram that lay beside the untouched sheet of letter-paper. A radiogram containing exactly five words—that was all. But those five words had come hammering into her scheme of life like so many bullets. Willoughby, looking at them, neatly printed in capitals, in a row, had an irrational impulse to destroy them; to have them unsaid, unsent, untrue—out of her life again, as entirely as they had been out of it at this time yesterday!

ARRIVE THURSDAY MANCHURIA LOVE TOM

Tom was her husband. He had been away since June; he had been away almost half a year. Willoughby's marriage was a success; after twelve years she and Tom Chamberlain were friends. He was boyish, spoiled, undeveloped—all the world knew that; and she was a rarely fine and finished product. But still they were friends. And she and the children had missed him at the Lake cottage; Willoughby had felt the summer quite unbalanced without Tom.

But in September, at a tea in the city, she had met Andrew Fernald.

It was to Andrew that the letter on the desk must go. Willoughby did not know how to word it.

She felt, indeed, a most unwonted confusion and disturbance in her thoughts; an inability to think clearly, to concentrate. Her head ached slightly, as if from a nervous pressure, her face was flushed, and her heart beat heavily—thump, thump, thump!

Tom would be home today. Tom would be home—today! Life would go back to what life had been a year ago.

WILLOUGHBY rested her elbow on the desk, and sat staring into space. Life could not go back. Life never went back.

And how could life go on, now? Upon what terms? Here was Tom back; affectionate, unsuspicious, spoiled; accustomed to the monopoly of his wife, unwilling to concede to outsiders even the friendships women ordinarily enjoy—

"Ought I to meet him at the boat?" Willoughby mused, half aloud—"kiss him—act as if everything were just the same? And if I don't, what *shall* I do?"

And she thought of Margaret Daniels, who had calmly met her husband, after the war, with the news that in his absence she had come to care for another man. Winthrop Daniels, rushing home to wife and little daughter, thin, bitter, physically and nervously a wreck, had moped about for weeks—for months. But just after Margaret had triumphantly married Joe Spaulding, and gone off with baby Peggy to Portland to live, Winthrop had taken an overdose of the medicine he took for his headaches.

Tom wouldn't do anything like that, no matter what despairs and griefs he suffered. Tom wasn't the type of man who killed himself; it never would enter his head to do such a thing. Poor Win Daniels had been ill, crippled by gas, shaken and weak. That was different. Tom had the ruddy, calm, invincible health of Richie, his own four-year-old son.

Richie! Willoughby suddenly thought of her baby, and of the two older children, girls of eight and nine. And she put her elbows on the desk, and covered her face with her hands, and said aloud, in the pleasant silence of the parlor:

"Oh, my God, what shall I do?"

If she met Tom at the dock today, when the Manchuria came in, it could not be half-heartedly. Nor could she steel herself to send Kitty there with the children, and wait for him at home, armed with shattering reservations. She could not let him rush into the house they had built together five years ago—that house that would be scented today with the roasting turkey and the feather rolls that would express Foy Lung's welcome—and greet him with some such chilling words as:

"Tom, I didn't meet you because there is something I have to say to you. We'll discuss it after the children are in bed. I don't want to hurt you, or make you feel that you are not welcome; but things have happened in your absence that make me feel it would not be honest not to tell you that our life together, as man and wife, is over!"

SHE couldn't say that, and she knew she couldn't; and, more than that, she didn't want to say it. Why should she hurt Tom Chamberlain so cruelly? She owed him nothing but kindness and affection; she felt a deep, half-maternal and all-excusing gentleness toward him; she always had treated him, and planned always to treat him, with at least the consideration and generosity she would have shown to a casual acquaintance.

If she could reach him now with an explanation, or a part explanation, or even a hint, the situation might be saved. But he had not let her know he was coming home, after an absence of months and months; he had given her no warning.

That was Tom. That was his idea of a "surprise"!

His ship was steaming up the coast now; her next port would be San Francisco. And Willoughby knew just how Tom would press against the forward rail, scanning the docks, ready to shout—regardless of bystanders and

"IF you knew how sick I've been to hear just that—the racket of them dressing—splashing water around in the bathroom!"

audience—ready to shout like a Siwash on the war-path, as soon as his eyes found Patsy and Willa on the pier.

"Tom, forgive me if my manner seems strange, until I have a chance to talk to you." Could she say that right away, before his first kiss?

NOT with Tom Chamberlain. He would give a loud, triumphant shout, and continue to bestow upon her those hard, swift kisses that really hurt her mouth and nearly knocked her hat off, while he exulted, quite oblivious of her words:

"I like you, do you know that? You look good to *me!* What do you say about having a talk?—my Lord, I could talk for three days and three nights!"

And once having been violently kissed and hugged, once being caught in the current of his loud laughter and exuberant vitality, how awkward—how embarrassing—to have to begin with that cold talk about wanting to be free!

"Perhaps I should have written him, given him a pretty strong hint," Willoughby told herself. But written what? She and Andrew had been only good friends all during the golden—the memorable autumn; and it had not been until November that the new element, the electric, the breath-taking, the world-altering element had crept in. And Tom had, presumably, been leaving Paris for home then. Letters had gone to him, indeed, and had safely reached him; but Willoughby had confided that tremendous secret to no letter!

He had written her a few weeks ago that he would be home at about Easter-time. Easter—this was only January. And he would be here for dinner, possibly for luncheon. And he did not know—he had never even met Andrew Fernald.

"Time!" Willoughby thought. "If I had only time! If I could get hold of Andrew!"

She stretched a hand for her desk telephone, and in a few seconds was in touch with the big firm of architects in San Francisco.

"Miss Rogers? Good morning. This is Mrs. Chamberlain. Is Mr. Fernald there?"

That was safe enough. She rarely telephoned the office; she rarely had occasion to seek out Andrew's whereabouts. There was just a chance that he might be in the office this morning, if he was not at the club.

"Mr. Fernald is in Berkeley. But we expect him in this morning."

The telephone operator's voice was cheerful and friendly. The information was exactly what Willoughby had expected. And yet she restored the receiver to its hook with an odd sense of being baffled, being defeated.

"Thank you," she had said automatically. "No—no message."

And again she sat thinking, thinking, in the airy, fire-warmed silence of her own sitting-room.

IT was a beautiful room, and a fitting setting for the woman who had created it. The whole house was a fortunate adaptation of the Spanish colonial architecture that California's climate makes appropriate and comfortable. The plaster walls were dull and soft and creamy, the windows narrow and grilled, and Willoughby's feeling for lights and shadows had kept the whole plain and bare.

A length of shabby red brocade, embroidered for altar wear, lay on the long table; the rugs were plain and dim in tone. The only note of profusion in the room lay in the flowers—white bowls of sprawling nasturtiums, and clear glass jars filled with chrysanthemums and huckleberry branches and richly glowing marigolds.

On the desk was a small silver bowl holding double white and blue violets—exquisite, perfect little balls of bloom that sent an old-fashioned-garden fragrance into the air.

Violets! Willoughby had grown accustomed to violets this winter—accustomed to their delicious sweetness pinned to her shoulder, against her furs, filling the vases of her bedroom and sitting-room with their note of rich purple-blue. Andrew kept her supplied with masses and masses of violets, wrapped, damp and odorous, in silky layers of tissue-paper, brought in firm, square white boxes tied smartly with stiff fibrous ribbons.

There would be no more violets now—for a while, anyway. Willoughby wished her head would stop its fretful, nervous aching, so that she might think.

"Come in, Kitty," she said, out of a dream.

She pushed the empty sheet of paper aside as the rosy-faced Irish nurse came into the room, followed by the two excited little girls.

They had run, danced, skipped all the way home, freed miraculously in mid-morning from the burden of practising and the question of South American exports.

Willa was rosy, dark, curly-headed, and plump; a conscientious, sensitive, loving little creature, always first in her classes, always "good" just because it made her mother happy to have her so.

Patsy, the younger girl, was beautiful, slim, her straight yellow hair severely bobbed, her manner shy, enchanting, mysterious even with her mother.

"Mommy—is Daddy *really* coming home?"

"He is. But how hot you are, darling! Did you run?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THIN ICE
Continued from Page Nine]

"The google is very—gummy," said Patsy casually.

"The fog? Hot, you mean. Well, now, run upstairs, and don't wake Richie—we got him off for a nap—he'll miss his regular nap. Kitty'll put out your dresses. I'm waiting for the man to telephone me about Daddy's boat now, but I think we'll have to start as soon as we can—"

Their exultant "Goody—goody—goody!" floated back to her as they fled upstairs, and Willoughby remembered how wonderful it had been in childhood to be plucked by the omnipotent elders away from school, and pencils, and languor, and boredom; in the middle of a morning's session, and carried off to a circus, or to meet an arriving uncle, or because somebody or other was dead.

THE children loved their father—most children did. But they also loved Andrew, and he thought them perfectly astonishing. He had had a wife, but Andrew had never had a child of his own.

"What a child of his own would mean to him!" Willoughby thought, picking up the picture that stood beside the bowl of violets and studying the fine, strong face of the man it represented.

Andrew was stunning, mounted on his big horse, with a crop in his gloved hand, and boots laced almost to the knee. He was grinning, in the picture—the delightful grin Willoughby loved so well. She had a larger picture of him upstairs. Both would have to disappear now. Willoughby snapped the brass stand of the frame shut, and slipped the picture into the pocket of the loose Chinese coat she wore.

Drawing the note-paper toward her, she wrote rapidly, in a firm, small hand:

MY DEAR ANDREW:

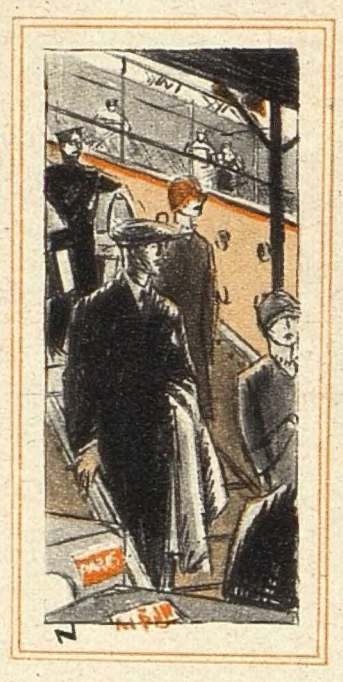
A radio message this morning informs me of a return on the Manchuria—quite unexpectedly to me, as you know. I must make some move, of course, immediately; but exactly what it shall be I can not at the moment decide—the wise way does not seem clear to me just now. I will send you a line tomorrow. Meanwhile, will you read everything—everything into these stupid words? Head aching, heart misbehaving, everything all wrong!

"My dear Andrew—" She had not called him that since the very beginning of their warmer friendship. She had dared to write "Dearest one" or "My very dear." But Tom's return seemed already to have changed this—seemed already to have erected a wall between her and the man she loved.

Dull—how strangely dull the arrival of the radiogram and the writing of this note seemed to have made the day! Had she been going into town on the eleven-forty train to have lunch with Andrew, as she often did, she would have been laughing now, exulting in the children's charm. She would have chuckled sympathetically, laying her radiant cheek against Willa's velvety one, lifting Patsy's slim little feet for the overshoes, buttoning both girls' coats with quick, efficient fingers. She would have caught Richie up, tousled and red-cheeked and resentful over having been beguiled into a nap, and hugged him and coaxed him into happiness again.

As it was, she felt heavy and stupid, and felt the nursery scene to be heavy and stupid, too. Kitty bungled about; Patsy sulked over the Roumanian linens.

"Yes, I want you to look alike. I think it makes a daddy much happier to have his little girls look alike, when he hasn't seen them for so long!" Willoughby bent close to her younger daughter's drooped yellow head; distinguished the tearful murmur that the fall of straight gold hair somewhat obscured. "Willa *can't* wear the navy blue, darling, because her bloomers are too tight. Mother'll have to see about them. Patsy, stop it, dear. This isn't a very nice way to meet Daddy. You can ride in front as far as Millbrae, Willa, and then Patsy can change with you!"



YESTERDAY at this time her heart had been singing, soaring, floating like a bird high, high up in heady blue sunshine: because yesterday she had been going into town to have tea with Andrew. Yesterday the squirrel cap, the squirrel coat, had seemed to encase the most ecstatic woman alive—the prettiest, the most beloved.

Today she dressed lifelessly, looked at herself with a sort of impatient hatred in the mirror, fussed fretfully with the violets that were waiting to go on her shoulder, and finally flung the flowers away. She sat down on the edge of the window-seat, and stared down at the fog-filled garden, and the fence, a dull, blurred line of black. What a horrible, brooding, murky day!

"You feel good, don't you, Mis' Chamberlain?"

"I—? Oh, thank you, Kitty, I'm all right. But—no, I don't feel very well."

"Ain't that a shame, with Mr. Chamberlain just coming home!" lamented Kitty.

They were all in the car, Willoughby driving. It was a big car. It had been a great source of pride and excitement to her four years ago. That was before Richie's birth; and Willoughby remembered sitting in the front seat beside Tom, and discussing the new baby, and hoping, quite frankly, that the third child would be a son.

Richie, hopefully saying, "There's Buck! There's our puppy!" whenever they passed an animal, and being corrected by his sisters with rich maternal laughter, sat on the back seat, on Kitty's lap.

Richie was irresistible in dark blue cloth and beaver; the little girls looked their best in blue caped coats and beaver hats banded in seal. Tom Chamberlain was a rich man's—or rather, which was just a little worse, a rich woman's son. His mother and sister adored him, and selected his children's clothes in the finest of the New York shops.

Willoughby thought the children had better have cocoa and chicken sandwiches along the road somewhere—those ships always took such an eternity to dock. Kitty agreed, and fed Richie carefully at the little bare table in the confectioner's, wiping his eager, red little mouth between bites of her own sandwich.

Willoughby had ordered a sandwich, too, and coffee; but she barely tasted either.

How unspeakably, unendurably dull all this was! Might they have ice-cream sodas? "But not *now*, darling, right on top of the ice-cream!" Patsy's yellow head drooped again and Willa said eagerly, painfully: "But Mommy, you won't let us have them on *empty stomachs?*"

No, ridiculous! But they could have some plain molasses taffy. If Patsy didn't hold her head up and stop being so silly, she couldn't have *anything*. Very well, then; just one bar of taffy, please, and some of the chocolate tablets for the little boy. And Kitty would please see he didn't smear himself with it.

Fog-horns were droning over the gray city. Shrouds of fog wound themselves about the ferry clock. Every boat—and scores of them were fussily coming and going—kept a whistle moaning, tooting, or snorting through the mists.

Utterly uninteresting—utterly, hopelessly uninteresting! Andrew would get her letter; she would never hear of him again.

Willoughby felt weak and tired. All very well to deceive oneself with gallant talk of courage and change and readjustment; but she hadn't the initiative—she hadn't the strength for it.

No, she thought angrily, tears misting her eyes as she drove doggedly through the waterfront traffic, steering her way between the jumbled surface cars, trucks, and taxis—no, she would just be Mrs. Tom Chamberlain of Palo Alto, California, all her life—a pretty, commonplace little woman, married to an idle, good-natured nonentity, supported by his mother, raising three nice, healthy children in a small college town!

Ice-cream on Sundays, bridge games now and then, golf occasionally; a great deal of discussion of music lessons and dental bands and suitable movies for the children with the mothers of other children. Two mornings a week in the market: "Aren't the artichokes in yet? When will you have asparagus, Joe?"

It suffocated her. Any life—*any* life—would suit her better than that, satisfy her, give her an opportunity to develop more than that! Not to develop the children, nor Tom, nor his mother, nor the community, nor the union, no. But herself—herself—herself—that entity that screamed for recognition, deep within her—that Willoughby Dean Chamberlain who had always felt herself above the common herd, fitted for something finer than the rest.

Andrew supplied it. A well groomed, finely built, olive-skinned man, with all the authoritative definiteness of the aristocrat in the glance of his dark eyes, the smile that played about his sensitive, keenly chiseled mouth. He had come from Philadelphia, where the Fernalds had been occupying stately, quiet, magnificent old homes since the days of William Penn, to direct the erection of a more than ordinarily important bit of building in San Francisco; and when the mansion of his special millionaire had been completed, Andrew had been asked by the college town to remain, to assume the direction of a certain memorial library, set in the mellowed hills back of the memorial university.

A native of Philadelphia, but Andrew was a cosmopolitan. He knew Paris and Berlin, spoke their languages; he had studied the columns of Chinese temples and Russian cathedrals. He was not rich—not as rich, perhaps, as Tom would be some day—but there was a finish, an elegance and beauty and easiness about his ways of saying things, doing things, that had nothing to do with money.

WILLOUGHBY and Kitty and the children walked down the big dock that smelled of tar and sea-water and raw, sweet coffee-beans. The little girls danced ahead; Richie staggered importantly, jabbering as he went, clinging with one hand tightly to his mother's thumb, and with the other to Kitty's. The fog dripped and pressed and boomed softly about the masts and cranes of the boats, and lost itself mistily in the wooden roof high overhead.

How tiresome—tiresome—tiresome all this was!

The boat was in, it appeared, and Tom was suddenly with them, embracing Willoughby, catching up the children, whose legs hung helpless against his smart London ulster as he hugged them to his breast. This wasn't the boy! "Why, you great big bruiser, you—you great big bruiser, you! Do you know who's got you? What's my name?"

"Know Daddy! Of course he does!" Willoughby boasted. "He's been chattering about nothing else."

And then Tom whirling about, catching at the arms of steamer friends, bringing them up, pouring their unimportant histories into Willoughby's uninterested ears. "Gosh, how he can play bridge! That's the one, there—she's the one that is going all the way to China to bring back her husband's body—wait a minute! Mrs. White—say, stop that lady, will you? Mrs. White, this is my wife, and my kids! I just wanted you to—"

"And your mother's well?"

"Mother's grand! Want to talk to you a lot about that, but later! Come with Daddy, darling; I have to go over here and wait for my trunks—yes, you can come too."

It was all confusing and upset and unsatisfying. It afforded no faintest loophole for impressive conduct on her part. Parting words

might have their significance, but meeting words were all nonsense. Tom wanted to tell her about the head steward's war experience, about the big, fat, silent man who had always bet on the pari mutuel, about the fight the musicians put up—

They got into the car, and this time Tom drove, and Willoughby, with the boy in her arms, sat beside him, the girls and Kitty relegated to the back seat. The old car was holding up pretty well, huh? The kids seemed to be in great shape, huh? She looked fine herself. The roads had all been widened, huh? Good idea—

His talk went back to his fellow passengers on the Manchuria; and it seemed to Willoughby that Tom had never been away. The same grin, the same scatter-brained inconsequence, the same phrases.

"So Pete said, 'How about a little drink on it?' All right, that suited Naylor and me. Good. Then Pete said, 'Fellers, I think we ought to get this good old scout out of this mix-up.' Well, we were all feeling pretty good by this time—"

SHE smiled, listened, interrupted as soon as she dared.

"Your mother was frightfully ill?"

"Well, that's funny. That was a kind of frame-up. It seems my sister Clara went over there to put her little girl—what's her name?—in school in Paris—"

"Mary Mabelle."

"Mary Mabelle, that's right. And while Clara was over there she ran into a Count, and she was all for throwing poor old Joe overboard and marrying the Count. I wrote you that?"

"But it didn't sound a bit like Clara!"

"Well, that was the idea, all right. So Mother—good old scout that she is—gets deadly ill, d'you see? And she has to be carted off to Germany, to have serums and what not, and Clara had to go along. And Clara says to me, 'Tom, you won't go home *now*, with darling M'ma dying?' and I tipped the old lady a wink and said, 'Oh, no! I'll stick it out until the end now.' And that's what kept me!"

"And what"—Willoughby was more interested in the subject than he could possibly guess—"what did Clara do about her Count?"

"Oh, she forgot him, the big bum. He just knew that Clara would get a pot of money some day—that was *his* trouble! By golly," Tom added, freeing his big, gloved right hand suddenly, to squeeze gently the chin of the staring little boy, "the American women get divorces in Paris whenever it enters their heads, or because a dull day comes along, or because somebody else does! I never saw anything like it!"

They spoke of divorces, and from this were led to speak of other matters concerning the fortunes of their friends: marriages and births and deaths that had occurred since Tom went away in June. And all the time Willoughby, smiling, answering, speaking to and of the children, was so deeply, profoundly bored that she felt almost frightened.

How long could she keep this up? She wondered dully. Not long, for she was dragging one foot after the other now, speaking with effort, heavy with fatigue and a sort of drowsy stupidity.

She followed Tom into the house, the little girls pulling him by the arms, wild with excitement and pleasure. Foy Lung came out smiling into the patio; everything looked perfection: flowers, blazing fire, books, lamps, little iron-grilled stairways cunningly curved into the big, high distempered walls, and over the wet chrysanthemums and the oaks in the garden the red rays of a setting winter sun.

They were upstairs, and the lethargy, the stupor—whatever it was—was still oppressing her unendurably. Tom was delighted with the wall-paper, delighted with the Chinese lanterns on the sleeping-porch, enchanted with the baby.

He and she talked of the children; there seemed to be a sort of reprieve in talking of the children.

"If you knew how

"YOU can get a divorce, Bill," Tom said simply, quietly, "if you're quite sure of yourself!"

sick I've been to hear just that—the racket of them dressing—brushing their teeth and splashing water around in the bathroom!"

Her strained, quick, dutiful smile.

"Isn't it cunning?" And then, in an undertone to Kitty: "Kitty, if it turns colder, be sure he has that extra blanket—"

WILLOUGHBY went into her room. There was a florist's box in the center of her dressing-table: small, square; a smeared envelop attached to it by the firm, stiff, fiber ribbon that tied it.

She and Tom shared a large front room, built in the California fashion, with a dressing-room on either side, and a deep sleeping-porch on the north, where the rays of sunrise could not find them. In this winter weather the beds were inside.

She sat down at her dressing-table, trembling a little, and opened the box. Double violets, on frail jointed stems, deliciously fresh, white and blue. And the card that said that Andrew must see her.

Instantly happiness flowed back into her veins and she felt oddly confident and light. She could laugh again, brushing her curly fluff of chestnut hair into a sunshiny mop, powdering her straight white nose, calling to the children:

"Come in—come in—we're going to have dinner early, and Mother's not going to change! Sit on my bed there, and keep perfectly quiet—"

"Mother, you *are* changing," Willa said seriously.

"Well, so I am! I didn't think what I was doing. But I'll be more comfortable."

She put on a loose, lacy black gown; dropped a string of pearls about her round, full throat. Excitement took possession of her; she lived again, after a day that had been like a dream of death.

The woman in the mirror smiled back at her: a tall woman, well rounded, tawny-headed, the lights tipping her chestnut mop with gold. The liquid shine in her blue eyes, the repressed smile about her exquisite mouth, the indescribable glow—the joy—the radiance of her, would have told their own story to any one but Tom.

Dinner was candle-lighted, domestic. Tom buttered Willa's bran muffin, while Willoughby performed the same kind service for Patsy. "White meat—gravy—just a taste of dress-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THIN ICE
Continued from Page Eleven]

ing, Tom—it's too rich for them. I don't know what he's been putting into it lately. Chestnuts, maybe—"

"But, Mommy, aren't chestnuts *candy?*"

"Oh, no, sweetheart. They have them in candy stores, but—"

And so on and on, while Willoughby smiled mysteriously, answered absently, heard always—always—always, deep in her heart, the singing of the words that had been on Andrew's card.

When the meal was over and the children had gone upstairs, she and Tom went into the sitting-room. Outside the window all the fog was gone, stars were shining high and cold above the patio, and a fitful wind was blowing. It whined high up in the wide-throated chimney and whispered at the heavy shutters. But here the fire was burning again, the air soft and warm, and lighted with mellow lamps.

Tom dropped into a chair, packed his pipe, scraped a match, and sighed, feeling the reaction from all the change and the emotion of the day. Willoughby sat opposite him, tired too, alert and nervous, determined to miss no opportunity to talk frankly to him, hoping in her frightened heart that the opportunity had not come.

"And your mother really is well?"

"Oh, she's fine. She sent all sorts of love, and a lot of loot for you and the kids—I'll get at my trunks tomorrow. I think she felt you were an awfully good sport—not making any fuss about my staying over Christmas and all that."

She spoke with a slight effort:

"Oh, *that* was all right. Her health had been your reason for going. It would have been silly to come back just as she was taken with a fresh attack."

"Well, she wasn't, really. It was Clara's affair. You know how Mother feels about divorces. I think she would rather have had another attack than to have Clara talk about leaving Joe."

"Your mother had only been married seven years when your father died," Willoughby offered, with apparent irrelevance.

THE man glanced at her shrewdly, with sudden interest, writhed luxuriously in his chair, yawned, stretched, and settled down again. He was rather a florid-faced young man, just a shade too fat, with sleek, fawn-brown hair beginning to thin at the temples.

"I'm tired—and I'm too tired to make the effort to get to bed!" he acknowledged, with a second devastating yawn. "Naylor got me to make the Canal trip instead of coming the usual way—I told you that? He's been sent to southern California for T. B., I guess it is—threatened, maybe. I couldn't throw him down. Good old Naylor—he was some traveling companion! He'll drink himself to death inside of a year. You can't stop him.

"However," Tom added in a smiling reminiscent silence, "I kept away from it. His wife made me promise I'd influence him if I could."

Another silence. Then he asked:

"Seen Jud and Kenny lately?"

Rob Judson, and Kennedy, his wife, were the pair with whom they often played bridge. Willoughby knew that even in these first hours of his return Tom had been rather appalled by the prospect of a whole evening alone with his wife, and that his thoughts had strayed to Jud and Kenny, and to the green-topped table that was in the closet under the stairway, and the smooth-slipping red and black of the cards.

She could have laughed, if it had not been so sad. That was marriage! They had shared some poignant and sacred years, she and Tom. She at nineteen had been the music-teacher of Clara Chamberlain, a few years older. To capture Clara's brother, just home from Yale, had been a great triumph for penniless little Willoughby Dean.

She had known he would be very rich some day. And when he had asked her, round and soft and sweet and conscientious as her own daughter Willa was today, she had answered in simple surprise: "But of *course!*"

"It means," she had said to his mother, "that he gives me one more thing, besides love and devotion, and all that. And that if we have children they'll have everything: nurses and education—"

Old Mrs. Chamberlain had loved her from that hour.

"Tom's—odd, Willoughby," the old woman had said. "Maybe we've spoiled him. He'll—he'll try you, dear."

"But we love each other so much," Willoughby had returned serenely, "that we'll grow up together!"

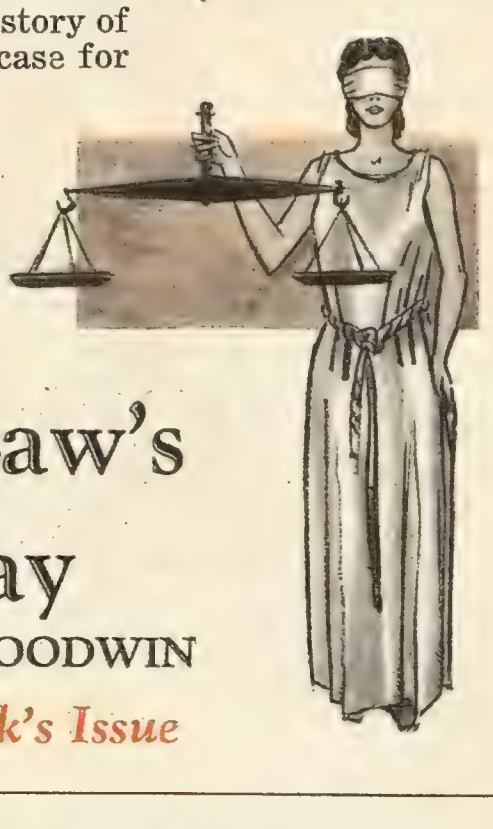
HE had been twenty-six then, but to the girl of less than twenty he had seemed a man. Tonight, looking at him in his big chair opposite her, Willoughby knew that in the finer sense he would never be that. Never grow up, never face realities, never meet a trouble himself. Always turn to his mother and sister, and let them do the worrying.

In Next Week's LIBERTY

Has the state a right to let a condemned murderer live for seven years in the shadow of death?

A distinguished New York lawyer has written the amazing legal history of the Sacco-Vanzetti case for LIBERTY.

He shows step by step how such a prolonged legal torture was possible under our court system in—



The Law's Delay

By WILDER GOODWIN

In Next Week's Issue

She had done her share, bearing him children, dutifully caring for him and his house; a real daughter to his mother, a real sister to his sister. She had played games with him, gone on trips with him, excused him from the social duties he loathed, forgiven him those other convivial episodes he did not seem able to avoid.

And she had succeeded. But it wasn't worth while—it wasn't living! It wasn't *her* life, her chance; it wasn't justice to her. The coming of the other man had shown her just how she had cheated herself all these years.

And yet he wasn't a fool, Tom. Tonight, as she half-absently and uninterestedly answered some casual question of his upon a trivial topic, he interrupted her suddenly:

"Have you got a beau, Bill? Come on. Who is he?"

Her heart jumped, settled. She told her racing thoughts that this was fortunate, the sooner he knew the better; the accidental introduction of the subject would serve her purpose as well as any other way.

"Who told you, Tom?"

"You've been telling me all day. What's his name?"

A second's hesitation. Then, with a straight, courageous look:

"Fernald. You don't know him."

Tom watched her, his head hanging between his hunched shoulders as he bent forward in his low chair, his locked hands between his knees.

"You like him, huh?" he said in a slightly constrained tone, a little color coming into his face. "Serious, huh?"

Willoughby half opened her lips, eagerly; closed them; shrugged slightly, and turned away.

"I feel—badly—about it," she said faintly, after a short silence. And the little word was more eloquent than any protestation.

"No need to feel badly," Tom assured her, with a sort of resolute generosity. "You can't help it." He was silent for a space, and Willoughby, feeling strangely shaken and ashamed, was silent too. "You can get a divorce, Bill," Tom said simply, quietly; then, "if you're quite sure of yourself!"

It was as simple as that; no scene, no arguments. Willoughby felt, oddly, that it was *too* simple; it was even a little flat and disappointing, somehow.

"Take your time about it; don't be in a rush. If you want him, or anything else, badly enough—that's all right," Tom went on slowly. She suspected that he felt shocked, in spite of his quiet manner. She was painfully shocked herself, even though she had anticipated this talk; anticipated a far less comfortable hour of adjustment.

"You could go abroad for a year," Tom said thoughtfully. "Think it over—let me know what you want to do."

"Tom," she said in a penitent rush, as he stopped, "I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry, too," he admitted. And for a minute Willoughby felt a sort of weakening of all her resolution, felt a sort of sick distaste for proceeding further. But Tom's next words stiffened her into a new mood, a sudden mood of fear and protest. "I'd want the kids of course, Bill," he said.

THE children! She had not thought of what a weapon they would be in his hands; she had not dreamed of his either perceiving it or using it if he did perceive it. The uncomfortable suspicion that she was not entirely to have her own way chilled her. She had meant to be generous with Tom; it reduced the whole matter to the common level of a dispute to feel that perhaps he was not going to be generous with her.

"I've—wherever you've been, whatever you've done—I've always had them, Tom," she reminded him, her voice shaking, to her own surprise.

"You've been wonderful with them," he admitted. "But—but of course it would all be different now. And I wouldn't—I wouldn't—" His tone was soft and mild. "I wouldn't want my kids brought up in another man's house, Bill."

Willoughby did not speak for some time. She sat looking at the fire, and at the beautiful square hand she had stretched toward it.

"We don't have to discuss the children now," she presently said, hating herself for the tremble that shook her voice. "But—but they usually stay with their mother, Tom."

"I know they do," Tom said in an unruffled but inflexible voice. "But that is my—my only condition."

And after that there was a long, long silence.

Willoughby, torn between love for Andrew Fernald and love for her children, struggles desperately to plan her future. How far she succeeds is revealed in next week's dramatic instalment. Watch for it.

Times Is, Times Was-

Laughing Backwards at the Good Old Days

Times Is!

An Article by

VYVYAN DONNER

(Reading time: 16 minutes 40 seconds.)

YEARS ago there used to be so much of the expressions "in the good old days," or "them was the happy days," or, "in my day"—meaning that people always thought that any old time, a generation or two before their own, was a far rosier time than the one they were living in. Something in the past always looked better. The farther away the times, the better they looked.

But not so now. The general opinion among people now is that *these* are the days. All they have to say about twenty years ago is, "Can you *imagine!*"—followed by some anecdote about the way they used to do things or the way they used to think in the dim, far-away days of 1914, or any time before the war. And then, after recounting the quaint anecdote, comes the hearty laughter.

Is everybody happy with the way things are now? They certainly act that way. You hear them say, "It's good to be alive today!" "What a wonderful time we're living in!"

Women are more satisfied. There's no doubt about that. To begin with:

They like working. And the funny part is, they can buy themselves so many pretties these days with the money they earn. No waiting around for papa to buy things for them—foolish, pretty things; no moaning around for allowances; no longing for candy and flowers. They just start out and get a job, and then buy what they want.

And what fun shopping is these days! It never could have been as much fun as it is now. Not possibly—for look at what the advertisements offered the woman shopper in 1902!

Take undies, as we so affectionately term them nowadays. Then they were called undermuslins. Not a silk thing was advertised! Think of it! Only undermuslins. And here's what "undermuslins" were, and here's the way the ads read:

Ladies' drawers: 10¢ to $1.75
Corset-covers: 8¢ to 98¢

Picture by Addison Burbank

CONTRAST this modern girl with the figures of a generation ago shown at upper right. (Left) A picture that illustrated a popular brand of "undermuslins."

Stockings, seamless: 5¢ (regularly 15¢); in lace and lisle, 39¢ (regularly 50¢); in silk, 89¢.
Petticoats: 49¢ to $1.98
Ladies' knitted underwear of heavy ribbed cotton—fleece-lined vests and pants with silk ribbons and pearl buttons: regularly 39¢; sale price, 19¢
Dressing sacques: 59¢ and 39¢.
Shoes: $1.50 to $3
Ladies' raglan coats: $3.98 to $6.98
Corsets: $1 and $2
Nightgowns: 38¢ to $1.75

Yes, in 1902 corsets, corset-covers, nightgowns, petticoats, and cotton stockings were things no lady ever was without.

According to that, there ain't no more ladies.

Where now we read glove silk, silk, and rayon, they used to read muslin, cambric, and nainsook. Where we read flesh-pink, nude, peach, they only read white.

And where they read corset-covers, drawers, and petticoats, we read bandeaus, panties, scanties, and step-ins.

In 1907 you could get six Nell Brinkley puffs or six Billie Burke puffs for $1.49 up to $3.98, and a good switch for 89 cents up to $2.98. Pompadours went at a bargain for $1 and $2.

BUT, to go back again to twenty-five years ago. The men had their bargains, too. A man could get a swell business suit, first-class, in cheviot or cassimere for $3.93. He could get trousers in worsteds for $2.95, and if he really wanted to get a *high-grade* suit in cheviot or worsted, trimmed in velours, he could do so for the sum of $8.88, reduced from the regular price of $12.

Evening suits, with everything just right, went at $25, all silk-lined; and dinner jackets could be had at $12 and $15.

Three and $3.50 shoes went at sales for $1.50 a pair.

And here let us quote a chatty ad from that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TIMES IS, TIMES WAS—TIMES IS!
Continued from Page Thirteen
]

day and age—an ad which brought joyful news to every bargain-hunter:

> Think of it! Plain and fancy hosiery, imported, for 19¢ a pair! Made in Chemnitz, Germany. Why, there isn't a pair in the lot that wasn't marked at 35¢ to 50¢, according to value. All full, regulation made, all sizes, and colors, and weights. If you are sedate or gay in your tastes, it doesn't make any difference—you can get precisely what you want, and you save 16¢ to 31¢—worth while, isn't it, to save so much on a pair?

AND shirt-waists! They were unblushingly advertised in sizes from 36 to 46 on any counter! Can you imagine anything like that in this boyish-form era? If any modern woman should need a size over 36, she would sneak off to the stylish-stout department, a social sartorial outcast!

Beauty ads in those days were guaranteeing a pound of flesh a day; beauty articles showed how to braid the hair at night, and how to make a gorgeous pompadour without using a rat.

All this tells why women are happier today than they used to be.

Yet everything costs so much more than it used to—it certainly does! But everybody seems to have everything anyway! What is the magic of today? Girls on modest salaries dress smartly and in good taste. They have new coats every year. None of this "making over" that used to go on years ago. Virtually *nobody* has a dress "made over" any more!

All the girls wear silk stockings. Silk underwear. Have their hair "done" once a week—trimmed, or waved, at the hair-dresser's. They are all well manicured. The working-girl today is well groomed—she has to be to get a job.

The w. g. used to appear forlorn. She was ashamed to work. She didn't like it. She was nowhere socially. She was simply an unfortunate. She was pitied.

Pity the poor working-girl! That was what they said.

Now it's—Gee! She's lucky! She's got a swell job! She makes lots of money! And she has the *cutest* apartment!

And she certainly has.

Years ago, if a girl didn't live at home, she eked out a rather bare existence in a boarding-house, on the third floor back; or, if she had a big room, she shared it with one or two other girls. Oak furniture. Brass beds. Awful lace curtains. Gaslight. A torn starched scarf across the dresser.

The bathroom was on the second floor back. The telephone was down in the lower hall. The wall-paper was ghastly, with big flowers in yellow and gold climbing all over. Worn carpets. Central heat, and never enough. Water seldom hot.

A mournful parlor for callers, with an upright piano, tinny and out of tune. What a life!

And how is it now?

A girl picks out a cozy two-room apartment, with kitchenette and bath. Gets another girl to live with her and share expenses. They furnish the apartment themselves, by begging, borrowing, or buying a few pieces.

But, anyway, they manage somehow to get a few sticks together. And they paint the sticks in bright colors; buy a little chintz or cretonne; hang theatrical gauze at the windows. Get a cozy bridge-lamp or two. Get some candlesticks, and put brightly colored candles in them. A bookcase, and a flower-bowl of Chinese blue. A plain rug; plain walls of light green or cream, or pale, cheerful yellow.

Picture by Richard Culter

DON'T laugh. That den above was somebody's pride. But in this era of simplicity the room at the right is the thing.

Gay dishes from the five-and-ten—well, right here it might be said that many a working-girl's apartment has been virtually *furnished* by the five-and-ten. Paint, curtains, kitchen utensils, bathroom fixtures, dishes, "silver," picture-frames, table doilies, towels and face cloths—you have no *idea!* And all bought during the lunch hour!

Housekeeping these days isn't what it used to be, what with washing-machines, vacuum cleaners, doilies under glass tops, instead of heavy table-linen; paper napkins, ice-making machines, incinerators, light hangings, few pictures, small rugs.

AND speaking of housework and homes reminds us that there are now no dens, thank goodness.

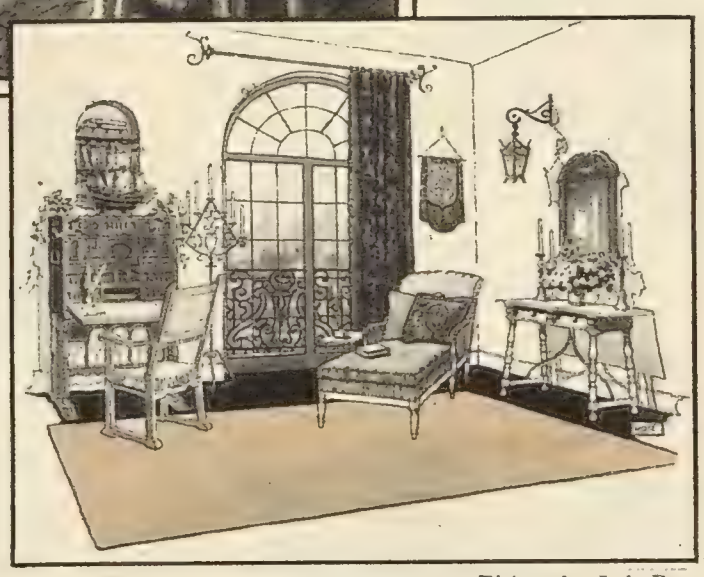
"Dens"! What a picture one can conjure up at that word! Mission furniture. A Japanese umbrella, opened, and caught up near the ceiling in a corner of the room. A Morris chair; a leatherette couch. Pictures framed in dark-stained wood.

Always a picture of a lady at a bootblack's having her shoes shined, with her skirts 'way up to her shins, showing her ruffly petticoats. The small boy who is shining her shoes winks out of the picture at you, and says, "It's a shame to take the money!"—that is the title of the picture. Very naughty. Suggestive!

Some framed Gibson heads. A pipe-rack with a royal flush painted on it, and dice in the corners. On the Mission table there is a glass dish (the ash-tray) with green felt on the bottom, and between felt and glass half a hundred hideous cigar-bands criss-crossed. Souvenirs and paper hats on the walls; pennants, at least half a dozen. An album filled with summer snap-shots taken at Lake George—young ladies with young gentlemen's hats on, and young gentlemen with young ladies' hats on. Bathing pictures, canoe pictures. Flash-lights galore of parties, with every one sitting on the floor, the chafing-dish on the table, and some one strumming a mandolin, or whatever it was you did to a mandolin.

The den walls are covered with either red or green burlap. There are leather cushions about, with burnt Indian heads on them, and fringes around the edges.

Oh, this is terrible! Let's look in at the bedroom.



Picture by Jack Rose

BRASS bed. Bird's-eye maple bedroom set. Some Christy and Harrison Fisher pictures on the wall. The Seven Great Moments in a Girl's Life. A "tree" in the corner. An oak screen frame, with silkaline shirred flimsily on the flimsy frame. Some pretty girl heads cut out of magazine covers. A glove-box of wood with a burnt design of poppies and lily pads. Other burnt-wood panels and boxes. The whole room in baby pink or baby blue. Let's get out of here—

Down the hall—there's the old oaken hat-rack. The porcelain umbrella-stand. The gold-framed picture. This is no place to be.

How about the parlor? Well, you know how that looks. And the dining-room.

Let's peek through the knotted-fringe portières at the dining-room. Ah! More oak. Sideboards, glass-doored dish-closets. Cut glass.

A center light hanging down over the table, with a shade of colored glass. The glass might be a bilious yellow. Or a deep red. Or green streaked in light yellow. The walls here, like the den, are either green or red burlap.

Let's get back into 1927.

Compared to those chambers of horrors, the modern homes are simple and restful. The rooms have plain taupe or blue carpets—or perhaps a handsome Persian or Chinese rug. Few pictures adorn the walls—etchings, woodcuts, or old prints of ships and *Godey's* ladies. Cozy lamps placed about near lounges or arm-chairs—a grand piano. No more uprights. Touches of color are given by bits of old brocade; a Chinese mandarin jacket over the couch or the piano.

One of the things that have brought about this great change toward simplicity in interiors in American homes is the fact that such a vast number of young people are studying art and decoration in the schools. And another thing

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

One of the things women never fail to notice!

OF COURSE women are sensitive to every criticism or comment, however slight and trivial, about their homes. Why shouldn't they be? The home is their special responsibility and delight. It is the sign and proof of the kind of people who live there. It is the woman's ideal to see that the home shall reflect the culture, refinement and good taste of the whole family. And the more she strives to reach her aim, the finer a home she has, the higher the standard of living for everybody in it.

* * *

HER dining-table, the very "hub" of the life in the home, supplies more than just the necessary good food. It is also a center of sociability and good breeding. The so-called "correct usage" is jealously followed. This is not in a spirit of mere ostentation, but because she knows that correct usage has been proved by intelligent people to be the sensible usage. For example she realizes that soup is a daily "fixture" on the best dining-tables for very definite dietetic reasons, as well as for the enjoyment it gives. She knows that the daily service of soup is expected by such families and that the omission of it is noticed. One of the things that help to "place" a family. Of course she insists upon giving the members of her household every benefit at her command. So she never thinks of omitting soup from her daily menu.

SOUP INVIGORATES. Soup is a wholesome, healthful tonic to appetite and digestion. No other food offers such a variety of delicious flavors. The skillful blending of so many different ingredients in soup provides the soup-chef with the opportunity to coax your sense of taste and delight it with no end of enticing combinations. The sight and savor of a steaming hot plateful of good soup instantly invites you. And every spoonful stimulates the flow of digestive juices, adding to your enjoyment and benefiting you mentally and physically. How much more interest you take in your food!

So you see it is no mere formal custom that dictates the daily service of soup. That has become "fashionable" simply because it is recognized to be so pleasant and so beneficial.

* * *

YOU will find it a wise rule always to be supplied with a variety of soups. Of course, making soup at home is now distinctly passé—few people ever think of doing so because Campbell's Soups fulfill every exacting requirement for quality and are so easy and convenient to serve. Twenty-one soups—all listed on each label. Any Campbell's assortment you select is really incomplete without its Pea Soup, for it is such a useful family favorite—liked by everybody—especially wholesome for the children.

The sweetest of peas are blended with golden country butter and seasoned by our famous chefs with their true French delicacy. Often you will wish to serve it as a Cream of Pea Soup, for its extra nourishment and attractiveness. The Campbell's label gives you the few simple directions. Charming topped with whipped cream. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Once more the male of the species becomes more brilliant than his mate

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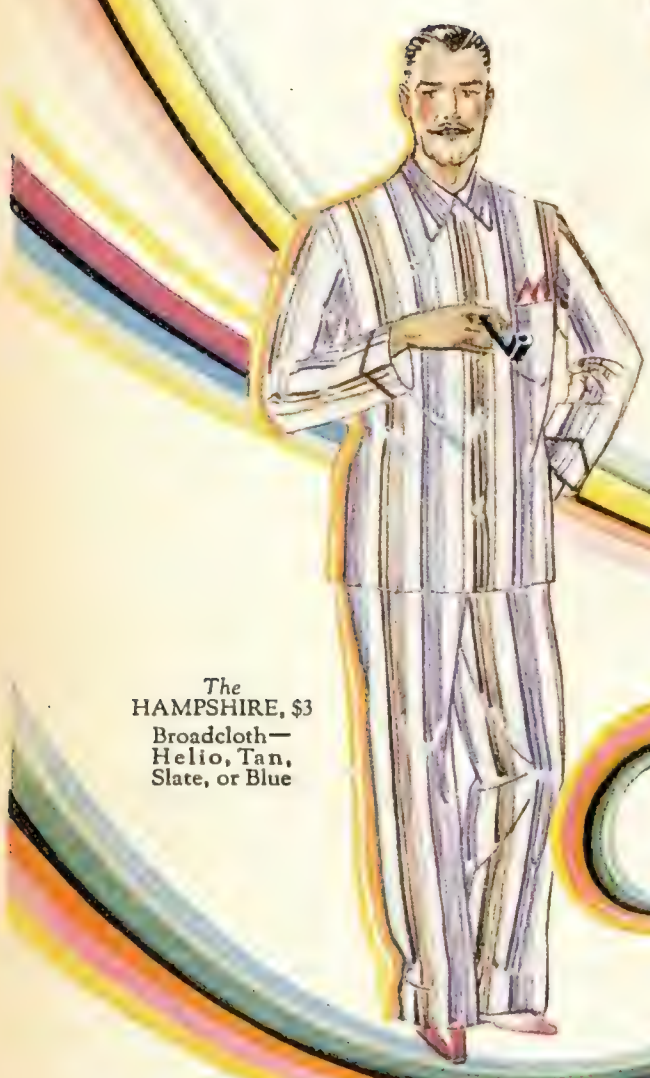
The PICCADILLY CIRCUS, $5
Foulard—Blue, Navy, or Black

The CARACALLA $7.50
Charmeuse—Turquoise, Cream, Peacock, Buff



The HAMPSHIRE, $3
Broadcloth—Helio, Tan, Slate, or Blue

The CUBIST, $6.50
Charmeuse—Blue, Helio, or Peach

Gorgeous color — smart style — *the new idea in Pajamas!* Glover, originator of fine sleepingwear, sponsors it. It has swept Europe. It is sweeping America.

Back of it, a sound and human reason. Man's love of color — as old as time — as masculine as football. Strong in every man, regardless of years, whose blood is young and red.

No wonder men like this new idea. In the lazy hours when the day's cares and clothes have been laid aside, it is refreshing to be attractively clad. It is *good* — invigorating! Wives approve enthusiastically.

In the home — around the radio, beside the fireplace, in an easy chair with a book. In the Pullmans of crack trains, in hotels, clubs, college dormitories. Everywhere you find men enjoying these new-type *Pajamas by Glover.*

Here you see, in illustration, a hint of the handsome colors and color-combinations — the true continental styling — the perfection of Glover tailoring. Only a *hint.* Look over a full selection in your favorite store — today! You'll find Glover's cost no more than the colorless, old-fashioned kind.

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY
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The few styles and patterns pictured are typical of the broad range at every price from $2 to $35. Look for this woven label! If your store cannot supply you, write us.

The same smart style and flawless tailoring distinguish: Glover Sportswear; Glover Collar-attached Shirts; Glover's Brighton-Carlsbad Sleepingwear for women, children, and infants.

Glover's BRIGHTON-CARLSBAD Sleepingwear

GLOVER PAJAMAS

MORE WILL BE GIVEN THIS CHRISTMAS THAN EVER BEFORE

© 1927, H. B. G. Co.

that has had an influence is—would you believe it?—the *movies!*

The movies, a dozen years ago or so, began employing artists to design their sets. And the artists straightway put in simple backgrounds. They had to; for, being practical folk, they knew that when there was too much fancy business in the background, it was confusing.

In the early days, when you were given a movie parlor set to look at, you got an eyeful. You had a wall all covered with the well known figured wall-paper; figured lace curtains; figured carpets; an intricate chandelier for gas and electric light; a mantel covered with fringe and tassels; fancy clocks, sea-shells, matchboxes, and straw flowers. And the trade-mark of the producing company tacked conspicuously on the wall in stencil form.

And when you added the actors it was all like an animated crazy-quilt. For the lighting was weak, the actors' make-up and get-up primitive, and the films did flicker. Them was dizzy times!

But—enter the artist.

SIMPLICITY began to appear. Some real decorators went to work in the studios, and some really good backgrounds began to be introduced.

People who never had a chance to see any other interiors than those of their intimate friends, in their own class and circle, got a peek into other homes by means of the cinema. They saw how other homes were furnished.

They saw rooms without a clutter of ornaments and knickknacks. They saw mantels with but one bowl or clock on them, or but a pair of candlesticks. And twin beds. And they desired all these things. And began to get them.

And, dear reader, they saw *bathrooms.*

And, believe it or not, it's the plumbers that have the movies to thank for showing people how beautiful and attractive bathrooms can be built. What graceful wash-bowls are to be had in the world, and how exquisite sunken bathtubs are. There has been a universal demand for sunken bathtubs since the movies have shown how nice one can look in them.

The general public wants the latest fixtures and interior decoration for its bathrooms. Unusual tiling. Black marble. Shining fixtures. Just like the movies.

Remember the old bathrooms? With the tin bathtubs, and paint peeling off? And the sea-green shiny wall-paper, also peeling off from the steam? And the match scratches, dark streaks, under the gas-jet? The old raggy rag rug on the floor? The ungraceful wash-bowl with the ugly faucets? The ungainly extra pitcher and bowl standing in the dark corner?

And now think! Some house-owners cast about for a mural painter who will do little fishes around their bathroom walls, or mermaids, or some such nautical topic. And they *must* have colorful shower screens; towels and bathmats of special design and color. Toothbrushes in bright, transparent shades. Colored glass containers for perfumes, bath salts, rinses, talcums, and liquid soaps.

Yes, sir! The movies have glorified the American bathroom.

And speaking of movies—what palaces the moving-picture theaters are! The usher is bright-buttoned perfection; youthful, alert, courteous, efficient. He'll read your program for you; explain the picture; and if you have to leave the picture before it is over, he will obligingly tell you how it ends.

What a difference from the old-time ushers whose only duty was to put you in your place!

And the old-time theaters. All red plush and gold gewgaws. Little rococo boxes from which nobody could see anything; and balconies so horseshoe in shape that some hundred or more seats at each side gave but a tiny glimpse of the opposite corner of the stage.

Posts. It always seemed that every one had a seat behind a post. And the seats were narrow, and the space between rows narrower.

old, greenish mirrors; a broken-down wicker lounge and chair were the furnishings.

Now the ladies' rooms are charming in decoration, and well appointed. The men's rooms may be done in the Chinese style. Lacquer pieces. Chinese prints on the walls.

The auditoriums have comfortable, wide

NO. We're serious. These were advertisements used by business houses when the younger generation was just being born.

seats. One can see and hear from any part of the house. While the retiring-rooms, lounges, and waiting-rooms are rather nicely done, the treatment of the auditoriums of some of our *greater* movie palaces are sometimes overdone. They are just too elegant.

However, whether in good or bad taste, they are undeniably comfortable places in which to take one's entertainment, and are plushily inviting. These movie palaces, in the smaller cities, take the place very satisfactorily of the once cold, vast, unbeautiful, uncomfortable, barnlike, dimly lighted opera-houses.

THE people's attitude toward the theater has changed in the last few years. Where a mother, years ago, held the theater in holy horror, and kept her children from hearing of it or seeing it (especially the daughters), the mother now trots the young ones off to the theater at the earliest age possible, to enjoy the show with them, or with the hope that they might take to the stage or the movies.

What a change! Once upon a time a girl had to run away to go on the stage. Fathers stormed and disinherited; mothers pleaded with their stage-struck children to lay off. Stage folk lived in a world apart. They dressed flashily and cheaply. They were insolvent. If they ever got any money, they couldn't keep it.

Nowadays the successful actor commutes from Broadway to Hollywood, takes a few weeks' flier in vaudeville yearly, and writes an article now and then. He makes money. And he knows what to do with it. He is a canny investor, and owns his own house and lot and car. He dresses well, and not unlike other people. He's no fool.

Once in a world apart from respectable folk, now he moves and has his being in a world that every one (well, lots of people, anyway) would be glad to get in. They certainly read enough about it.

"RESPECTABLE." What a funny word that is! One hardly ever hears of respectability in regard to people any more. Years ago everything was respectable, or it wasn't respectable. And the things that were once thought shocking and not respectable are the usual thing now. Like rouging and powdering for women.

Once it was not thought respectable to wear silk stockings. Only fast women did that.

Once it was thought not respectable to wear silk underwear. Only actresses did that!

Once no lady ever went to a prize-fight. Now thousands of women fight fans, society women, well dressed women—ladies, if you like—turn out for the big fights. And even the ordinary bouts, the weekly affairs at the armories, have a surprising number of good-looking women present.

Respectable people never went to burlesque houses. The jokes were vulgar. Some one was sure to do a hootchy-kootch dance. The gals wore tights. Nowadays nobody bothers much with burlesque, for it is tame alongside of the naked Broadway revues. And what is the old hootchy-kootch compared to the Black Bottom?

But what is the Black Bottom to a folk who have been led along, by easy stages, from the turkey trot, the bunny hug, the grizzly bear of 1912, the maxixe, the tango, the fox trot of 1914, and the hula-hula gyrations of 1916, up to the shimmy and the Charleston of more recent date?

The neighborhood boys and girls strut their steps and practise their movements before the mirror to perfect their style. The family sits by and watches delightedly.

How funny this must look to your Uncle Dudley, who, as a young man twenty years ago, went all the way to Paris to see the *danse du ventre.* Which is, in case your high-school French didn't give you that phrase, the belly dance. The modern shimmy, Charleston, and Black Bottom can hardly be considered less.

Twenty years ago the people waltzed decorously and two-stepped sweetly at least four inches apart. Now couples dance as one.

Then they danced to a simple, steady rhythm. Now they dance to a broken, syncopated, complicated, hot rhythm.

Around 1907 the barn-dance was all the rage. It was a nice, unsophisticated dance that went one, two, three, skip—one, two, three, skip—hop and hop and hop. There were some half a hundred steps to it, and it was more fun teaching every one the latest, or even making up a couple for oneself!

The dance was jolly, and was accompanied by giggles and laughter and much puffing and blowing. After dancing the barn-dance for an

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES

IN a *pavillion d'amour* in the walled garden of a house of mystery, guarded by ferocious bloodhounds, was a perfume-laden boudoir luxuriously furnished in white, rose, and gold; with roses everywhere. It was a retreat which no one could penetrate without the secret password; a love-nest from which no sound could escape; one where even shrieks would be of no more avail than in the middle of the Sahara.

Here love and jealousy fight a fatal battle for life and here the fascinating story of *The Girl with the Golden Eyes* reaches its climax. It is a story of love notes, mysterious blindfolded carriage rides, and clandestine meetings. It is a story of passion, jealousy, perfidy, and vengeance never equalled in all literature.

You can read this strange story of one of the many undercurrents of life in Paris and many other thrilling stories of love, mystery, and adventure in

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ELEVEN VOLUMES NOW FIRST COMPLETELY TRANSLATED AND SENT ON APPROVAL

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You will read how Trompe-la-Mort, an escaped galley-slave disguised as a priest, prevents a beautiful young grisette from committing suicide; how he uses her to catch the rich Baron Nucingen, and how Peyrade tried to interfere and of the frightful price that he and his daughter paid.

You will read of the fascinating Valerie, who had four lovers at once, none suspecting the others and each believing himself favored, until a Brazilian baron surprised her with a young sculptor—and of his terrible revenge.

LOVE AND ADVENTURE

You will read of the mysterious Ferragus—of the visits of a pretty lady, of their discovery and the tragic result. You will see how the Duchesse de Langeais trifled with her lovers, how she toyed with one once too often, how he abducted her and—but read for yourself this story of love and passion. Balzac will also show you Rome and Venice. You will read how Sarrasine fell in love with Zambinella, the beautiful Roman singer, how he kidnapped her—and of the strange disclosure. You will be with Facino Cane as he digs his way out of his dungeon in the Doge's palace in Venice and finally breaks through the last wall, to see—but let him tell you himself.

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Follow Balzac through the mazes of Parisian life. He will take you down into the underworld with its dark alleys and its infamous houses and gambling dens at night when the vices of Paris throw off all restraint.

You will penetrate the attics of the Latin Quarter. You will go with Balzac to the balls of the nobility. You will join him in the cafés and clubs. You will go through the courts, prisons, and convents. You will go behind the scenes of the theatres and opera and peek into the boudoirs and the love-nests.

NOTHING HIDDEN. LIFE AS IT IS

You will meet desperate thieves and cut-throats, detectives, rakes and roués, fascinating mistresses and courtesans, beaus and dandies, spies and peasants. You will join the throng of artists, sirens, alluring ballet girls, butterflies, gamblers, and ravishing women.

You will read stories of hate and revenge; of code letters, and secret doors. You will read of illicit intrigues, of the world of follies, of nights of love, of passionate pleasure seeking and the depraved desire for gold. Balzac will show you men and women as he found them, hiding nothing, but telling all with realistic fidelity to truth. He will show you good and evil with the fearless and virile touch of the master—the man who knew Paris.

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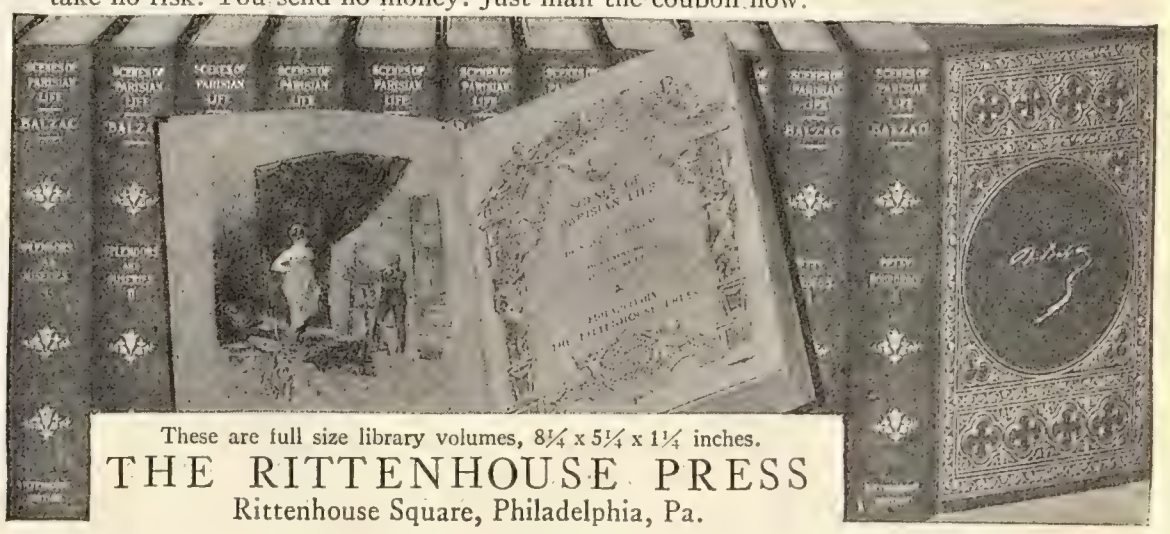

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THE RITTENHOUSE PRESS
Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

hour or so and nearly thumping the house down, the crowd would get around an upright piano and sing all the latest popular airs. Ragtime.

In almost any crowd there would be several who could play well enough to accompany the singers and play for dancing. Nowadays it is a rare thing to find any one who can play well enough for dancing in any average group.

The simple compositions of years ago are things, indeed, of the past—the new rhythms are not so easily played. They must be played by some one with hot fingers and a syncopated soul. And you're born that way—or you're not. It's something that can not be acquired by finger exercises. Your old one-two-three methods stand you in no stead.

So it's usually "on with the radio" or "the victrola," with the full orchestra renditions of jazz, if the party wants to dance.

Where society once turned up its nose at ragtime, it now adores jazz.

THAT great change, spoken of before, of a young woman being able to "have her own home" without having to marry to get it, is also true of the young man of today.

He has his bachelor apartment. He doesn't care to live at home. He wants his own place, and wants to express himself. He is not ready to get married yet. He may not have enough money, or he may not have met "the right girl" yet. But he does want his own home, tiny as it may be. No boarding-houses for him.

So he gets a nice little furnished apartment with kitchenette. He gets his own coffee in the morning, and he can throw a mean supper together at night, if he happens to feel like it. And very often he invites his lady friends in for dinner, to sample his cookery.

And *that* would have been an unheard-of social activity ten years ago. Girls simply didn't drop in at their boy friends' for dinners. Such thoughts and practises were for wild women only. It was an insult to be asked to a man's private apartment.

Now it's an insult not to be invited. The flapper says if her boy friend *didn't* ask her to see his apartment she'd think he lived in a dump. And there you are!

Of course, in the last twenty-five years it is the women that have changed the most. In their attitude toward life; their manners; changed too, but slightly. But they are certainly bursting into color.

The sports clothes are quite gay; some of the lighter colors in the woven materials are unmistakably sky-blue and sea-green. Gaudy golf sox. Striking mufflers. Giddy ties.

The business suit is worn with colored shirts—blue, green, lavender, or pink. And the suits themselves, chiefly in the spring, summer, and fall, are often in the lightest of champagnes, buffs, and grays. It's all very attractive, and undoubtedly aids and abets the natural beauty of the male. The general wear of soft collars and the gradual disappearance of the derby are also contributing helps to manly grace.

A man that would dare appear in almost any of the above-mentioned colors and effects would have been chased out of town a dozen years ago, or locked up, or slapped on the wrist.

People had an idea that a man was more of a man in drab clothes than he could possibly be in any color. And yet, it is the outdoor sports, the golfing and tennis, that have introduced color into men's clothes.

That's just one of the things people were so funny about in days gone by. They were so conservative. Why, at one time a divorce was something for respectable people to shun. A divorcé, especially a divorcée, meant something of a shady character. Nowadays you've got to have at least *one* divorce to keep your place in society.

If one man meets another after a period of two years, he doesn't say, "How's your wife?"—right out like that! Oh, no. He says carefully, "Still married?" And if the answer is, "Yes," he comes if the answer still is "Yes," then he says, "Well, how is she?" It takes longer, but it's best to be sure.

It seems that every engaged girl you meet is going to get married just as soon as her fiancé can get his divorce. And every other engaged man you meet is going to marry as soon as his lady love is freed of her impediment, *i. e.*, husband. It's complicated, but makes life spicy.

And, with it all, the attitude of men toward women is nicer than it used to be. The women all seem to think so. And they feel they enjoy being with them more than they used to. It is not hard to explain.

Women are doing so many more things alongside of men, socially and in the business world, and they are beginning to understand the male point of view better; and men are beginning to understand women better. There is more camaraderie. More laughter together. More places of entertainment to which they both can go.

Yes, the women like the world better, as well as the men.

YEARS ago the doll-faced girl was the only pretty girl. Now we have lovely-looking girls of every type, and they each have their special group of admirers. Before, a girl had to have big round eyes, fluffy hair, and a cupid-bow mouth to be called a beauty. Of course such creatures are lovely to look upon, and always will be—but the girl of the slanty eyes had no place.

The Oriental type was considered sallow and unhealthy looking. Now she is "pale and interesting," as they say.

Before, the girl with auburn locks was just "red-head." Now she is the Titian-haired, golden-haired beauty. She dresses in amber and gold. The tall girl accentuates her height and slenderness. Each girl tries to be herself; dress her type; "act her part," as they say. We have the boyish type, the athletic type, the very feminine type. But all dress smartly in some expression of the tailored mode. And all are slim. There is no place for the fat girl. Or even the "pleasingly plump."

Well. Everything seems to be all right, doesn't it? Nothing like liking the times one lives in. It's good fun to be alive now. That's what they all say. And what could be sweeter? For, as some one said, it's the only world we've got, and we only live once!

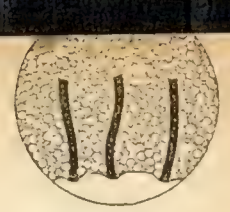
THE END

Picture by R. G. Jones

Can you imagine the young miss at the left joining her sister at the right in the Black Bottom?

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

This

"small-bubble" lather

softens every whisker

THERE is this difference between ordinary lathers and Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather: The Colgate bubbles are smaller — they penetrate deep down to the base of every hair—make it super-soft right where the razor works.

How "small-bubble" lather works: The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, every hair is cut close and clean. Your face remains comfortable all day.

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Prove these claims for yourself at our expense. Just write to Colgate & Co., Dept. 502 J-1,-595 Fifth Avenue, New York, for a generous trial-size tube—free.

Additional Dividend. We will include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that keeps your face looking freshly shaved.

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SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

WINGS, WAR, And a Woman

The Screen Story of Battles in the Air

A Film Review by

Frederick James Smith

(Reading time: 3 minutes 20 seconds.)

ANOTHER war spectacle—and yet one that possesses a genuine thrill in its panorama of combat in the skies—is Wings, the long delayed film spectacle which took some two years in its filming, cutting, and editing. A fortune was spent on Wings. In fact, the sky was the limit.

Hollywood would seem to have exhausted the celluloid possibilities of the World War, but Wings has its aerial battle sequences. These have been splendidly photographed. The shots of air maneuvers, of battles to the finish, are all neatly done, with a good semblance of authenticity.

The producers got these by utilizing electrically operated cameras lashed to the planes, by skilful shooting from other aircraft, by deft photographic trickery, and by occasionally hiring a stunt man to break up his plane. Of course, experienced fliers were at the controls when our heroes appear to be flying against desperate odds, but you will never guess it from the shrewdly calculated shots.

The rest of Wings is not so good. It is typical of Hollywood to spend a million or more for a production and forget the story. Wings is just the tale of two boys who think they love the same girl. One of them falls behind the German lines, steals an enemy plane, and, when he attempts to escape back to his airdrome, is shot down—and killed—by his buddy and friendly rival.

The twelve reels of Wings are given over largely to the air sequences, which occasionally become monotonous by repetition, and to the usual trench war combat. They were done near San Antonio, the French terrain of St. Mihiel was duplicated, twenty-one cameramen ground out the celluloid, 120 airplanes were employed, and a small army participated in the combat, while a host of military experts looked on. Still, the endless screen war stuff grows tedious.

Wings brings forward two young players who enact the rival aviators fairly effectively. One of them, Charles (Buddy) Rogers, is twenty-one. His father is publisher of the Olathe *Mirror* of Olathe, Kansas. Buddy was a junior at the University of Kansas, taking a journalistic course, when Famous Players opened its first and only school of screen acting. Buddy is the only member to emerge with flying colors. Right now he is acting opposite Mary Pickford in The Shop Girl.

Richard Arlen, playing the airman who meets a tragic fate, is twenty-five. His real name is Richard Van Mattemore. He was born in Charlottesville, Virginia. Arlen went to prep school at St. Thomas' in St. Paul, Minnesota, and entered the University of Pennsylvania.

He was just beginning to distinguish himself in athletics when the World War came along.

CLARA BOW, as she appears in Wings, and (above) a reproduction of St. Mihiel, made in San Antonio for the big war film.

Arlen left college and enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps, becoming a second lieutenant. At the close of the war he went back to St. Paul and entered the brokerage business, finding spare time to play on the St. Paul Athletic Club hockey team. A theatrical stock company engagement led Arlen to try Hollywood. Although he landed a small but regular weekly salary from Famous Players, the going was not easy. Arlen was just an extra in Old Ironsides.

You will find a real thrill in the glimpses of air duels—sending planes, maimed and flaming, hurtling to earth like wounded birds.

If you have followed the adventures of Von Richthofen in LIBERTY you will find Wings doubly interesting. But Wings has its weaknesses. One of them is the sad miscasting of Clara Bow, the IT girl, as the sweet and meek little kid next door. Or perhaps it is because Miss Bow has gone ahead and acquired her peppy personality while the producers have been dallying with the cutting.

Gary Cooper makes his bit of an ill-fated aviator stand out. And, incidentally, Jobyna Ralston, who plays the girl beloved by both boys, is now Mrs. Richard Arlen. The romance developed during the making of Wings.

Short Comment

Mockery—Here Lon Chaney exhausts another physical disability by playing a stupid Russian peasant with a harelip. A fairly effective melodrama of the revolution has been built around the clod, with good performances by Mr. Chaney and Barbara Bedford.

Service for Ladies—Since Adolphe Menjou must play suave men of the world, but two characters are open to him, urbane gentlemen and poised head waiters. Here he is a *maître d'hôtel* again, and he does it with his usual sure touch. This comedy has charm.

Do you know that— .

David Wark Griffith has changed his plans again and is to direct Constance Talmadge in Sunny? . . . Jack Gilbert is to do The Cossacks next, with Renée Adorée? . . . Reginald Denny has returned from a vacation in England?

P. A. never wears out its welcome

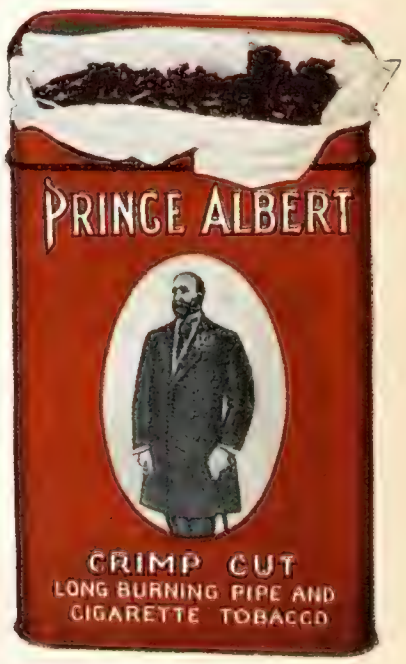
I'LL say this for P. A.—the longer you stay with it, the better you like it. One of those cases where familiarity breeds *content,* if you'll permit this little twist of an old saying. You can smoke it from morning to midnight, seven days running, and never tire of it.

I had a feeling that P. A. and I were going to become fast friends the first time I got a full breath of its fragrance. That was years ago, but I remember it as though it were yesterday. And the taste more than matched the aroma. I had never experienced anything like it.

Cool and comforting, like a breeze on a summer's day. Sweet and refreshing, like a little girl all dressed for Sunday-school. Mellow and mild, like a soft answer, but with a full, rich, satisfying tobacco body. Prince Albert never bites the tongue or parches the throat.

I get so much genuine joy and satisfaction out of this long-burning tobacco, I feel like telling every man I meet. One thing certain, if you have never smoked P. A., you can't have any idea what a lot of fun you can get out of that old jimmy-pipe of yours. Take me up on this!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



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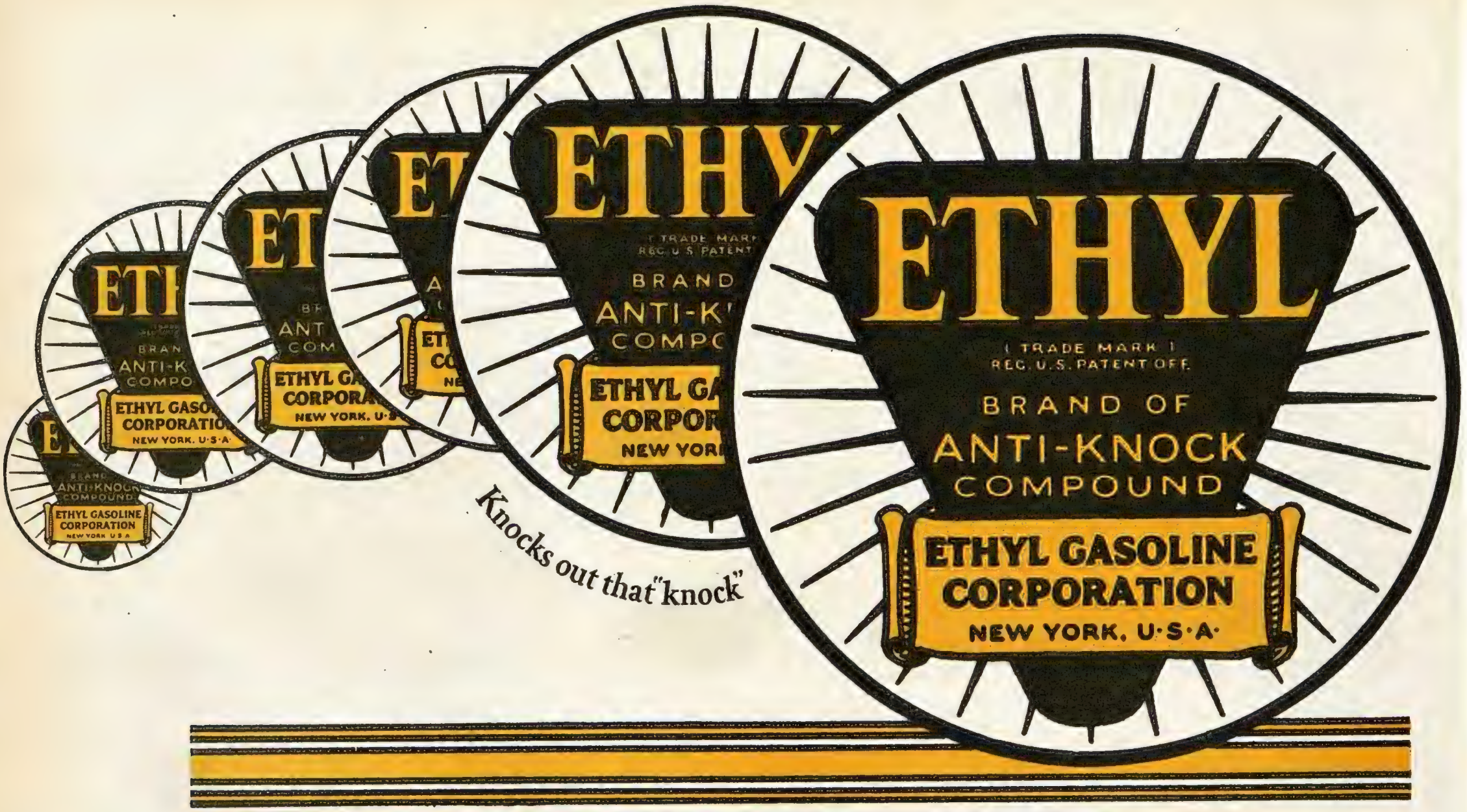

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YOU have heard and read much about "anti-knock" (high compression) fuels . . . how they increase motor performance. . . . "Which one," you may ask, "is best for my car?"

Hundreds of thousands of car owners now answer . . . ETHYL GASOLINE.

Large oil companies and their jobbers answer . . . ETHYL GASOLINE.

And you yourself, after trial, will answer . . . ETHYL GASOLINE.

These are the reasons

1. Ethyl Gasoline is regarded by leading automobile and fuel engineers as the outstanding "anti-knock" motor fuel.

2. It is standard for "anti-knock" rating by prominent oil companies.

3. It has no harmful effect whatever on the motor or its parts.

4. It has made possible the new high compression engines and cylinder heads now being introduced.

Ride with Ethyl today

Find out for yourself its advantages. Note the elimination of "knock" . . . added power on hills . . . faster pick-up . . . lessened gear-shifting . . . cooler motor . . . all-round increased performance. On sale throughout the United States and Canada at pumps which display the "ETHYL" trademark.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, 25 Broadway, New York City

GRAPHIC SECTION

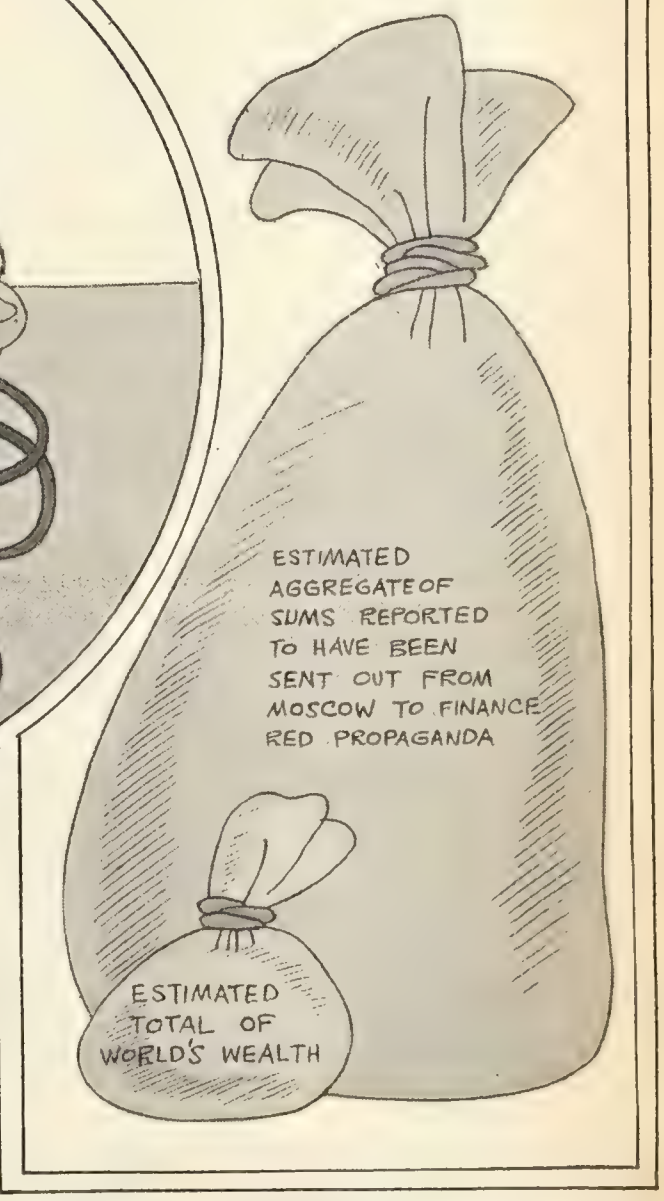
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

AMONG THOSE OUTSIDE THE PALE IN KANSAS, where the schools have ruled to employ as a teacher no one who uses tobacco in any form. Thus, Thomas A. Edison could not teach a science class, Toscanini could not give music lessons, Einstein could not be a physics prof, Babe Ruth could not conduct a gym class, Otto Kahn could not be engaged as a professor of economics, Chief Justice Taft would be ineligible for the law school, and H. G. Wells could not profess rhetoric or history.

EMPLOYEES OF MILLIONAIRES' CLUB marking sites of members preparatory to annual renovation of building. Chief Steward Hithe promises to replace members carefully in original positions after cleaning.

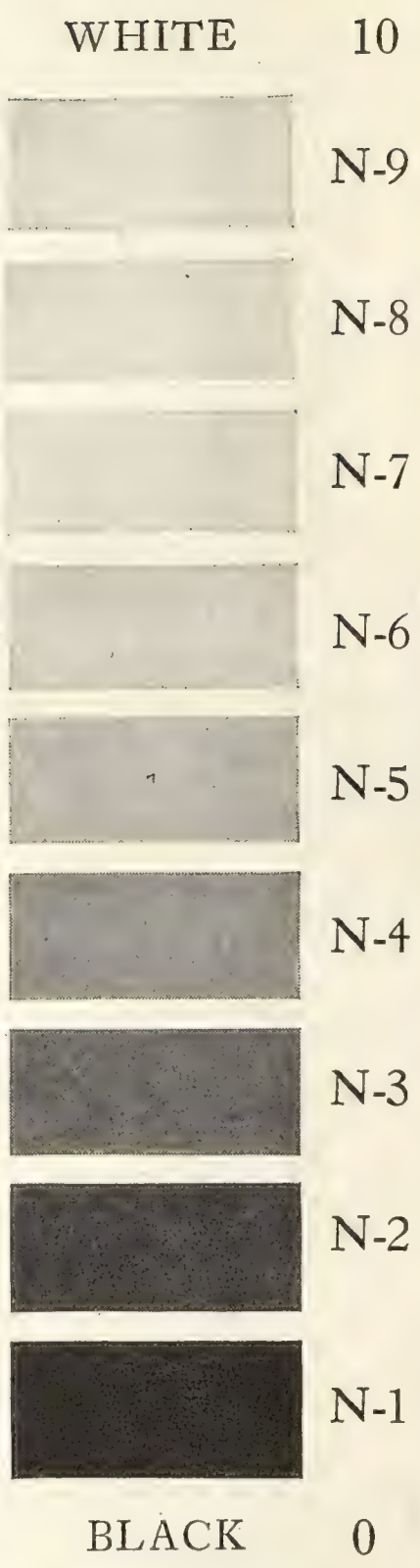
SMART PYROGRAPHY or burnt-wood set offered as prize to any one learning the saxophone or cornet at home (preference to students in our neighborhood) who will beat by five minutes the new world record of 14 min. 2 sec. for holding the breath, set by Earle L. Gaylor, Jr., at Wesleyan University.



THE "RED" BUGABOO: Diagram based on findings of our Statistical Department, at present investigating international jumpiness.

The Light Eyes HAVE IT

Picture by Jean J. Pastoret



THE Munsell chart of gray values as applied to eye color. The divisions range from black (0) to white (10), although the two extremes are never found. The eminent Americans are comparatively light-eyed, approximating N-6 on the chart.

(Reading time: 18 minutes.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the third and last of a series of articles based on answers to a questionnaire sent to every man listed in *Who's Who in America* in an effort to determine the height, weight, and eye color of the typical eminent American. Of the 14,709 replies received before the articles were written, 13,652 answered the last question. The average height has been established as 5 feet 9.5 inches, and the average weight as 165 pounds. This article deals with the color of the eyes that have looked upon success.]

Classifying the Complexions of Distinguished Americans

An Article by

CHARLES J. McGUIRK

THE third result of the LIBERTY questionnaire which sought to obtain a composite picture of the typical eminent American and the possible influence of physical traits on greatness concerned itself with the color of his eyes and proved the most interesting of the lot.

It suggests a possible explanation of why this nation is a democracy instead of a British commonwealth, free state, dominion, or colony; why we finally entered the World War after standing aloof for three years; why an organization like the Ku Klux Klan should originate and flourish here; why an argument like Fundamentalism *versus* Evolution should be able to shake the nation; and why prohibition should be made part of our Constitution and then be openly flouted by men who directly or indirectly assisted in making it a law.

The possible explanation of these social phenomena is that this nation is light-eyed, Nordic, despite the fact that for 400 years its eyes have been growing steadily darker because of climatic conditions and intermarriage with darker-eyed people.

But the most remarkable of the results yielded by the questionnaire is the revealing of eminent Americans as remaining persistently the lightest-eyed group among their countrymen.

The eminent American is 36 per cent more light-eyed than the descendants of his original light-eyed ancestors—Dr. Ales Hrdlicka's Old Americans—who settled this country.

It is reasonable to suppose his percentage of light-eyedness is greater than that of the Union and Confederate soldiers in the Civil War; but, even compared with the records of the Union soldiers alone, as compiled by Gould from a study of men from the Northern States and the border States of West Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, he holds his own.

Gould's group out-light-eyes him by only 2.2 per cent. He wins over the soldiers of the World War by 7.2 per cent, and over the general population, as represented by eight groups counted on the streets of New York City and at the Grand Central Terminal, by 14 per cent.

The figures which follow, and from which our conclusions are drawn, offer an enormous margin of error.

There is no real standard for the measurement of eye color. The vast majority of human eyes are mixed. There are very few pure blues, browns, or blacks.

Unless figures are made with the aid of a color chart, each pair of eyes being compared with an exact color, the classes are apt to vary widely. Then, too, few people know exactly the color of their own eyes.

The literature of anthropology contains few dependable figures on eye color. Dr. Hrdlicka, who published almost the first figures approaching exactness in his study of 1,009 Old Americans, wrote:

> There have been many former attempts at a satisfactory classification of eye color, and several "standards" have been made which record these colors. Being largely empirical, however, none of these, either classifications or standards, is fully satisfactory.

Having disavowed any intention of being a scientist, and having admitted in advance that our figures might not be absolutely accurate, though insisting that our conclusions are obvious, we set down the figures.

There were 13,652 of the 14,709 replies to that part of LIBERTY'S questionnaire concerning eye color. They were divided as follows: blue, 5,862; gray, 3,123; green, 124; hazel, 833; brown, 3,570; and black, 140.

These groups were consolidated into three groups and reduced to percentages for purposes of comparison and reappeared thus: Blue and gray, 66 per cent; mixed and brown, 33 per cent; black and dark brown, 1 per cent.

Comparing our figures with Dr. Hrdlicka's, we had to regroup them to his standard. The comparative percentages of his group and that of the questionnaire follow:

	Blue	Gray-green
Old Americans	23.8	7.2
Questionnaire	43	24

a superiority of 36 per cent of the modern

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

Now it is easy to make beautiful snap-shots indoors under favorable light conditions. Note the sparkling detail in the photograph above

Favorite subjects once so difficult are simple snap-shots now. Note the beautiful lighting of this picture made outdoors, on a covered porch

RAIN or SHINE

Indoors or Out – Daylight to Dusk

Everyone Can Make Good Snap-Shots Now

PICTURES in the rain? . . . impossible! Snap-shots indoors? . . . it can't be done! A few years ago you might have said it.

But today, with a modern Kodak, you can take pictures under conditions that might have discouraged even experts a short time ago.

No need now to wait for bright, summer days. Regardless of the sun or the calendar, you can click off roll after roll of film . . . getting pictures sharp and clear . . . a joy to take and to look at . . . a credit to anybody's album.

Better lenses brought this change about

Important developments in the manufacture of lenses have made possible these remarkable results.

Today, due to Eastman enterprise and the tremendous Eastman manufacturing resources, you can get *extra-rapid*, extra-efficient lenses on cameras of moderate price.

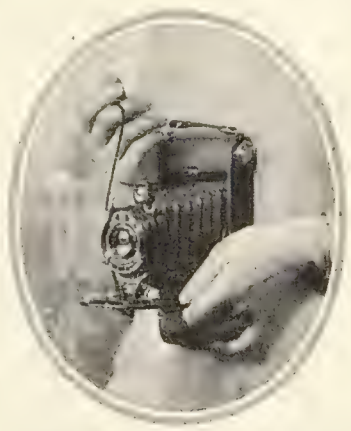
For example—on the $18 1A Pocket Kodak is now supplied a lens that in 1925 was not available on any camera selling for less than $40.

To you, this not only means better pictures. But it also means that your photographic day is lengthened . . . your picture opportunities are multiplied many times.

It is no longer necessary now to have your subject in direct sunlight. You can make pictures in the shade . . . indoors under favorable light conditions . . . on rainy days. Pictures you never previously thought of taking are simple snap-shots now.

Picture-making Simplified

The modern Kodak is simplicity itself. Everything possible has been made automatic. Things to adjust have been reduced to a minimum. Thus picture-making, good picture-making, has been made easier than ever before.



The camera illustrated above is the 1A Pocket Kodak which takes pictures 2½ x 4¼ inches. Equipped with f.6.3 lens, it sells for $18. Other Kodaks $5.00 and up.

On many Kodaks you'll find a simple "Exposure Guide"—a wonderful feature created by Eastman Scientists, which almost does your thinking for you. It instantly shows you the correct speed and lens opening to suit any light condition. It helps avoid mistakes—takes the guesswork out of making pictures.

And—Kodak film in the famous yellow box is dependably uniform.

Even rainy day pictures now easy to make

It has wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. *It gets the picture!*

You, too, can make beautiful photographs like these

With the modern Kodak you start making good pictures at once. The photographs you see in this advertisement were made by other amateurs, just like yourself. Without special training or help, you too can make photographs like these. All the skill that's needed is built into the camera.

Look around you! Everywhere you go you'll find picture opportunities. Friends, neighbors, children . . . Adventure, travel, romance. There's no need now to miss a single opportunity . . . no need to wait for sunny days, or summer suns, or "right" hours.

Today, stop in at the nearest Kodak dealer's. See these modern Kodaks. Find out how these new developments have simplified the making of pictures. Write for booklet about these modern Kodak improvements; mail the coupon.

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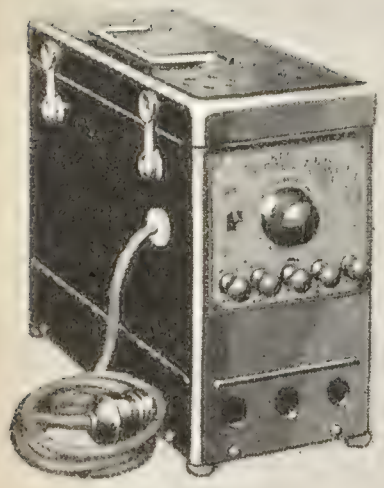

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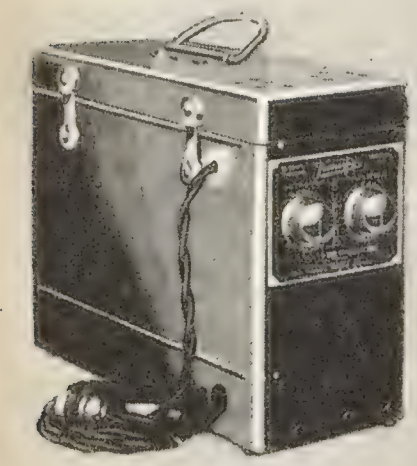

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Dry, permanent, free of all hum. Guaranteed voltage at rated output. Models for all sets and circuits. Will operate power tubes.

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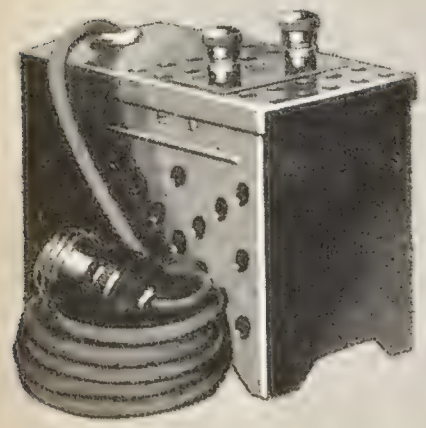

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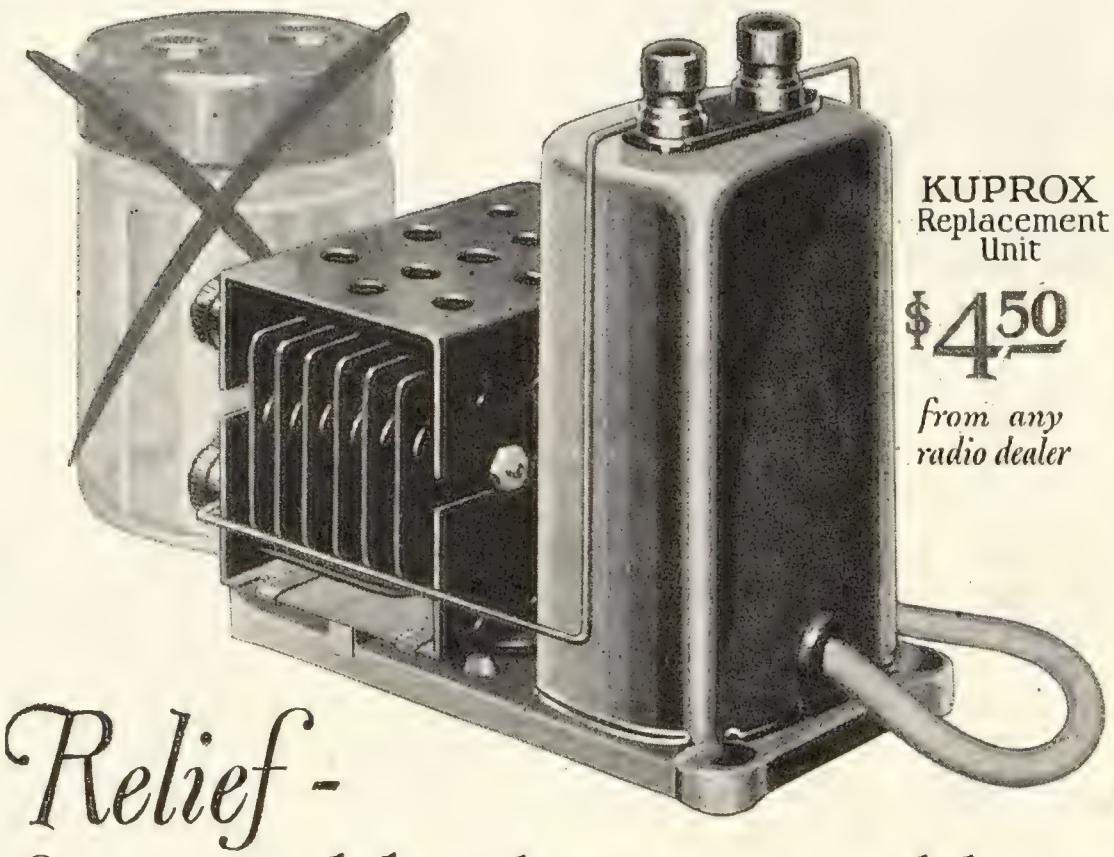
Dry, noiseless, need no attention of any kind. Two models, 1-amp. trickle and booster charger giving 1-ampere and 2½ amperes.

$10.50 and $18.50.

All prices slightly higher West of Rockies and in Canada



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$4.50

from any radio dealer

Relief - from trickle charger troubles· Eliminates acids, liquids, bulbs·

Makes any standard charger dry -- permanent -- carefree!

THE next time you water your electrolytic trickle charger make up your mind it's the *last* time.

Now, all the watering and attention are things of the past. In less than two minutes, and at a cost of only $4.50, you can convert your present trickle charger or power unit into an efficient dry rectifier that never requires attention of any kind!

Anyone can attach the KUPROX dry, all-metal Replacement Unit. Simply disconnect the acid jar on your charger, set the KUPROX Unit in its place and forget it. Two simple binding post connections make installation a matter of little more than a minute. Besides eliminating all watering and attention .... KUPROX delivers twice the former charging rate. The KUPROX Replacement Unit can be attached to any standard trickle charger or power unit.

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KUPROX Radio Power Devices, the revolutionary new development of scientists, have made dry, carefree radio power a fact. If you wish you may definitely discard all your present battery equipment and take all radio power from your house current. KUPROX Radio Power Devices supply all radio power, A, B, and C, without acids, liquids, or charging bulbs... no watering or attention of any kind.

KUPROX Radio Power Devices are all-metal ... dry ... they are powerful ... permanent ... inexhaustible. Simply install them on your receiver and forget them .. makes any radio totally electric.

See the complete line of KUPROX Devices

See KUPROX Radio Power Devices at your nearest radio store. The name KUPROX is your guarantee against acids, liquids and attention, for KUPROX is the only complete line of really dry radio power equipment. Your dealer is displaying a variety of models, from the efficient 1-ampere Trickle Charger to the powerful Combination Models that supply all radio power from a single compact unit.

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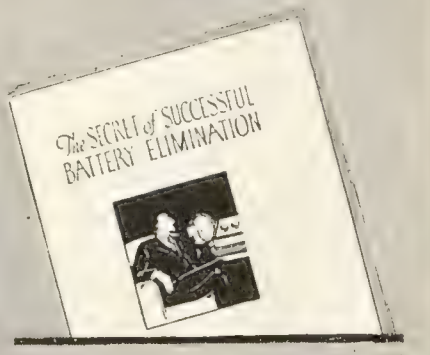
Charges dry cell "B" batteries. Makes a power unit of dry cell batteries ... makes them last much longer. Complete with tube.

Price $10.00



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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]
eminent Americans over the descendants of the first-comers.

Reducing Gould's figures on Union soldiers to percentages, we have:

	Blue	Gray-green
Union soldiers	44.9	24.3
Questionnaire	43	24

a preponderance of 2.2 per cent of the soldiers over the intellectual moderns.

In comparison with the eye study made by the medical department of the United States army in the World War we have:

	Blue
World War soldiers	35.8
Questionnaire	43

a majority for the eminent Americans of 7.2 per cent.

And, finally, comparing 1,656 persons in New York streets and 432 persons taking trains at the Grand Central Terminal, we have:

	Blue and Gray	Mixed and Brown	Dark Brown, Black
Both New York groups	52	40	8
Questionnaire	66	33	1

a difference of 14 per cent in the blue-eyed in favor of the eminent American.

It is in the study of the nature of eye coloring that we find the trends of the various races toward their centers of population, and their manner of thought through the centuries. Eye color is the sign of a breed.

In the eye coloring of the population of the United States lies her history, and the prophecy of her ultimate fate as a nation.

Eye color is nature's way of protecting an organ that can be more injured by excessive light than any other. Its nature is described by Dr. Hrdlicka in his book, Old Americans.

> The many shades of eyes to be met with [he wrote] do not represent so many different pigments, but only so many grades and varieties of pigmentation and depigmentation. The eye pigment, like that in the skin and doubtless also in the hair, is there for protection; and though it may not be strictly simple or homogeneous, it behaves essentially as one pigment which is distributed in small granules in the lining and certain interstitial cells of the iris. The color of the iris is a reflection of light according to the quantity, density, and distribution of the pigment granules.
>
> If these granules are in considerable numbers and distributed throughout the endothelial, interstitial, and even epithelial cells of the iris, the eye is brown to "black," the shade differing with the total quantity and density of the granules.
>
> With the maximum density the eye is black, as in some Negroes; on the other hand, as the quantity of the pigment decreases we have gradually a lighter and lighter shade of brown until it passes into light brown, then gray or greenish with brownish tinge, then bluish or greenish gray, and finally, when no pigment is in either the anterior lining or the interstitial cells of the iris with but little in the endothelium, the eye is blue.

In other words, the less coloring there is in the eye, the bluer it is, and the coloring increases with the intensity and steadiness of sunlight. In every country in the world the population darkens in complexion, hair, and eye color toward the equator.

THE greatest pigment or coloring in these three characteristics is found in the tropics, among Australians (aborigines), New Guineans, Negritos, East Indians, and African Negroes.

As we go north, we find complexions gradually lightening and eyes almost imperceptibly doing the same. The complexions are dark brown in Egypt, light brown in the North African countries, deep olive in the Mediterranean, olive in southern Europe, and brunet in Central Europe. The eyes remain brown, though they lighten in color.

But in the northwestern section of Europe embraced by a curve passing through northern France, northern Germany, and northwest Russia, we come upon the blond, light-complexioned, blue-eyed Nordic.

Dr. Charles E. Woodruff, in his Effects of Tropical Light on White Man, tells why the Man of the North is colored that way.

> Modern man [he says] is invariably covered with a pigment in proportion to the light and heat of the country to which his ancestors have proved their adjustment by millenniums of survival in health and vigor.

Again, he says:

> In high latitudes where the sun is never near the zenith there is then little need of pigment except as a protection from snow glare. For instance, at a place 48½ degrees north, the noon midsummer sun is only 65 degrees above the horizon, but for every degree nearer the equator, the actinic (chemical action induced by sun-rays) effect in midsummer rises so rapidly that man's pigmentation increases rapidly. *This parallel might be said to separate the blonds from brunets.*
>
> At a place 47 degrees north, the noon midsummer sun has the same altitude (66½ degrees) as at the equator, but on every other day of the year, the equatorial sun has more power and the rays at 47 degrees north, less.
>
> The farther north of 47 degrees we go the less, then, is the need of pigment and the farther south the more.
>
> Blonds (blue-eyed) apparently arose north of 50 degrees; the olive (brown-eyed), between 45 and 35 degrees; the brown (darker brown-eyed), between 35 and 30 degrees; and the black Negro (with very dark-brown or jet-black eyes), within 25 or 30 degrees of the equator.
>
> From a comparison of Ripley's map of complexions and Bartholomew's map of cloudiness, we can deduce the further law that in Europe the blondness (and blue-eyedness) of a place is proportional to the cloudiness.
>
> Southern Norway seems to be the cloudiest part of Europe and the blondest, and if we draw a line from this center in any direction, the proportion of brunets increases.
>
> For this reason the northern third of France has more blonds than the southern third of Germany. They flourish best where there is less than 1,250 hours of sunshine per year—Scandinavia and the northern parts of Ireland and Scotland. They barely hold their own up to 1,500 hours—a European zone around the above with an extension into Switzerland and the northeast and southwest corners of the United States.
>
> They tend to die out if there is more than 1,700 hours—South-Central Europe and the northern half of the United States. They perish more quickly if there is more than 2,500—the Mediterranean basin and the southern half of the United States. And they can not stand more than 3,000 hours without serious injury in one generation or even a few years—as in our extreme Southwest and the tropics generally.

MANY peculiarities of our national life may be laid to the British Nordic strain in America.

ALL this may seem a wandering away from the reasons why eminent Americans are overwhelmingly light-eyed with the blue-eyed outnumbering the gray. But it is definite preparation for the appearance of the hero of the story.

The New York count showed that the population of the world's most cosmopolitan city includes 50 per cent of men with blue and gray eyes; 40 per cent with brown and mixed eyes; and less than 10 per cent with black eyes. The rest of the country may assay a trifle higher in the light-eyed, because of the large number of Mediterranean people inhabiting the city, but the difference will not be enough to change the results. We are a blue-eyed nation.

Dr. E. E. Free, biologist, under whose direction the New York count was made, summed up the conclusions of the questionnaire.

> As to race [he said], the conclusion of the questionnaire is quite clear that the blue-eyed peoples of North Europe not only predominate in *Who's Who*, but predominate to a larger extent than they do in the average American population of today.
>
> Undoubtedly this will give

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Hair getting a bit thin?

Yet it need not!

So easily, so swiftly does this simple treatment bring new vigor—thick strength—to your hair!

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

The Pinaud treatment is so quickly effective because it directly attacks the *causes* of thinning, falling hair.

Dandruff—poor scalp circulation—these, specialists say, cause most baldness.

The Pinaud treatment destroys dandruff—makes the scalp fairly tingle with active circulation. Begin it at once! You'll like Pinaud's Eau de Quinine because it makes the scalp *feel* so good. And the new vigor the Pinaud treatment brings to your hair will amaze you!

Get Pinaud's Eau de Quinine *today* at any drug or department store. Always look for Ed. Pinaud's signature in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

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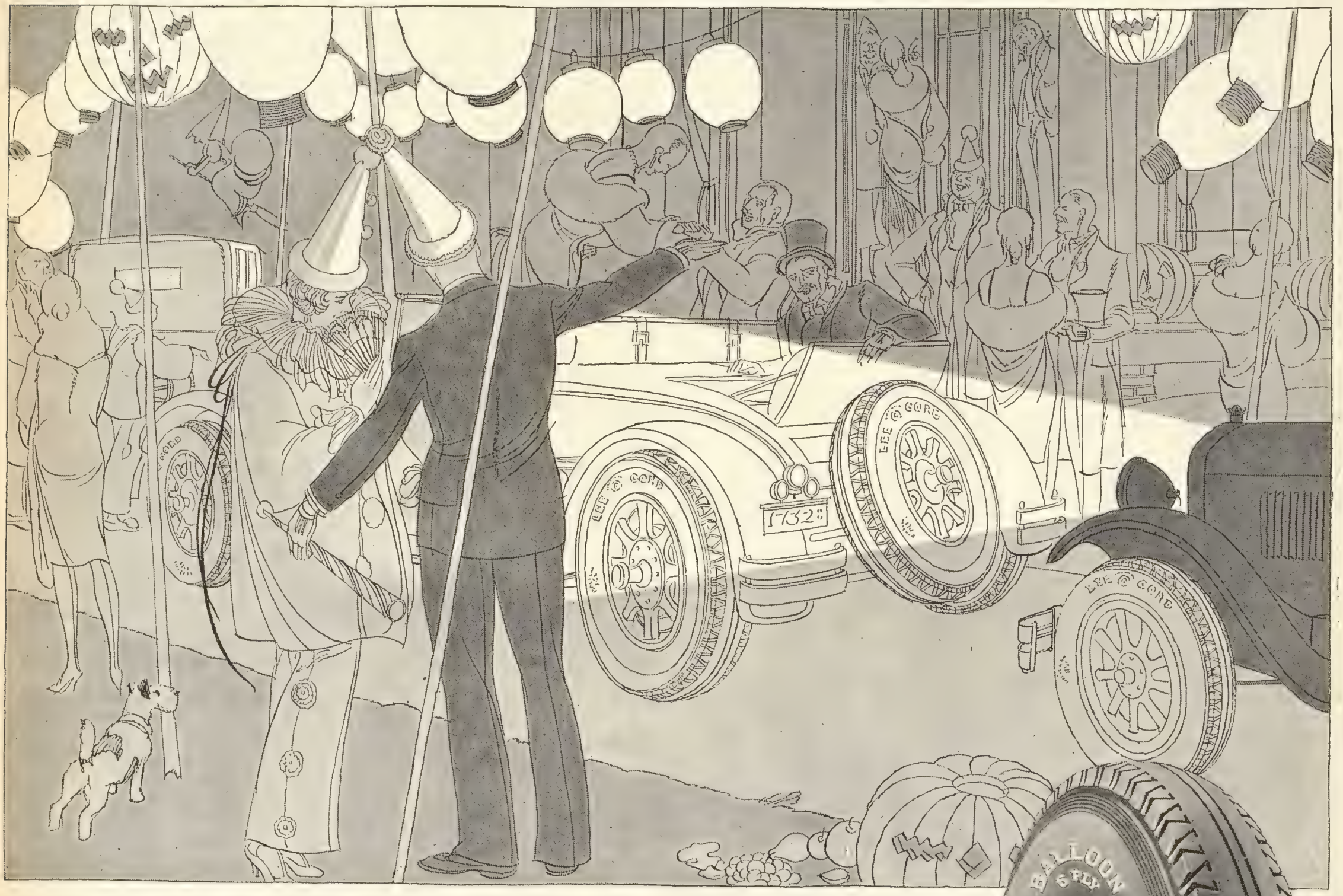
RIDE ON TIRES BY

LEE *of Conshohocken*



BEFORE summer entirely loses its charm and before winter grips us with its rigors, enjoy to the utmost our Indian Summer and the Harvest Moon.

Colder days are ahead; harder driving over snowy roads; ice ruts which wrench your steering wheel and play havoc with tires. Equip your car now for winter with heavier and safer tires.

No sturdier Heavy Duty tires are made than Lee Shoulderbilt Balloons and Lee DeLuxe High Pressure Cords. Over over-size, they have more rubber than most others, while the design of the tread and its semi-flat surface insure the greatest possible protection against skidding.

The best of materials go into these tires, but of equal, if not greater importance to you, is the old Lee tradition of care and thoroughness, which Lee workmen for many years have put into their work.

Since the best tires are mostly built by hand, the craftsmanship put into any tire means more than anything else. Lee builds nothing but good tires. You can trust them.

LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

Shoulderbilt Balloon
The Lee "Heavy Duty" line. Made from start to finish up to Lee standards by Lee master craftsmen.
An incomparable line of tires

COST NO MORE TO BUY ~ FAR LESS TO RUN

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

comfort to the Nordic idea, and this is deserved, but needs to be qualified by the fact that the Nordic peoples by no means constitute a pure race.

And this warning of Dr. Free's points up a very broad difference between the Nordic idea and the Nordic peoples.

The Nordic idea is a composite portrait (painted, generally, by a man who believes he is one of the originals) of a totally imaginary pure-bred Man of the North, a Nietzschean superman, a "100 per cent American."

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S blue-gray eyes matched those of many great generals and poets.

This 100-per-center believes that his is the inalienable right to decide what opinion shall be held by the rest of the nation on religion, lawmaking, scientific teachings, and the relative importance of the other (lesser) races in the growth of civilization.

Of course, most of this idea is bilge. There are virtually no pure-breds left in the world. There are no supermen. The "100 per cent American" of today is a figment of the imagination of an overworked four-minute man who had a complex on hyphenates during the war.

The real "100 per cent American" was robbed, murdered, massacred, and driven from his home. He was the American Indian. Our Nordics so despised him that any white man who married an Indian woman was known as a "squaw-man." This holds true to this day in most sections of the country except Oklahoma.

But the Nordic peoples are a great blend of races. They have been, from the dawn of history, a flame blowing down from the ice-fields over the world to set man to fighting, conquering, killing, loving, getting, begetting, and forgetting. They were the adventurers and the explorers of the material, the artistic, the philosophic, and the scientific world.

The Nordic flowered in the field of exploration. Leif Ericson, pure Norseman, who discovered the New England coast before Columbus' most remote ancestor was conceived; Columbus, who was gray-eyed; Amundsen and Stefansson, modern Norsemen; Shackleton, Perry, and Scott were of that breed. Charles Augustus Lindbergh, of Nordic descent on both sides of his house, flew blind from New York to Paris with five sandwiches and a letter of introduction to Ambassador Herrick not so long ago.

FROM the beginning, the Nordic was a superintelligent, independent, contumacious, fierce, conquering, and merciless fighting man. From his loins sprang champions.

Let's take a look at him. We'll have to step back about fifty millenniums, for that is where 50 per cent of America's population and two-thirds of her eminent men were started.

The Nordic is a comparatively recent racial group, having evolved, ethnologists believe, from the Central European short, frail, brunet, and dark-eyed man who followed the retreating ice sheet at the close of the Fourth Glacial Period, about 50,000 years ago, in the Neolithic Age.

The cradle of the Nordic is believed to be Scandinavia (probably southern Norway), where, according to Penka, prominent anthropologist, he followed the reindeer, or in response to pressure (probably the Cro-Magnon invasion) from the rear.

At the start of his journey he was brown-eyed, moderately intelligent, with a knowledge of the manufacture and use of tools of stone.

If he followed the reindeer, even under pressure, he refused to bow before the encroaching Cro-Magnon wave with a courage and an initiative in braving the perils of the unknown which he has preserved to this day.

The end of his journey found him in an unfriendly rigorous climate in the cloudiest part of Europe, with only 1,250 hours of sunlight a year.

The unfit died, but the survivors, having little sunlight, needed little protective pigment in hair, skin, or eyes.

THUS the Nordic became a white-bodied, blond, blue-eyed man, tall and heavy. His women were majestic, fair, strong, and broad-hipped, lighter in complexion and bluer of eye than he.

With the lightening of his complexion came a rapid growth of the brain, possibly the greatest spurt in evolution ever occurring in the race of man. How long he stayed there is not known, but he crossed the Baltic into Germany, and swept downward over Russia, Central Europe, and the British Isles in prehistoric times.

Abraham found him in Canaan when God led him into the Promised Land. Abraham knew him as an Amorite and his tribe mingled with him. The Amorite sired a line of blue- and gray-eyed Jews which persists to this day. Of this line, it is believed, was Esau, who was "red," and David, who was "ruddy."

The Nordic learned the use of bronze, knew how to weld metal, was a great shipbuilder and a great sailor. His wagons, though crude, were sturdy and capable of surviving the great treks overland.

One of his treks, probably the most famous one, was the Dorian invasion, the descent into Greece. And the result of that invasion was the coming to Greece of her glory.

Mingling with the race he had conquered, he transmitted the energy he had gained and stored in his own rigorous, unfavorable climate to his sons and daughters. He gave them also his fierceness, his fearlessness, his intense curiosity as to the world beyond the horizon, both material and spiritual.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"—they increase your smoking enjoyment."

A Trick Worth Knowing

Even his stenographer noticed it and commented about it.

"Since you began eating Life Savers between smokes," she ventured slyly, "I notice you don't have the frazzled nerves you used to have after a day of hard smoking."

"They certainly are great between smokes," he grinned. "I wouldn't be without them. Have some?"

* * *

More and more smokers are doing the same thing. We wondered if you knew this about Life Savers, these little candy mints with the hole: how they freshen your mouth between smokes, soothe your nerves and make the next smoke taste so much better.

It's a fact: Life Savers easily double your smoke enjoyment. Their wonderful aromatic flavors freshen your mouth like a good drink of water when you're really thirsty—and steady your nerves for work or play. Once you try them this way between smokes, you'll always have a package handy.

Six flavors are displayed at all good stores: Pep-O-Mint, Wint-O-Green, Cinn-O-Mon, Lic-O-Rice, Cl-O-Ve and Vi-O-Let. Five cents a package.

Eat a few Life Savers

between smokes

P. S. Have you tried LIFE SAVER FRUIT DROPS? Three refreshing flavors—Orange, Lemon and Lime.

[THE LIGHT EYES HAVE IT
Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

Greece became the greatest of the nations. She developed two great fighting tribes—the Spartans (soldiers) and the Attics (sailors)—and these fought each other in a series of merciless civil wars, thus betraying a prominent Nordic trait.

If they can not fight an alien, they will fight each other. Witness the bloody civil wars that have occurred in every nation the Nordics have leavened—Greece, Rome, Persia, Russia, Germany, the British Isles, America.

In the world of thought and philosophy there appeared the pioneers, Thales and Heraclitus, Parmenides and Zeno of Elea, seers like Pythagoras and Empedocles, thinkers like Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle.

Homer is said to have written his Iliad following the general idea of the Nordic sagas and the form of their logbooks.

The Nordic leavened Rome and produced a Cæsar, a Pompey, a Cicero, and a Catiline. All of these, says Ferrero, were gray-eyed men, conquerors. And this is a trait of the Nordic. Whatever country he enters, he dominates. Since his beginnings, his rôle has been that of ruler.

In Russia a comparatively few of him has dominated an Asiatic general population. This is true also of his invasion of Central Europe and the British Isles, where he found—and ruled—the Iberians, the Asiatic tribe which was sweeping in, either while he was pioneering northward or shortly thereafter.

Cæsar, leading his legions up northwestward, encountered him in the Goths and the Franks. Piercing through to the British Isles, he found him among the Irish and the Scotch.

He describes the English as a mild, badly built race of men, and the mountain Irish of the North of Ireland and the Scotch and the blond Welsh as fierce, warlike people, whom he treated very gently indeed. These blond, at least blue-eyed, people still dominate the British Isles.

SEVENTY-FIVE per cent of Britain's great men, all through her history, have been Scotch, the North of Ireland Irish, or the blond Welsh. Recruiting the three outlander tribes and her colonists and the people of her dominions and her commonwealths and her free states, and even mercenaries, to fight for her, is the chief factor which has made for England's greatness.

Every time she has fought any of them, she has lost. She attacked Scotland and, in the words of the kilted gentlemen themselves, she had the whey knocked out of her. She invaded Ireland and failed to subdue her after seven centuries of warfare. She tried to coerce America, and lost a large part of the brightest jewel among her colonies.

She holds Canada only because it is Canada's pleasure to be part of the British Empire. If you are looking for Nordics in England proper, seek among her ruling class, or what is left of them. You won't find them among the masses. Everywhere the trend of the Nordics is upward.

In the Dark Ages, Vikings ravaged the seas from Egypt to the British Isles. They swept down in their dragon ships, laying waste the coasts of England and Ireland. They descended each spring and returned north in the fall.

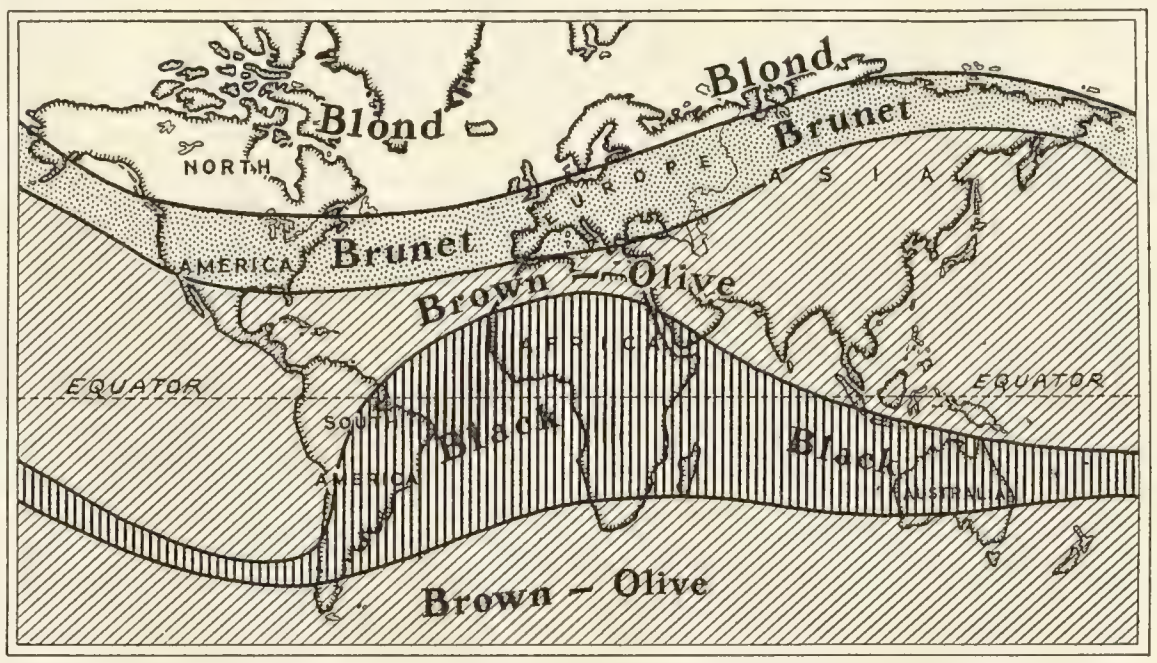
Some of them, conquered by the friendlier climate or by love for the willing, soft, brown-eyed women among the conquered, stayed to add the strength of their traits to descendants who, twelve centuries later, were to settle and colonize America.

Dr. Hrdlicka describes these settlers in the introduction to Old Americans.

From early in the seventeenth century [he says] the temperate zone of the North American continent has been receiving successive contingents of the white race, which settled on the available land, multiplied and spread, and receiving ever-growing accessions gradually formed the American nation.

These newcomers, *while in the main recruited from the people of the British Isles,* included also larger or smaller contingents of other Europeans, such as the Spanish, French, Dutch, and Swedes, to whom, before the end of the eighteenth century, were added some Germans and individuals of other nationalities.

The British colonists were mainly English and later "Scotch-Irish," with the Scotch, Irish, and Welsh in smaller proportions. And the aggregate comprised various physical types, from the predominantly light-haired (blue-eyed), tall, oblong-headed northerners to the round-headed, brown-eyed, and darker-haired Alpines or Gauls, and the still darker elements of the Mediterranean type of white people; for these various types existed not only in geographically different parts of Europe, but, due to older wide-spread infiltrations and mixtures, they were all found in differing proportions even as they exist today, in all European countries, including Great Britain, from which emigration to America proceeded.



THIS chart was compiled for LIBERTY by Dr. E. E. Free, eminent biologist, to show the parallel between eye color and complexion the world over. It is based upon native majorities and climate, however, rather than upon the actual distribution of complexions at the present time. The United States, for instance, lies in the brunet zone, but her great men tend to the blond, light-eyed type.

The earlier comers to this country, as well as their successors up to the time when immigration assumed large proportions, may be safely assumed to have been individuals on the whole rather above than below the average in sturdiness and energy, for in those times the coming over meant considerable cost as well as hardship, and the weaklings either stayed behind or were rapidly eliminated.

AMERICAN institutions are Nordic. Congress is an echo of the Scandinavian *Thing,* an assembly of the people about the mounds of their dead at which they listened to the advice of the Old Man of the tribe. Our State legislatures follow the *Heradthing,* a local assembly.

Democracy was not born in America. It had its birth in Norway when Harald Fairhair destroyed the power of the *hersirs* (kings) and placed the leadership of the people among the *jarls,* high-born local chiefs who had won to leadership of the host and certain districts by their warlike qualities.

The Nordic yields to no one. If he can not lower heaven to his level, he raises hell. The Kaiser's celebrated partnership of *Me und Gott* is a striking example of this. The fact that the Kaiser fled to Holland forbids his ever achieving popularity among his breed. But, after all, the Kaiser is a Nordic.

You can lead a Nordic to water, but you can not make him drink. Hence democracy in America—with the Nordic tinkering with the works from time to time to see that it goes all right.

The Ku Klux Klan, the fury of the Fundamentalists, and prohibition are largely the outgrowth of the narrow-minded intolerance and bigotry which distinguish the British Nordics, particularly the Scotch and the Scotch-Irish.

These qualities in war are invaluable. In the peace of a machine-softened civilization, they are a nuisance.

The American of the general population has tended toward a darkening of the eye under climatic conditions. The United States lies between 25 degrees north latitude in southern Florida and 49 degrees north in Washington in the northwest and Maine in the northeast.

The northernmost point is half a degree north of the "blond line," but the heaviest belt of population lies in 40 degrees, nine degrees below it.

The inhabitants here tend to darken in complexion and hair and eye coloring, in response to the actinic rays of the sun and the fact that most city dwellers are darker than those who dwell in the country or in the open spaces.

And this makes the prevailing light-eyedness of the eminent Americans as represented in *Who's Who* all the more mysterious.

Dr. Free offers the following theory, insisting that it was only a theory.

The Who's Whoers [he says] are not affected so greatly by the climate as the rest of the population, possibly because they have more stamina, more physiologic "backbone." Success, I think, depends on two things primarily, fixity of purpose and common sense.

Fixity of purpose is another word for stubbornness, and stubbornness has always distinguished the Nordic. It may be that it affects his physical as well as his mental make-up.

THE famous men with dark blue eyes included were Samuel Adams, Matthew Arnold, Charles XII of Sweden, Longfellow, Stephen A. Douglas, Eugene Field, Stonewall Jackson, John Ruskin, Savonarola, William H. Seward, Charles Sumner, and Percy Bysshe Shelley.

And these men had pale blue eyes, often called gray by their biographers:

Charles George Gordon, Patrick Henry, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Andrew Jackson, Charles Godfrey Leland, Washington Irving, Washington Alston, James Monroe, Napoleon, General Thomas, and Grieg, the composer.

The gray-eyed embrace everything from poet to conqueror, through artists, writers, and explorers. In this list are Michelangelo, Browning, Coleridge, Columbus, Carnegie, Sir Thomas More, William Hazlitt, Ibsen, Thomas Jefferson, Milton, Robespierre, Tolstoy, Tennyson, Francis Parkman, and S. S. Prentiss.

Eyes that were a blend of blue and gray appeared in the heads of great generals and poets. In this list appear George Washington, George William Curtis, Charles Darwin, Frederick the Great, General U. S. Grant, Walter Savage Landor, Sidney Lanier, Theodore Parker, Rossetti, Thoreau, and Walt Whitman.

Among the brown-eyed celebrities of history were Captain Cook, Goethe, John Keats, Charles Lamb, Robert Louis Stevenson, Bayard Taylor, William the Silent, and Chopin.

Hazel-eyed were Rufus Choate, Alexander Hamilton, Fielding, Sir Arthur Sullivan, John G. Whittier, Admiral Farragut, Albert Gallatin, and Walter Pater.

Black eyes gleamed from the brows of Leigh Hunt, John Paul Jones, John Marshall, Peter the Great, George Ripley, and Daniel Webster.

THE END

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We have solved the problem of pen point selection. The color of the band on the holder tells the whole story. You can now select with confidence exactly the pen point best writing requires.

A fine, broad, stub, flexible or stiff point may be selected at a glance. You can't go wrong.

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When you buy a Waterman's you buy perpetual pen service.

It will pay you to spend a few minutes in selecting exactly the pen you should have.

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Blue—BLUNT—An improved stub point. This point makes a broad line. May be held in any position. Liked by rapid writers.

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Number Seven

Made of beautiful resilient *Ripple* stainless rubber, protected with a lip-guard to prevent breaking, and an unequaled, patented filling device.

Waterman's

Many happy returns of the day

WHOEVER first worded that quaint old birthday wish certainly summed up all good fortune in a phrase! Many years—happy years . . . If only it might be a certainty, instead of just a wish! If only, on a young, bright birthday morning, we could give to a child, as the best gift of all, the sure promise of a long and happy future!

Perhaps we can. With food, especially, we may hope to build our children's lives. For we know now just what elements wise Nature planned. We have learned that every precious element is needed—every day—to create the enduring health of mind and body that makes for a full and joyous life.

Every element is needed every day. That is why the famous food called Grape-Nuts was originated. It is a modern food, especially planned to help correct certain dangerous deficiencies often found in modern diet. It gives to the body dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration.

Grape-Nuts is made from wheat and malted barley. It is unlike any other food. These golden kernels have the most delicious flavor—a nut-like taste, delicately tinged with malt sugar. They have a crispness all their own. And you should hear dentists praise this crispness! They say that Grape-Nuts is invaluable in the diet of children because it gives to teeth and gums and facial bones and muscles the necessary exercise for proper development and lasting health.

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate.

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Grape-Nuts is ready-to-serve. The special baking process by which it is prepared makes it extremely easy to digest . . . Will you try this famous food? Your grocer sells it—or you may wish to accept the following offer:

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G.—L.—10-27

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A Stretch of the IMAGINATION

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

THE place was neat but deserted. Pam lifted the window and climbed in.

The Story of a Woman Hater and a Runaway Girl

By VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE

(Reading time: 19 minutes 10 seconds.)

SUPPOSE you were the daughter of a millionaire, and scheduled to marry an awfully nice young man of an equally good and equally prominent family, in what bade fair to be the initial event of the New York season, and you woke up on a beautiful October morning with your balance-sheet as follows:

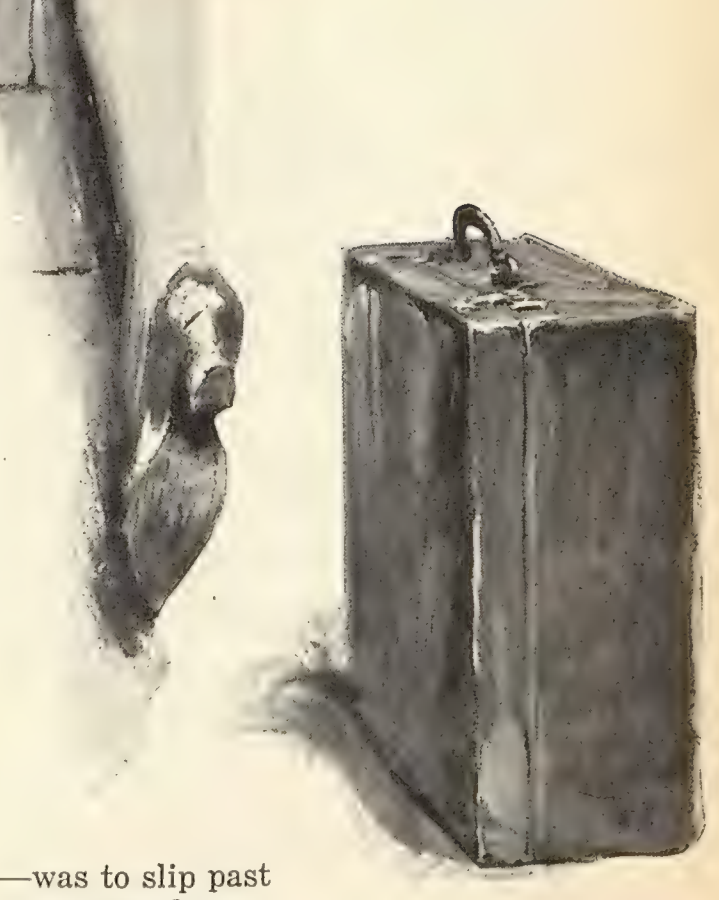
On one side of the ledger, (*a*) all the preparations for a big church wedding, (*b*) an Aunt Helen who had engineered the whole thing, (*c*) a father as difficult to cross as the English Channel, and *(d)* an awfully decent fiancé whose one fault was a slight tendency toward doormatricide; and on the other nothing but a definite certainty that you could not go through with it.

And this, mind you, for no valid or tangible reason, but merely from a feeling that you had known, subconsciously, for some time, it was all a ghastly mistake, but had been too cowardly to do anything about it, assuming that something would turn up in time.

What would you do? Seek the nearest door marked Exit, would you not?

Which is precisely what Pamela Geer did, although every other possible motive and explanation known to the imagination of the sensational press and two concerned families were advanced to explain this strange disappearance of an apparently sane girl on the very morning of her wedding. Kidnapers, foul play, amnesia, another love-affair (particularly another love-affair), were called into the spotlight of suspicion during the brief period until some other sensation crowded this "second Dorothy Arnold case" off the front page.

As a matter of fact, all Pamela did, after leaving two notes to inform her father and her fiancé that she was off—and the wedding ditto

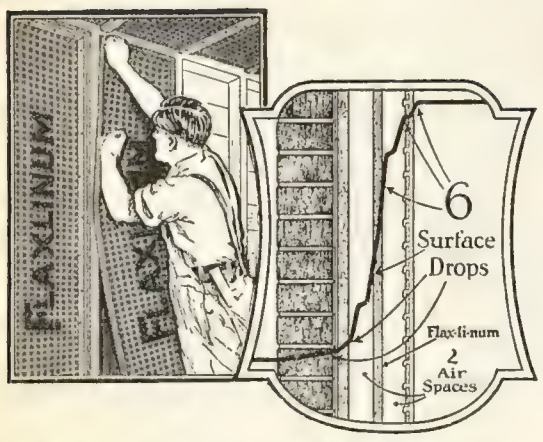


—was to slip past the gardener, board a passing bus, then a train, and after that a boat for a place she had sometimes passed on her father's yacht—a strip of sand

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

ARE THE FLOORS IN YOUR HOME FREE FROM *draughts?*

You can eliminate them ... line your home with Flax-li-num and cut your fuel bills one-third ...



Flax-li-num Wins on Every Count

1—Greatest Insulating Efficiency.

Used correctly in your walls, one-half inch FLAX-LI-NUM is *equivalent to three-fourths inch insulation* used as a substitute or installed against the sheathing. U. S. government tests prove this. The FLAX-LI-NUM method creates *two* insulating air spaces instead of one, and six surface resistances instead of four.

Every fibre of flax contains millions of tiny dead air cells. Between the fibres are millions more of these tiny dead air cells. FLAX-LI-NUM, by the very structure of the material from which it is made, is a *naturally* superior insulation. For more than 17 years it has been used where correct insulation is imperative.

Not to be overlooked is the fact that FLAX-LI-NUM, installed in the finished home, is *just as thick as when it leaves the factory.*

2—Ease of Application.

FLAX-LI-NUM goes in *fast.* Your builder simply wedges the sheets in tight—it *goes in right.* The semi-rigid sheets hold themselves in place while the builder drives home a few nails.

3—Fool-proof on the Job.

So simple is its installation that it is almost impossible to get it in wrong.

4—High in Tensile Strength.

FLAX-LI-NUM, made from long, tough flax fibres, has great tensile strength. It does not puncture, crack, break or tear. It *never needs repairing after it is in place.*

5—Permanence.

Flax fibre, never rots. Hence FLAX-LI-NUM itself will never deteriorate. It will outlast the building. FLAX-LI-NUM, examined after 17 years' service, has been found to be in perfect condition.

INSIDIOUS draughts! — Irregular temperatures! *Constantly* they encourage colds and cause children, as well as grown-ups to suffer needlessly.

In a correctly insulated house these stealthy enemies of health are repelled. The comfortable warmth is kept in. Every part of every room has a uniform, healthy temperature.

Don't be satisfied when they say "Yes, this home is insulated". Find out with what it was insulated, how the insulation was installed and what proof there is of its ability to keep the heat in.

Choose carefully — be sure you get insulation which, *when installed,* will efficiently prevent the passage of heat and cold. Once it is built into your walls and roof, *insulation is practically impossible and very costly to replace.* If it fails to cut your fuel bill a full one-third, then it is dear at *any* price. Why take a chance?

You can *be sure* that you will have that material which gives you greatest promise of *high insulating efficiency, ease of application, fool-proof installation, tensile strength and permanence.* Simply compare other insulations and insulating methods with FLAX-LI-NUM. Let the five points here listed be your guide. You will find that FLAX-LI-NUM wins on every count.

You will get the most for your money when you specify one inch FLAX-LI-NUM in your roof and one-half inch in side walls *halfway between the inner and outer walls.*

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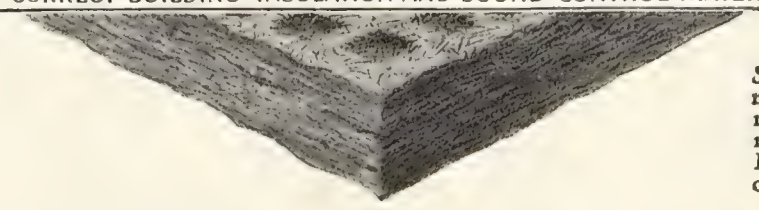

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Send me complete information on FLAX-LI-NUM insulation.

☐ I am planning to build a new home.

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Name.....

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]
flung into a dull corner of the ocean —which had been pointed out to her as a place that even God forgot after Labor Day.

Only one boat a day formed a tenuous connection between Kindle Beach and the mainland. It seemed the ideal spot for Pamela, who had no plans beyond immediate escape.

And as all the published descriptions pictured her wearing the green silk suit missing from her wardrobe (because the cleaner had lost it) instead of an old blue serge she had discarded from strength and then salvaged as being ideally suited to her mood, the simple-minded boatman and the few passengers headed for Kindle Beach never linked with the strangely missing heiress the solitary girl who made the trip that Wednesday.

TOWARD evening, after a day on the dunes, Pamela returned to the boat-landing and found a restaurant sign which proved to be a rather euphemistic caption for an ice-cream parlor featuring clam chowder and coffee. Pamela partook heartily. The sun and air had made her hungry.

There were not many people in the place—in all about a dozen, assorted, none of whom regarded her with even a mild curiosity. There was only one whom Pamela herself noticed—a tall boy with curious, squirrel-colored eyes and a shock of rusty hair. Being stock type herself, brown eyes and hair and olive skin, a replica of a million other slender, good-looking American girls, Pamela admired any departure from the wholesale patterns. She had never seen anybody just like the young man who sat reading the *Atlantic Monthly*, smoking a corn-cob pipe, consuming three plates of clam chowder, and paying absolutely no attention to her—which last in itself made him worthy of note.

After what Pam, in her new mood, graciously termed dinner, she decided to take some steps toward providing herself with a lodging for the night. She did not like to inquire of the proprietor of the restaurant, since by this time the evening papers might contain something that would lead to her recognition (by the way, she must get an evening paper). So she walked down the one lighted street until she came to an old man intently absorbed in watching the paint dry on the side of his house. Pamela accosted him.

She learned that Kindle Beach had only one hotel (which would have been enough for Pamela, only it had been closed since Labor Day); that the evening papers did not arrive until the following afternoon (provided you had ordered them and the boatman remembered); that there were about thirty families on the island at the time, one of whom might let her have a room; it could not hurt to inquire.

That was what *he* thought, Pamela mused bitterly. The mere idea of knocking at people's homes was not only painful to Pamela—it was inconceivable. She preferred sleeping on the beach.

However, wishing to explore a bit first, she walked up one street (they were really board walks) and down the next. The cottages were of the inexpensive bungalow type, many of them boarded up, and nearly all distinguished by the painfully whimsical titles dear to the heart of the bungalowner. In addition, most of them bore, on a small white card tacked beside the door, the legend:

THIS HOUSE WATCHED
BY HUGO STRETCH.

"Wonder where he sits while he watches them?" Pamela pondered, forming a mental picture of a man perched astride a roof with a long telescope glued to one eye.

Soon, tired of walking, Pamela returned to the beach. To her dismay, a raw sea wind whipped the sand stingingly across her cheeks. Pam turned her back on the dunes, her spirits at low ebb. She would simply have to knock at some door and ask them to take her in. And they would regard her curiously and probably guess who she was. The only other alternative was to pry open one of those boarded windows and make herself at home in somebody's empty cottage. After all, why not? Only the thought of Hugo Stretch deterred her.

But she was too weary to walk any further. On the last street she came to a little house bearing no forbidding boards across the windows, yet no signs of occupancy, either. Nor, best of all, any warning of the ubiquitous Hugo. Evidently this cottage was too unpretentious to merit his interest. Making a cautious survey, Pam discovered through a kitchen window, that the place was neat but deserted.

She lifted the window and climbed in. Once in, she felt rather safe. The moon was bright enough, so that she needed no electric lights. Feeling certain that Hugo Stretch or anybody else would require second sight to know she was there, she sank gratefully on to the bed and fell asleep.

In the night it seemed to her that somebody turned a flash-light on her. But when she cautiously opened one eye, she decided it must have been the moon.

In the morning she tiptoed to the front door, and there, to her amazement, was a young man asleep in the porch swing. To her greater amazement, she recognized the red hair of the chowder champion.

"Well, of all things!" thought Pamela. "Fancy him being Hugo Stretch! He's certainly on the job. I'll have to bluff out of it some way.

"Good morning," she began, taking the bull by the horns and awakening him.

He sat up and faced her accusingly.

"Say," he began, "what's the big idea?"

"I take it you don't own this house?" countered Pam, with more assurance than she felt.

"No; but I'd like to know what you're doing in it, just the same."

"I—I'm a friend of the owner's," she replied tentatively.

"Of Mrs. Pierce?"—incredulously.

"Certainly," said Pam.

"Say—" He got out of the swing and regarded her as curiously as he could through an overhanging lock of rusty hair—"you're not Mignonette St. Clair?"

"He certainly has a peculiar talent for names!" thought Pam. Aloud she inquired:

"How'd you guess?"

"Well, damn it all, I wired her not to let you come till next week."

"Are you—staying here?"

"Of course I am. What the devil—"

PAMELA could have laughed out loud. That she should have picked out the very residence of the night watchman was like the story of the Irishman who escaped from an officer and took refuge in a police station. No wonder this house had no sign on it!

"I guess," she said breezily, "she didn't get your wire."

"Well, if that isn't just like a woman! Always getting everything balled up. Well, you can't stay here. I've got another week's work to do, and I've got to do it."

"But where can I go?" inquired Pam, who did not wish to be unreasonable.

"You can't expect *me* to worry about that. Go back where you came from."

"Really—I can't. The fact is, I—I'd be in awful trouble if I went back."

He regarded her scornfully.

"Trouble, eh? Why can't you women behave yourselves? Mrs. Pierce told me you were sort of—well—wild and needed a place to rest and pull yourself together."

"Oh, no; it's really worse than that. The fact is, I have to keep out of sight. If they find me they'll drag me back—and—well, I'd rather die than go through with it."

"With what?" She did not answer. "A—a sentence?"

She nodded. "I suppose you'd call it that."

"But how about your parents? Wouldn't they help you?"

"Dad would want me to go through with it. He's one of these upright people. But maybe after he's lived down the disgrace and being in the newspapers and all, he'll forgive me. If not, I'll simply have to earn my living. Maybe, if I lie low until the excitement blows over, I can make my way to some other city and get a job. I took enough jewelry to tide me over."

"Aren't you going to return it?" he demanded sternly.

"No," she replied. "Why should I?"

He regarded her coldly. "Well, I'm no evangelist. But I don't want you here. I told Mrs. Pierce she could have the place back when"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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~to your
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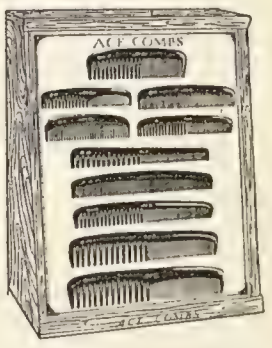

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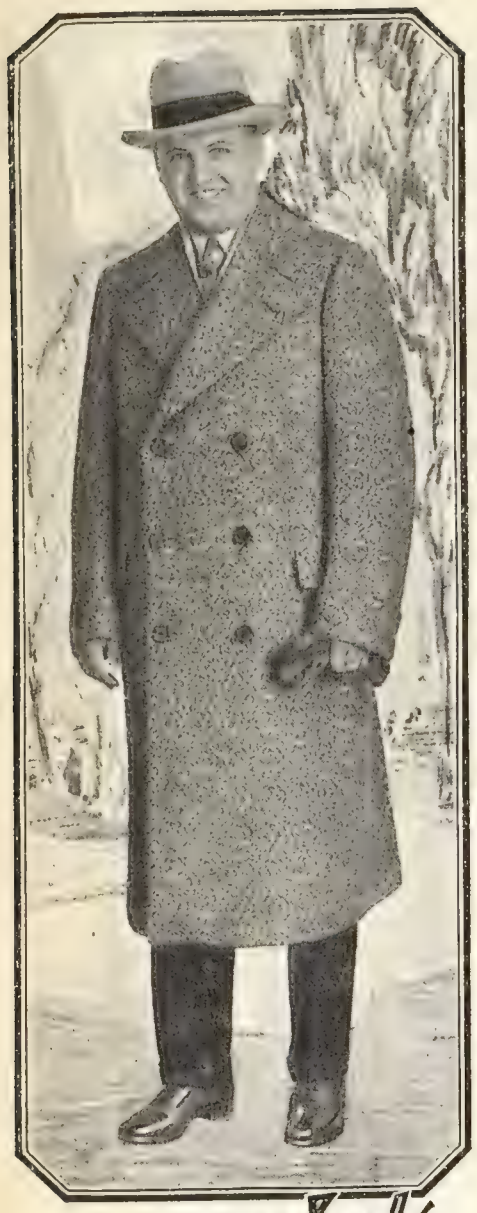

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[A STRETCH OF THE IMAGINATION]
Continued from Page Thirty-five

I got through—but I'm not through."

"Well," said Pamela, "I'm a stranger on this island. I'm perfectly willing to go somewhere else if you'll tell me where."

"Who—me? I'm too busy. I'm an inventor, not an agency for lost girls."

"Oh," said Pam, "really? Are you inventing something?"

"No; I did. I thought I was all through, but an unexpected snag came up and it means more work to dekink it."

"Just what is it?" asked Pam, who had never known an inventor and thought it must be fascinating to invent things.

"What do you think I am—cuckoo? I wouldn't tell you—or any other woman, even if I trusted you. And I don't want any women around when I work."

HOWEVER, in the end he agreed to let her stay. On several conditions. One, that she keep out of his way. Two, that she behave herself. And three, that she make herself useful. He was growing rather weary of clam chowder, and if she would get busy and make some food fit for a man's stomach, he would overlook the inconvenience of having to sleep on the porch swing. She could begin with breakfast.

He locked himself in the bathroom, and Pam surveyed the kitchen uneasily. It was the first time she had ever regarded one in such an intimate and personal way. When he appeared, shaved and dressed, she was poring over a cook-book she had discovered.

"I thought you were making breakfast!" he began, midway between scorn and anger.

"I was just looking up a recipe," she retorted with dignity.

"For what?" he demanded.

Scrambled eggs sounded too ridiculous, so she responded quickly, "Coffee."

"My God!" he said. "You don't mean to tell me you don't know how to make coffee?"

"Not without a percolator," she replied truthfully enough, although that did not entirely state the case.

He showed her how to set the table, light the oil-stove, prepare toast, coffee, and eggs. It seemed an awful lot of things to remember at once. After breakfast he went right to work.

Pam, of course, lacked experience, but she was no fool. She managed to wash and dry the dishes, tidy up the kitchen, and make the bed. It wasn't bad fun—in fact, there was quite a satisfaction in putting a place in order. She was just beginning to sweep when he appeared.

"Lunch ready?" he demanded.

"Lunch?" inquired Pam. "We just finished breakfast."

"It's half-past twelve," he announced, and added, "What do you think you're doing with that broom? Practising a golf stroke? Here." And taking the broom from her, he showed her how the thing was operated.

They walked far up the beach without exchanging a word.

Pam made up her mind she would put him in his place, if it was the last thing she ever did. Heavens, any dub could keep house! It was only a question of practise.

IT was really quite an adventure going down to the store and buying things for supper. When he came into the kitchen, every available inch of parking space on the table, refrigerator, window-sill, sink, and chairs was piled high with soiled dishes and cooking utensils. But, with the exception of a few minor mishaps, such as having the steak fried fifteen minutes before the potatoes were ready, allowing the coffee to boil over, and cutting her finger on a can of fruit salad, Pam had the intense satisfaction of having achieved, single-handed, what she could consider no less than a major victory.

After stacking up enough of the clutter so that they could sit down and eat, he seemed in a slightly better mood, and went so far as to say, "Well, this has clam chowder skinned forty ways." He even, under the benign influence of a cigaret and coffee, expanded sufficiently to address some conversation to her.

"I think," he remarked, "I've got this thing going now."

"I'm afraid to ask you any questions," said Pam, "you sat on me so this morning."

He dismissed that matter with a gesture.

"I've had some fine offers for my device, but I'm negotiating with some big bankers and I'm going to put it on the market myself. Then I'll be in on the profits.

"They wanted me to fix up one little thing, and I'm mailing it out tonight. If you want, you can come with me. A walk will do you good."

PAM supposed he had to take at least one look at the houses he was supposed to be watching. She was so tired, she had entertained some doubts of her ability to crawl into bed. But, on the other hand, housework was rather confining, and perhaps she ought to get out a bit.

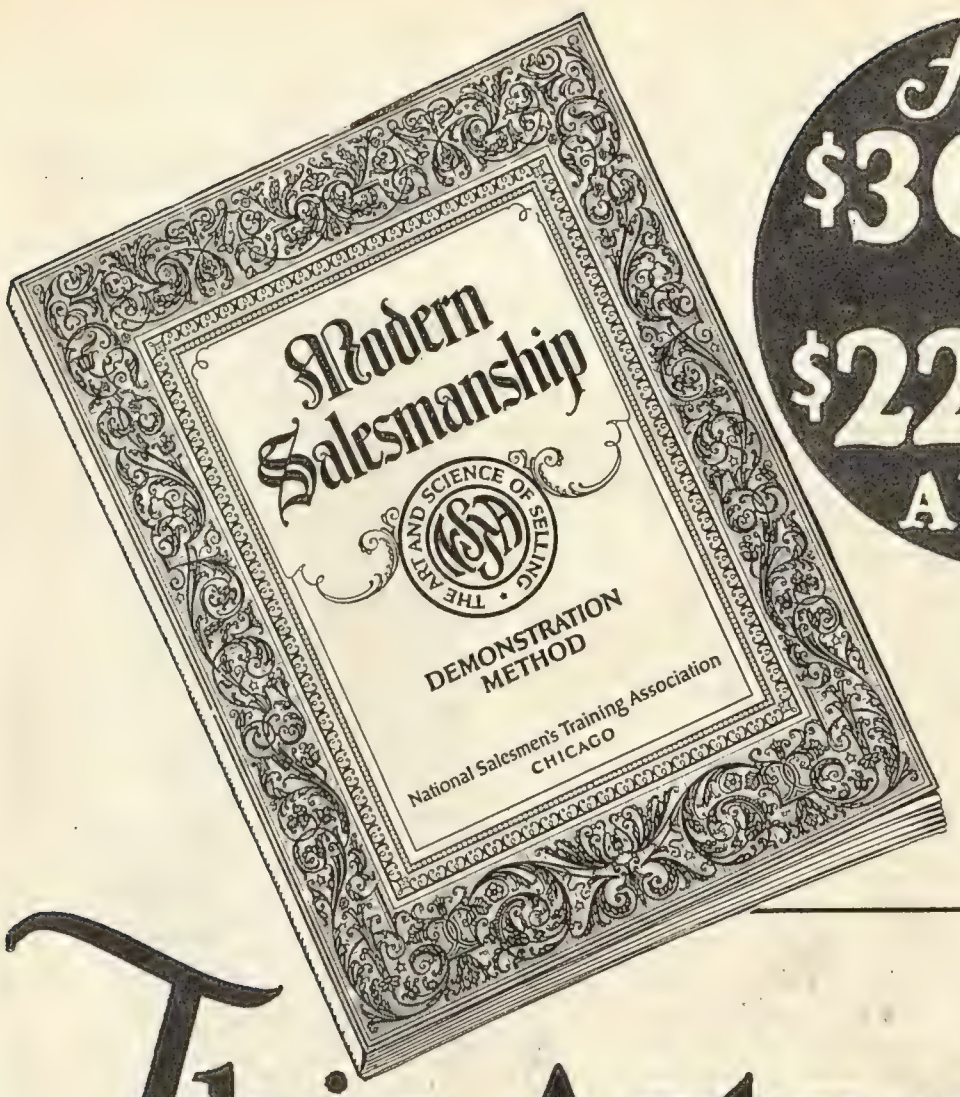
They walked far up the beach without exchanging a word. It was too thrilling a night for indifferent speech. Pam never remembered such a huge yellow balloon of a moon, painted against the back-drop of the night, with the stars looking like silver peep-holes in the curtain.

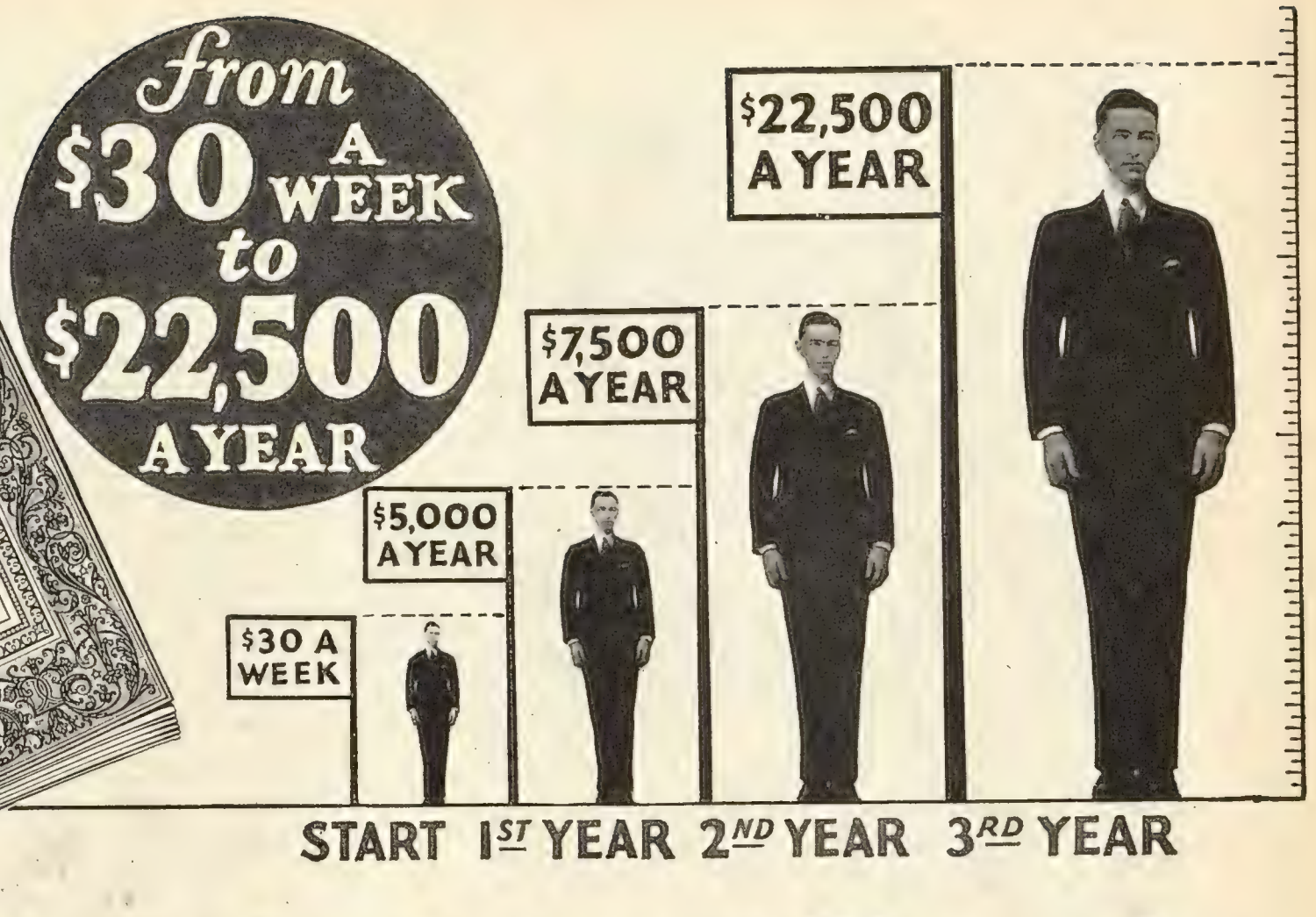
Somebody lit a bonfire far down the beach. Pamela had the queerest sensation—as though something were trying to be born inside her—and its birth was a delicious sadness and a melancholy ecstasy all in one. She wished she could shape it into something beautiful, but she knew it would die, and nobody would ever know anything about it.

She glanced at the boy beside her—he had created something. There was a certain justice in her serving him with her hands. Those who produced had the right to be served.

When this tangle got all straightened out, she was going to do something—she did not know what, but something that would give her the right, on such a night, to contemplate the questions inside her without trembling. . . .

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]





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C. W. Birmingham of Dayton, Ohio, was formerly a clerk, earning $15 a week in a shop. Within a short time he increased his earnings 900%, so that now he is making $7500 a year! The book, "Modern Salesmanship," proved the first rung in his ladder to success.

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Not long ago—three years to be exact—Harelson was working as a clerk in a grocery store. His salary was $30 a week. (Today he looks back with a laugh and calls it a "paltry sum.") But it was no laughing matter in those days—because it meant skimping and petty economies that are bound to irk ANY ambitious man. Naturally he was keenly dissatisfied—but like so many other men caught in blind-alley jobs, he didn't know how to get out!

And then one day something happened! A certain book fell into his hands. Between its covers he discovered a certain force that eventually led him to rewards beyond his fondest expectation. Inspired to action and with his feet firmly guided to the first rungs of the ladder to Success, Harelson made $5,000 his next year. The following year he boosted his income to $7,500! And last year HE CLEARED A TOTAL OF $22,500!

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How did they do it? What did the book show them? Just this:—Every one of these men realized that Salesmanship offers BIGGER rewards and delivers them QUICKER than any other line of work under the sun. This vital book, "Modern Salesmanship," introduced them to hundreds of surprising and little-known facts about the highest paid of all professions. It revealed to them the real TRUTH about the art of selling. It blasted dozens of old theories, explained the science of selling in simple terms and told them exactly how the great sales records of nationally-known star salesmen have been achieved. And not only that, it outlined a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master scientific salesmanship without spending years on the road—without losing a day or dollar from his present position.

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City and traveling sales positions are open in every line all over the North American continent. For years thousands of leading wholesalers, jobbers and manufacturers have called on the Association to supply them with salesmen. Employment service is free to both members and employers and thousands have secured positions through this service.

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OFF to the autumn woods . . . out into the open country . . . leaving business cares and city streets far behind . . . with holiday enthusiasm. . .

Where do men today find enough energy for business, with its great drain on vitality . . . and still have plenty to spare for the outdoor recreation they love and need? Look at their daily lunch menu or watch them slip into a soda fountain between meals, and you'll discover one of the reasons —Borden's Malted Milk.

Every tall glass of Borden's is fairly brimming with rich nourishment—the wholesome kind that creates youthful energy. Creates it *quickly*, too.

For Borden's Malted Milk is so easily digested you feel its bracing effects almost as soon as you've drained the last delicious drop.

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WE SERVE Borden's THE IMPROVED MALTED MILK All flavors Delicious

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

Borden's MALTED MILK

The ideal food-and-drink for you

[A STRETCH OF THE IMAGINATION]
Continued from Page Thirty-six

Too bad that those who were searching for Pamela Geer by every device of newspaper, radio, and underground wire, could not have seen a picture of the way she spent her days—cooking, marketing, cleaning house for a young man who treated her as some sort of undesirable character, not even calling her by name—taking all her valiant efforts for granted—scornful of her failures—growing increasingly difficult and taciturn when the reply he expected from his backers failed to materialize.

The only time he said anything at all kind was one warm Indian-summery day when they went for a swim, Pam in a boy's old suit unearthed from a cupboard. He had to grant there was something she could do. When they returned from battling their way through a heavy surf, "You're no quitter," he admitted, as though the discovery surprised him. "You've got stuff, all right. I guess you just weren't brought up properly."

"I guess not," replied Pam, who had come to somewhat the same conclusion herself on her solitary rambles along the beach.

"Have you decided what you're going to do when you leave here?"

"I should like," said Pam, "to tell you my story and get your advice."

HE agreed to give her case his attention as soon as his own affairs were smoothed out. They did not seem to be going very well. A trip to the city netted him nothing but the conviction that the bankers interested in his device were stalling—that in some way they meant to crowd him into a corner and take from him the fruits of his labor. He returned to Kindle Beach in a mood of bitter depression.

Pam had had a wretched day herself. It had turned horribly cold.

The wind howled down the deserted streets and around the corner of the empty bungalow like a malicious demon.

After twelve unsuccessful attempts to coax a fire into the fireplace, she had resigned herself to a slow death by freezing.

She was in no mood to humor him. She felt the need of a little humoring herself. She decided, after a meal at which no word was spoken, that bed was the only place in which to find warmth and oblivion.

But she could not get to sleep. The wind shook the frail bungalow as though determined to uproot it and carry it off to sea. Pamela was really frightened. She was also horribly blue. But, above all, she was cold. Pamela had never been cold in her life.

She put one foot on top of the other, and rolled into a ball with her hands under her armpits, in a vain attempt to coax a little warmth into her rigid limbs. But she only grew colder, and stiffer, until her teeth chattered so that the whole bed shook, and she began to cry.

At last she got up and listened at the door. Hearing him toss about, she rattled the handle tentatively.

"What do you want?" he called out discouragingly.

"I c-can't sleep," chattered Pam between shivers.

"Well, what do you want me to do—rock you? Go back to bed."

"I'm c-cold," wailed Pamela, turning the handle of the door.

"Don't you come out

"Don't you come out here! You can't start anything like that! It's a darn sight colder out here. You fly back to bed!"

PAMELA flew. She had ceased to be cold. Her nose and her toes and fingers would still have shamed icicles, but within her raged a blaze so hot she could not endure the smart of it. Never—never had anything so awful happened to her. She wanted to bury her head a mile underground and at the same time pound with her hands and feet and utter blood-curdling shrieks of fury. She had to content herself with pounding the pillow, burying her face in it, and

giving vent to dull sounds of muffled rage.

He heard her and came to her door.

"Don't you dare come in here!" she commanded furiously.

"Don't be ridiculous," he replied coldly. "Are you ill?"

He departed, and returned with two blankets, which he wrapped around her, and a hot pack which he stuffed under her feet. In spite of herself, she relaxed a little as the grateful warmth began to penetrate her numbed soles. Besides, she was fairly exhausted.

here! You can't start anything like that!"

"Get out. Don't talk to me. I hate you!"

"That is beside the point," he said, turning on the light. Noting the condition of the bed, the obvious fact that she had been crying, and the feverish look about her eyes, he leaned over and felt her head.

"You've got fever," he announced—"and chills," he added, as she had a convulsion at his touch.

"You women—" he grumbled—"always getting something the matter when a man's got real troubles on his mind—"

"Get out—" said Pamela into her pillow.

Turning out the light, he paused a moment in the doorway. "Call me if you need anything more," he said. "I—I'm sorry I was such a crab. But I've got a lot on my mind."

Pamela's only reply was a muffled sound between a grunt of incredulity and a sob.

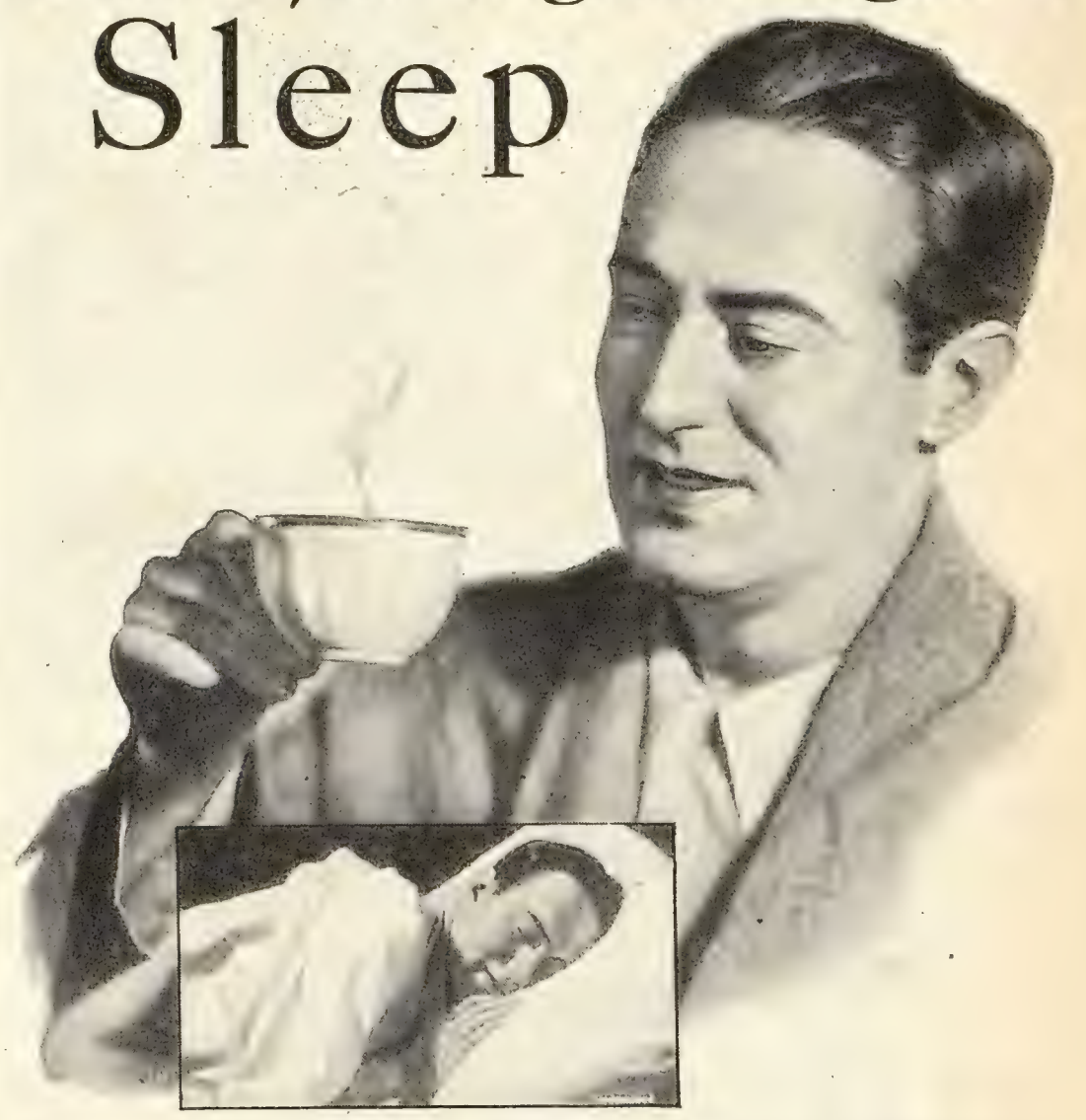
"And besides"—he added—"I *can't stand women!*" And banged his way back to bed.

Pamela felt all right at breakfast, except for a headache. But of course she did not speak to him. Nor at lunch, either. However, hearing a great stirring in his workroom, her curiosity was too

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now—for a good night's

Sleep



This new Swiss food-drink usually brings sound sleep *instantly* . . . in a natural way . . . *Make this 3-day test and see!*

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FIRST—It digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

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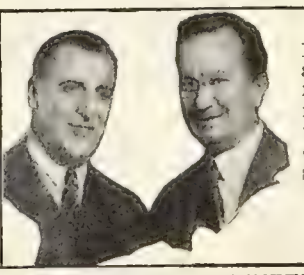


I took Ovaltine to get a good night's sleep. I noticed that I slept much better, getting up with more vigor. I consider Ovaltine a sturdy healthful food.
Louis Martino
Port Reading, N. J.

I took Ovaltine to help make me sleep at nights, to add up some energy and quiet my nerves. After taking I slept fine, felt like a new man during the day.
W. Louis Ryan
Waldorf, Md.

Send for 3-day test

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. J-2
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

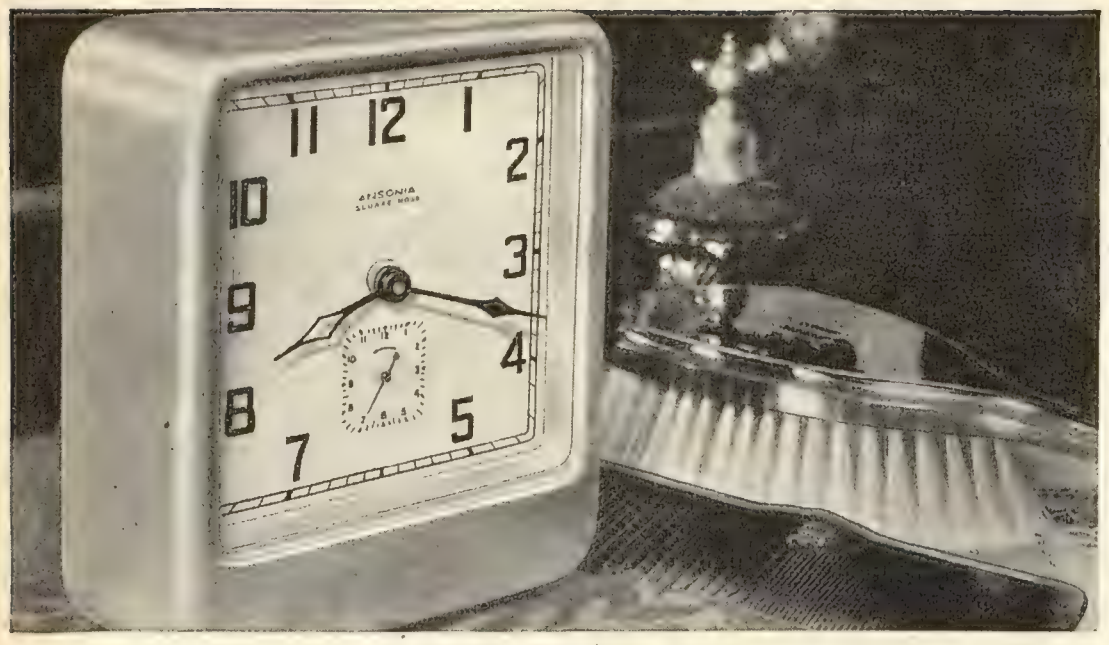
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....

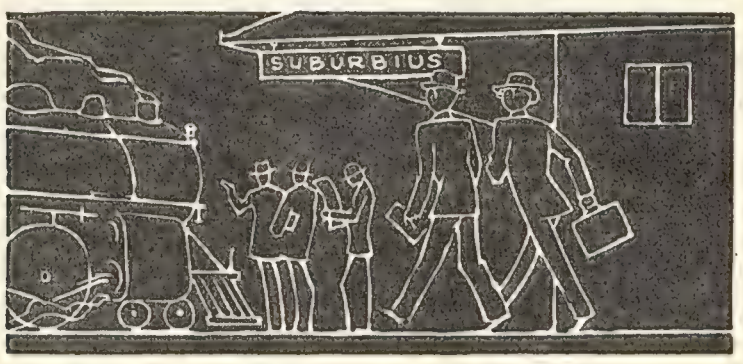
Street.....

City.....*State*.....

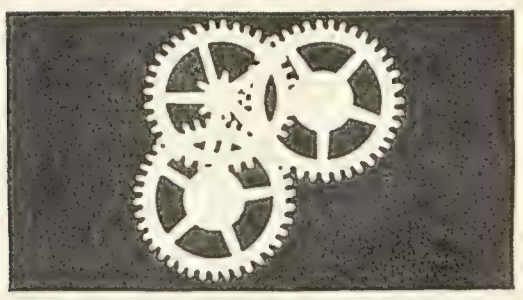
One package to a person.



Its neighbors on your bureau-top welcome the simple beauty of this sturdy time-piece. Ansonia Squareclox are fine alarms. Sure-footed! Time-sure, too! . . . Handsome brass cases enclose their sturdy works.



Ansonia gets them there. Its alarm is not fire-bellish but it is insistent. It is faithful to the minute you set. Commuters rely on its honest hands.



A vigorous constitution is behind its honesty. Ansonia's 50-year reputation is wound up in Squareclox. There are three sizes, described below. Your choice, $3.50

At jewelers, druggists, hardware and department stores.

ANSONIA

FINE ALARMS **SQUARECLOX** FINE ALARMS

SQUARE BOSS . . . the big fellow. Over 5 inches high, fine brass case, silverplated brass dial.

SQUARE OWL . . . About 4 inches high, fine brass case, black dial, *luminous* hands and figures.

SQUARE RASCAL . . . the small one, under 3 inches high, fine brass case, silverplated brass dial.

(X the one you want)
Square Boss ☐
Square Owl ☐
Square Rascal ☐

For your convenience
ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY, 12 East 41st St., New York City
Check for $3.50 enclosed herewith for Squareclox indicated.
Name.....
Address.....

[A STRETCH OF THE IMAGINATION]
Continued from Page Thirty-nine

much for her, and she went out on the porch (from which she could look through a window) ostensibly to make his bed. But there was nothing to make.

It appeared there were no extra blankets, and he had slept outdoors in nothing but his overcoat and sweater. Pam began to feel vaguely guilty.

On a chair stood his suitcase, packed. He came out and put on his overcoat. In spite of herself, Pam gave a little cry of consternation.

"Where are you going?"

"To New York."

"For good?"

"—Or bad."

"B-but—are you going to leave me here alone?"

"What's the difference? You're not speaking to me anyway."

"I'm sorry," said Pam. "I—you insulted me last night."

"I apologized, didn't I?"

"Well"—doubtfully—"yes—"

"Well, what more would you like? Want it written and tied with a pink ribbon?"

"It was a very big insult," said Pam, "and a very small apology. Still," she added hastily, "I accept it and I'll be very glad to talk to you if you—don't leave me alone," she concluded weakly—"*please*. You promised to help me."

"All right," he agreed readily enough, taking off his overcoat and putting on his sweater. "If you feel that way about it. I'll go down for the mail, and when I get back I'll listen to your troubles."

TAKING it for granted the footsteps on the porch were his, Pam turned to the door. On the threshold stood Aunt Helen.

"So!" began that lady, bouncing into the room. "*This* is where you are! A fine scare you gave us! Thinking you were dead and turning the world topsyturvy to find you. But I knew all the time you'd run off with some man. Who is he?"

"How—how did you find me?" demanded Pam weakly.

"Somebody wrote your father for the reward, and we came out—thinking all the time it was just another crank. Some person named Hugo Stretch."

"OH!" cried Pam, half-way between a wail and a cry of rage.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Every Salesman Needs a

BRIEF-O-GRIP

BUILT to last a lifetime, the compact, roomy, light-weight Brief-O-Grip combines all the advantages of a brief-case, sample-case and grip!

The Brief-O-Grip conveniently carries all you need on a short business trip—business papers, catalogs, samples or photographs, as well as extra clothing and toilet articles. The partitions are removable and adjustable. Colors are brown and black.

No. 37—du Pont Fabrikoid, leather-bound; 16-inch, $10; 18-inch, $11; 20-inch, $12.
No. 48—5-ounce cow-hide; 16-inch, $17.50; 18-inch, $19.50; 20-inch, $21.50.

Send for illustrated folder and name of dealer nearest you.

MAX DAMM CO., Inc.
88 St. Francis Street Newark, N. J.

BRIEF-O-GRIP

The Bag of a Thousand Uses

Mother doesn't want **GRAY HAIR-**
Why should she have it?

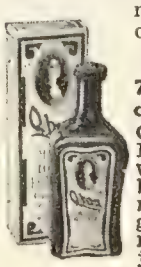
Does your **gray hair** increase your daughter's popularity with the younger set? Are you invited where she is invited or are you classed as "old"?
Gray hair is a barrier between you and your daughter. You may not know it—she doesn't realize it, but it is a fact—a deplorable fact. And young folks consider people old who have gray hair.

With Q-ban you can darken your gray hair at home

You have heard of this preparation for years and years. It has been made and sold since you were a girl. Many of your friends are using Q-ban Hair Color Restorer and you do not even suspect. It is a clear, dainty liquid which does its work so gradually and naturally that you, yourself, can hardly determine the day your hair became dark—your friends never notice the change.

Q-ban
Hair Color Restorer
Makes Gray Hair DARK

Another feature of Q-ban is its low cost. Instead of an expensive "tinting treatment," which, by the way, advertises itself to your friends, you apply Q-ban Hair *Color* Restorer yourself at home. A bottle costs only 75 cents and lasts a long, long time.



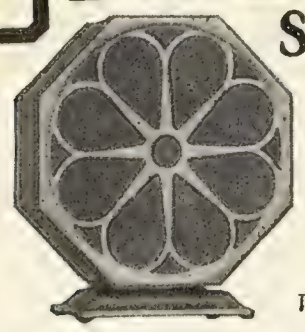
75 cents per bottle; sold by your druggist under positive guarantee

Owing to the fact that Q-ban Hair Color Restorer works so gradually, a sample would prove nothing. Sometimes several bottles are required to obtain the desired results. Therefore we authorize all druggists to refund your money if you are not entirely pleased—you to be the sole judge.

Hessig-Ellis, Chemists, Dept. L-6, Memphis, Tenn.

Q-ban
HAIR COLOR RESTORER
MAKES GRAY HAIR DARK

The OCTACONE Speaker



"It's almost human!"

$19.50

Slightly higher West of the Rockies

Pay the price of perfection

THE Octacone Speaker—a triumph in the perfect reproduction of voice and music—is the joint creation of Dr. Frank E. Miller, voice consultant of the foremost opera singers, and Hugo R. Pausin, acoustical engineer.

These two authorities spared nothing in money, skill, and devotion to make the Octacone the achievement that it is—a marvelously sensitive cone speaker that gives the very breath of life to radio, that thrills you with its mellow depth of tone, and whose beauty of design and finish gratifies your taste for fine things.

But perhaps the most outstanding thing about the Octacone is that it can be sold for only $19.50. Scientific production methods and the great popularity of the speaker have accomplished that.

You can pay more for a speaker, of course, but *you cannot get more than perfection*. You can pay less, and get what you pay for.

The Octacone at $19.50 is the price of perfection. Before you buy any loud speaker be sure to hear the Octacone.

PAUSIN ENGINEERING CO.
NEWARK, N. J.

GET IT PAT FROM THE 'MIKE'

You're sure to with the Counterphase. Here's what some users say:—

"My friends for months have come to listen to my set instead of theirs."

"So superior in every way to any other radio there is no basis for comparison."

"Have operated numerous sets, but none compare with the Counterphase for tone, quality or volume."

Any B-T dealer will gladly demonstrate.
Catalogue on request.

BREMER-TULLY MFG. COMPANY
520 South Canal St.,
CHICAGO - - ILLINOIS

BREMER-TULLY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

At that moment a young man in a gray sweater walked dejectedly into the room, absorbed in the perusal of a letter typed in red on gray-blue stationery. Pam turned on him furiously.

"YOU!" she cried. "I thought you were a man—that I'd met a real man for the first time in my life—and all the time you were planning to turn me over for the reward!"

"Say—are you cuckoo?"

"No, I'm not—but this is my aunt. You needn't try to hide the fact that you wrote my father I was here."

"You poor idiot, I didn't even know you had a father!"

"Don't be insulting. How about that letter in your hand?"

The firm of Hannibal Geer had for years been using this distinctive gray-blue stationery lettered in red. Pamela snatched the letter from him and read triumphantly, "'Hannibal Geer'!"

Then her eyes traveled down the page. "'Mr. Vincent Welsh.' Who's that?"

"Me, of course," he replied, snatching back his letter. "Who'd you think?"

"I—I thought you were Hugo Stretch."

Aunt Helen could contain herself no longer. "Do you mean to say you've been living with this man and don't know his name?"

"What of it?" demanded Pam, having other things on her mind.

"Well, of course," said Aunt Helen, "things were different when I was a girl! I take it, then, you're not married?"

"Of course not!" replied Pam.

"Well, he'll have to marry you. Your father will see to that."

"I'll do nothing of the sort!" cried the young man indignantly.

AT that moment there was a commotion on the porch presaging the stormy advent of an excited old gentleman.

"SO!" he exclaimed, in the exact language of his sister.

"Good heavens!" said Vincent Welsh—"Hannibal Geer!"

"What are you doing with my daughter?"

"Your—" he turned accusingly to Pamela.

"I thought you were Mignonette St. Clair!"

"Speaking of half-wits—" said Pamela, turning her back on the whole party.

"Who are you?" demanded the irate parent.

"I'm Vincent Welsh—I've been trying to get to see you for a month about my automatic valve."

"This is no time to talk about your valves. Do I understand you have been living here with my daughter?"

"Yes," said Aunt Helen; "they both admitted it. But he says he won't marry her."

"Of course not," said Pam. "It's quite ridiculous. I ran away because I didn't want to marry Waddy, and he let me have a room. That's all there is to it."

"A likely story," said Geer.

He rocked for a moment uncertainly, as he thought of this new development in terms of headlines.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"That's What I've Wanted!"

Vesta again leads the world with something new and better—a complete A and B socket power plant all in one case.

The handsome, compact case contains [1] "A" battery enclosed in clear glass; [2] built-in hydrometer; [3] "B" unit; [4] Vertrex type rectifier; and [5] automatic relay, which disconnects the AC charging current from battery when set is in operation and re-connected current when set is idle. Just plug the Vesta A-B unit into the light socket and it operates automatically with your set switch.

There is a Vesta dealer near you. It pays to consult him about radio power.

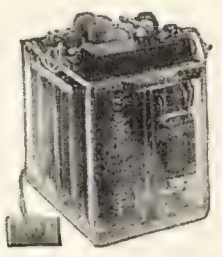
VESTA
QUALITY RADIO UNITS
MAKERS OF VESTA AUTO-RADIO BATTERIES FOR 30 YEARS

VESTA BATTERY CORPORATION Lib 10-15-27
2100 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send illustrated folders on the products I have checked below—

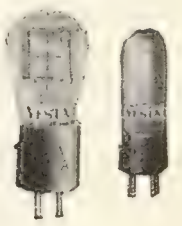
☐ A-B Socket Power Units [40 mils at 180 Volts, 50 Amp. Hrs: $72.]
☐ A-B Socket Power Units [60 mils at 180 Volts, 50 Amp. Hrs: $77]

[Other items illustrated and described]

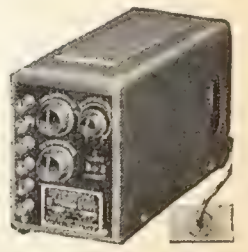


VESTA "A" UNITS
Socket power. Vesta "A" Units now come with either Vertrex or Balkite rectifiers in both 4 and 6 volt sizes. With or without automatic relay. In a *clear glass* case with built-in hydrometer — everything visible. With relay, $37.50; without relay, $32.50. ☐

VESTA DRY TRICKLE CHARGER
Socket Power, without relay $15; with relay, $17.50. (Licensed U. S. Patent Serial No. 1611653). ☐

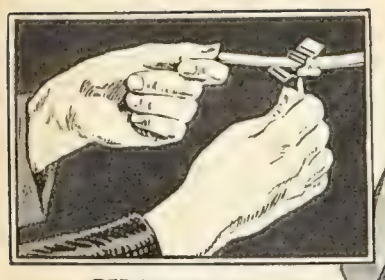


Complete line of Vesta Non-Microphonic Tubes for every radio purpose; the height of quality.

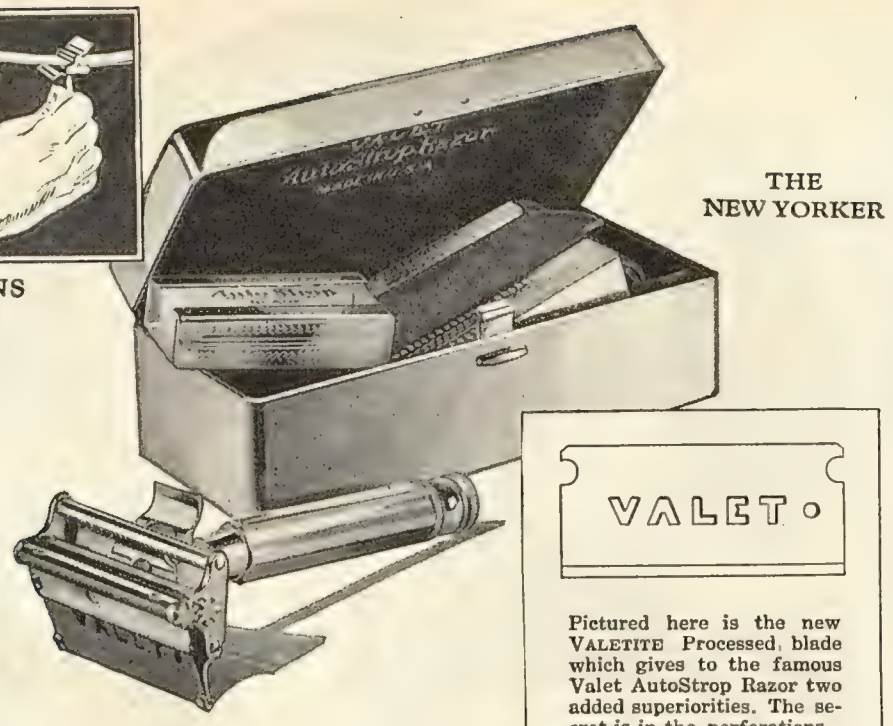


NEW "B" UNIT
Socket power with automatic relay. 40 mils, 180 volts, $39.50; 60 mils, 180 volts, ☐ $44.50.

*Name*_____ *Address*_____



SHARPENS ITSELF



THE NEW YORKER

Pictured here is the new VALETITE Processed blade which gives to the famous Valet AutoStrop Razor two added superiorities. The secret is in the perforations—note they spell "Valet." They permit uniform cooling of the steel, giving greater hardness, hence a keener cutting edge.

A de luxe caseful of shaving comfort and efficiency

THOUSANDS of men have settled on the Valet AutoStrop as their ideal razor. They have found that the popular one dollar model does all that they ask it to do in giving a quick, smooth shave, and in keeping the face in good condition.

But there are many times when a man is glad of a more pretentious looking razor, such as the New Yorker, illustrated above. This is a precision-made razor, extra heavy, and beautifully balanced. The razor, strop container, and blade box are silver-plated. The case is highly nickel-plated, silk and velvet lined. This is a razor to be proud of in any company, yet the price, complete with case, strop and extra blades, is only $5.00. Standard Valet AutoStrop blades are used.

The secret of the growing preference for Valet AutoStrop razors is that they make every shave a best shave. This is because the Valet AutoStrop is the only razor that sharpens its own blades—while the blade remains right in the razor.

For sale at all stores which carry shaving supplies. Ask your dealer to show you the various models—from $1.00 up.

GUARANTEE

We wish that every user of a Valet AutoStrop Razor be constantly enthusiastic. Should anything happen to yours affecting its perfect service, send it to us for repair or replacement. If your strop is not in good condition, return it for a new one—no charge for either service.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc., 654 First Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

[A STRETCH OF THE IMAGINATION]
Continued from Page Forty-one

But his uncertainty did not last for long.

He turned on his daughter fiercely. "Either that man marries you and makes an honest woman of you, or you can never enter my door again!"

"Let him rave," said Vincent Welsh disgustedly — "the old fool."

He turned to Geer. "People like you aren't fit to have children. You bring them up in the most worthless way and then—" He could not go on. "No wonder she ran away from you."

"You can not talk to me like that, young man. This is a very serious affair. My daughter's honor is involved."

"Apple-sauce," said the young man disrespectfully; and, turning to Pam—"Don't let him bully you," he urged. "I'll marry you, if the worst comes to the worst, if only to keep them from getting their hands on you. We'll work it out somehow."

"You'd think," said Aunt Helen, "he was doing you a favor!"

Pam crossed over and put her hand on that of the young man. "I understand," she said, "and it really is a very nice compliment."

Then, turning to her father, "You have to admit he's a good sport," she said. "In fact, he's the only really thorough sport I've ever known in my life. But," she went on, "I couldn't marry a poor man. I've been brought up too badly. I wouldn't want to be a burden to him."

"Don't be rash, Pamela," cautioned Aunt Helen. But Pamela continued to address her father:

"Now, if you were to do the right thing about his bi-valve—"

"Don't—" pleaded the young man, closing his fingers uncomfortably about the small brown hand that gripped his.

"You can't blackmail me into anything," said Hannibal Geer.

"Well, of course," said Pamela, "if you'd rather all this came out in the newspapers—"

A CAUTIOUS head, in which Pam recognized the features of the old man she had accosted on the night of her arrival, was poked in the door.

"Well, did you find her all right, Mr. Geer?"

"Who's that?" inquired Pam.

"That's Hugo Stretch," said Vincent.

"Oh, gosh!" exclaimed Pam under her breath. Then, regaining her poise, "I don't think it was very nice of you"—she addressed the newcomer—"to put father on our trail and interrupt our honeymoon."

The old man blinked incredulously. "Are you married?"

"Of course they are," said Mr. Geer hastily. "The young rascals eloped. But, now that we've found them, all is forgiven. And if anybody should ask you any questions, Mr. Stretch—that is, anybody from the newspapers—you can tell them that Mr.—er—my son-in-law is the inventor of a valve. Blast him—I'm going to market it."

THE END

The Finest Basket Ball Ever Made

A galaxy of original features of surpassing merit make the Wilson Meanwell Basket Ball pre-eminent in this field of sport.

Its adoption for official play in nearly every leading national and sectional Basketball Championship Contest, including the National Interscholastic and the A. A. U., has given it acknowledged leadership.

The Hidden Lace feature does away with awkward lacing bulges and makes it perfectly round. Its patented cross-laid double lining keeps it absolutely round under hardest usage. It is the original autotype valve inflated basket ball which made possible the standardization of air pressure.

It is the perfect basket ball—designed by Walter E. Meanwell, famous coach of the game, and built by Wilson. Ask your dealer to show it to you.

Wilson
ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT
WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.
Chicago - New York - San Francisco

The Break of the GAME

Goal— Navy vs. Army (1926)

An Article by
WALTER ECKERSALL

(Reading time: 3 minutes.)

WHEN the Army and Navy football elevens battled to a 21-21 tie on Soldiers' Field in Chicago last fall, in the presence of 111,000 frenzied spectators, few appreciated the responsibility resting upon the shoulders of Tom Hamilton, the Navy back who kicked the goal for the point which tied the score.

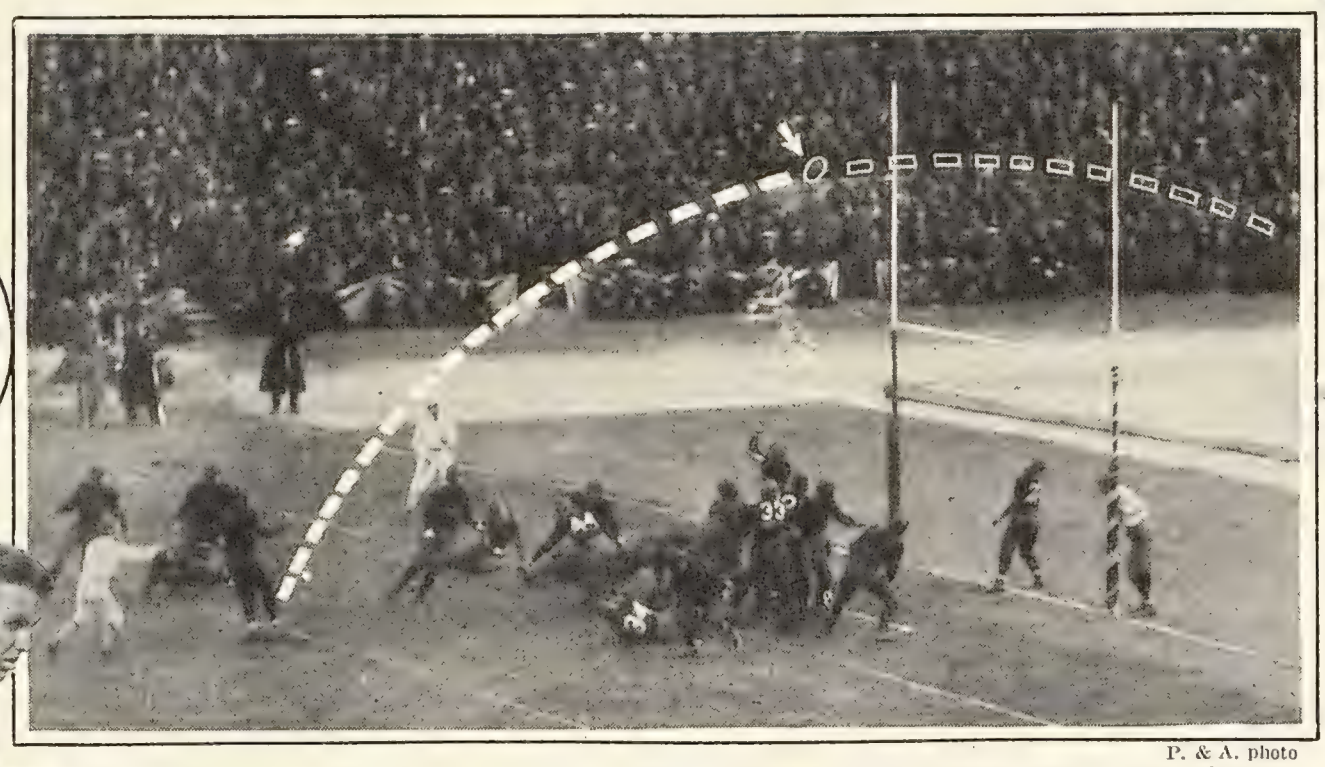
But Hamilton's feat appealed to every man who had played the game. Those hundreds of spectators who had struggled for their alma maters in other years knew only too well what that one kick meant.

P. & A. photo Int. photo P. & A. photo

Three good reasons for West Point's great game: (left to right) Wilson, half-back; Harding, quarter; and Murrell, full-back.

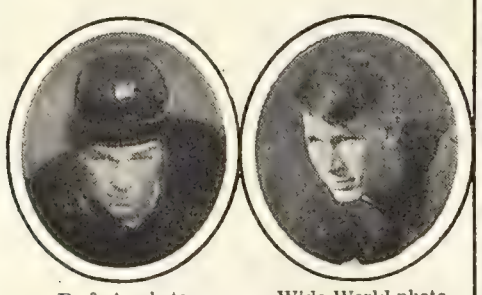
Int. photo

Another view of Hamilton, getting off a lusty kick.



P. & A. photo

Tom Hamilton, Middy half-back, booted three goals after touchdowns in last year's service game. This photograph shows how he made one of them.



P. & A. photo Wide World photo

Cagle (left), half-back, and Harbold, end, made touchdowns for Army.

Wide World photo

Shapley, Navy back, scored in the final period.

The Navy back, who had played a stellar game all afternoon, faced the crisis with a steel nerve.

The situation was a climax to a game of thrills that sent every one in that crowd out of the stadium gates satisfied that he had seen the greatest game of football of his life.

The spectacular appeals to football crowds. Few watch a struggle either to ascertain how formations develop and become successful, or to study individual line play.

The runs of Cagle and Wilson of the Army; the forward pass, Schuber to Hardwich, which made the Navy's first touch-down possible; and Shapley's last touch-down for the Naval Academy on a reverse play appealed most to the spectators.

Only those closely identified with football appreciated how each team tried to "cross" the other by violating some of the fundamental principles of the game.

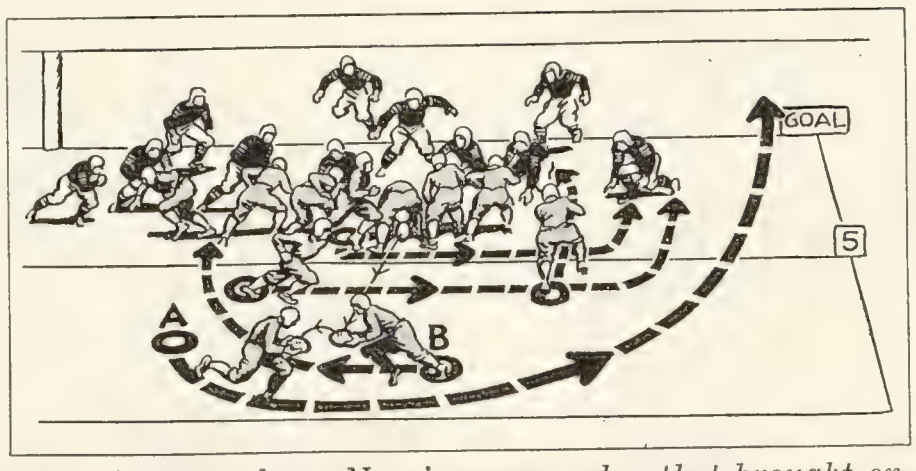
That mammoth crowd did not appreciate the reckless play of the Navy when a forward pass was hurled on the last play of the game. The ball was in the Middies' territory, but the men coached by Bill Ingram did not want a tie.

They wanted victory, and they fired their last big gun to bring about a result awaited in every corner of the globe where the Stars and Stripes is carried by naval vessels.

At the start of the game, Coach Jones of the Army did not send in his first-string backs. He gambled with his second-string performers until the Navy went into the lead. Then Cagle, Wilson, Murrell, and Harding were sent into the fray.

Their presence was felt immediately, for the Army tied the score just before the first half ended.

The Army's second touch-down in the first half, the result of a fumbled punt by Ransford, the Navy back, may have been called the "break" of the battle, because the oval struck the Middies' goal. Harbold, the Army end, picked up the ball and stumbled over the goal-line for a touch-down.



This diagram shows Navy's reverse play that brought on the 21-21 deadlock. (B) Hamilton received ball and made a fake run to left. (A) Shapley took ball from Hamilton, and circled right end for touchdown.

The Navy had played great football, offensively and defensively, up to this time, but a fumbled punt has changed the entire complexion of many other such evenly fought contests. Under the new rules, effective this fall, the ball shall become dead at the point of fumble and no run shall be allowed by the team which recovers the ball.

In the second half, the Army appeared for a time to be a certain winner.

During the final quarter the Navy obtained possession of the ball in its territory and started a successful advance to the Army goal-line.

As the ball rested on the Army's four-yard line, the reverse play was called and Shapley crossed the West Point goal-line at one corner of the field.

This perfectly executed play made the score 21 to 20 in favor of the Army.

THEN Hamilton was called upon to kick the goal in the crisis. He did not flinch. That goal had to be kicked, and no one appreciated better than Hamilton the seriousness of the situation.

He did not worry his team-mates with a lot of instructions or even scrape the dirt to make a level surface for the ball. He went about his work as if he were practising on the Annapolis field.

The pass from center was perfect. The Navy line did not give an inch.

The ball sailed into Hamilton's hands about waist-high. The Navy back adjusted the oval in his hands a moment, dropped it to the ground, and booted it between the posts for the point which sent the two tired elevens into a deadlock.

I have officiated in other games where players have faced trying conditions, but never in my experience have I seen a player face such a crisis with the unflinching nerve and supreme confidence of Hamilton.

When Harvard substituted a specialist for a star player in 1908, it broke Yale's six-year winning streak. This great game is described by Mr. Eckersall in next week's LIBERTY.

The Red Knight of Germany

The Beginning of the End for Richthofen— The British Win 577 Air Victories in One Month

By Floyd Gibbons

(Reading time: 18 minutes 20 seconds.)

[Editor's Note: Richthofen closed his sky fighting for 1917 on November 30, with his sixty-third victory. It had been a memorable year. He had shot down forty-eight Allied planes. No other German ace approached that record. Only once had death come near him. Then, wounded and falling, he had escaped by a miracle. On leave, the fatherland had heaped him with honors. Thus, in March, 1918, while the German ground forces massed for their last great offensive, Richthofen entered upon the brief, bloody, final period of his life.]

Part Eighteen

THE last year of the war—which was to be the year of his death—dawned happily for the Kaiser's deadliest ace. Richthofen felt again the thrill of victory on the Eastern Front, where he had taken his first lessons in the air and where, during these first days of 1918, he saw the revolutionary delegates of a beaten and disorganized Russia forced to accept the peace laid down by Germany.

At Brest-Litovsk he mingled and dined with the diplomats of Germany and her allies and met many of the Russian revolutionaries, who believed they had found victory for their own

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-NINE]

IN 1918 many English girls found war-time employment in battlefield airdromes when regular mechanics and orderlies became pilots and observers. This one is wearing the uniform of an orderly, with the insignia and letters of the Royal Air Force. (At top) A British pilot displays his formation's batting average in the air: thirty-nine German planes shot down in two weeks.

Where Fashion Rules . . .

you see these bright-hued rubber coats

AND NOW . . .

a new note in footwear

So-Lites—the new rubber sandals for women, feather weight, gossamer patterned, colored to match or harmonize with your stockings or costume—can be carried in your handbag, ready to slip on at the threat of rain. Ask your shoe dealer.

IT'S THE MODERN WAY—colored things are smartest. On dark days, too. For smartness counts, even when it rains.

So through the mist—on the college campus, along fashionable streets—everywhere today you see these gay colored Raynsters.

They are as blithe, as distinctive as your newest English suit—as your smartest frock. For only genuine Raynsters have that brilliant, permanent lustre obtained by an exclusive United States Rubber Company process.

Choose the color your fancy dictates, but be sure the Raynster label is in the coat you buy. It means correct cut and style. And it is your assurance of superior materials, expert workmanship, and lasting protection from the rain.

Many other Raynsters too

Should you prefer something other than a colored coat, there are Raynsters made to meet every wet-weather need.

You can get them from a dealer near you. There are styles and sizes for men and women, boys and girls. Choose your Raynster before it rains.

Distributors for Canada, Ames Holden McCready Rubber Co., Ltd., Montreal.

United States Rubber Company

Also manufacturers of Naugatex Sport Garments

"U.S." Raynsters

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

KRASNY

(Красный)

Gorgeous Russian Shades that Smart Paris has made her own—

A VOGUE INSPIRED BY THE EXILED ARISTOCRA OF THE CZAR'S COURT—THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MAKE-UP IN THE WORLD

Krasny Perfume three exquisite warm odors. (1, 2 and 3)
At $4.50 *for the ounce*

THE gorgeous Russian women of Paris! Devastating in their warm beauty, their pride of race, their grand style! The exiles of the Czar's court, the most splendid the world has ever seen!

And how Paris has received them! ravished by that thrilling *melange* of barbaric color and utter sophistication—*le chic Russe!*

Color—it's the Russian note in the pageant of smart Paris. And these lovely exiles express this sense of color divinely in rouge especially—

A Paris vogue tod is beautiful, thrilling makes it chic for all t

So we brought K wear it more beauti —with her proud po

And you will fin

ROUGE

The Rouge Compact is 50c
Face Powder $1.00
Lipstick 75c
Bath Powder 50c
Creams 50c

r make-up, their
they call Krasny.
–for Paris takes all that
nd by making it her own,
orld.
to America—for none can
than the American woman
earless gesture!
her charms than the lovely

shades themselves—for Krasny has the most delicious silky texture—unbelievable in a dry rouge. And how it clings, with a ravishing transparent delicacy.

And then there's Krasny powder—new shades and a wholly new quality of adherence, unknown before in a light powder. Krasny creams, Krasny bath powder, and warm, exotic Krasny perfume in three odors. Everything for a complete Krasny make-up. Exquisite!

SEND COUPON FOR COMPLETE KRASNY MAKE-UP KIT

To make it easy for you to try a complete KRASNY make-up—Creams, Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Perfume—we will send you a complete kit if you will mail in the coupon below, enclosing

25c

LUXOR LIMITED—1355 West 31st Street, Chicago
Enclosed please find 25 cents for trial Krasny make-up set
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ *State* _____ L-2

Practicing dentists reveal a beauty secret

They say you must guard The Danger Line to preserve the vital fascination of good health

Guard The Danger Line ——————————— *where teeth meet gums*

EVERY year, millions of women waken to the vital importance of proper care of their teeth and gums. For there is a mass of evidence which says: "If your teeth decay; if your gums weaken and become diseased, gradually your health will go. Those priceless assets, beauty and charm, will become but hollow shells, apt to crumble at any minute."

But what is proper care? How can the average person, busy with affairs of every-day life, give her teeth and gums effective protection?

That the question might be answered by highest authorities, E. R. Squibb & Sons asked a world-famous research institution to make an investigation that would include the entire dental profession. 50,000 practicing dentists were asked certain questions relating to mouth hygiene. Here is a summary of their replies:

95% *of the answers agree that acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation.*

95% *of the answers state that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth meet gums—known as The Danger Line.*

85% *state that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.*

The result of this investigation is truly overwhelming evidence of the soundness of the Squibb warning to guard The Danger Line. Millions of people have found that Squibb's Dental Cream gives adequate protection because it is made with more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Every time you use it, tiny particles of the Milk of Magnesia are forced into every pit and crevice in sufficient quantity to neutralize the acids and give protection for a long time after use.

Nor is this all. Squibb's Dental Cream is a truly scientific dentifrice—safe—effective. It cleans beautifully. It is pleasant to use, delicately flavored. Because it contains no harsh abrasives, antiseptics or astringents, it is absolutely safe in the mouths of all—even in the tender mouth of a small child.

Brush your teeth regularly with Squibb's Dental Cream. See your dentist regularly. Then you will know that your teeth, your gums, your health and charm, are safeguarded. At all druggists, only 40c for a large tube.

E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York, Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858. © 1927

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

The "Priceless Ingredient" of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

cause in the defeat of their country. Some of them were women communists.

On the whole, however, diplomatic "negotiations" bored him, and, with permission from the commander-in-chief of the Eastern Front, he went by sleigh to the forest of Bieloviezh to hunt for bison and red stag.

The forest was an old preserve of the Romanoffs and once boasted almost a thousand bison; but hungry soldiers, Russian as well as German, had reduced the herd to several hundred.

The ace lived in the former Czar's hunting-lodge for six days. He covered most of the forest by sleigh and succeeded in bringing down another trophy for the walls of his bedroom.

LOTHAR accompanied him, and with the younger Richthofen the craving to hunt and to kill seemed no less than that of his more famous brother, once he had smelled the wildness of the forest and felt himself in pursuit of game.

The two brothers returned to Berlin on January 20 in high spirits. Before leaving the Eastern Front, Manfred wrote:

January 15, 1918.

LIEBE MAMA:

You will wonder why you have been so long without news from me, but that is always an indication that I am well. In this case, however, I have been seeing much.

Lothar has already written you that we were in Brest-Litovsk. There we saw and were introduced to all the prominent diplomats. I should like very much to tell you all about it. As it is, I can only write you that peace was concluded along the lines laid down by Ludendorff.

For a few days we roamed through the forests around Bieloviezh, where both of us shot a stag. The stay in the quiet forest has done us both a world of good. I will be in Berlin for a fortnight after the twentieth, when I hope to be able to see you.

MANFRED.

ENGLISH pilots practised gunnery from a fixed turntable cockpit. The switchboard in the foreground controlled flashing light targets. (Top) An English flier with oxygen-tank for a flight three miles up.

On the front the situation in the air was changing. Russia's collapse had not only released German armies but also German air squadrons for duty in the west, where now, if ever, the Central Powers would have to force a decision before the arrival of America's full strength on the fighting line.

Germany's plans to break through to the Channel ports and separate the British and French armies were suspected. The Allies awaited the great enemy offensive with anxiety.

The British had profited by the costly lesson of April, 1917. Their terrific losses in the air had caused much inquiry and public questioning.

An air board had been established and new life had been injected into the air service to speed up the supply and distribution of material for the fighting airmen, and at the same time to improve the equipment upon which they had to depend. England's best brains were applied to aeronautical research.

Then the entire air service was reorganized by a fusion of the Royal Flying Corps with the separate Royal Naval Air Service, and this combination, called the Royal Air Force, was placed under the authority of a special Secretary of State whose status was equal to that of the political heads of the army and the navy departments.

In the training department special attention was paid to marksmanship. A bad shot in the air represented wasted time and effort. Such an airman was cold meat for the enemy flier who knew how to handle his triggers.

In the air-training camps in France special devices were rigged up in which pilots practised quick shooting. These machines, constructed like the fighting nacelle of a plane, were on the ground, but could be pointed in all directions under the control of the pilot.

Behind the machine stood an instructor who controlled hidden light targets placed in the surrounding sand-dunes. As the lights went on, the pilot would train his machine and gun on the target. He had to watch in all directions because he never knew where his next target would appear.

TO replace airplane mechanics who had been promoted to service in the air, English girls went into the grease and oil of the hangars, and worked long hours in repairing the planes. Other girls took the places of orderlies or motorcycle messengers.

King George, Queen Mary, and the Prince of Wales began to honor the air service with attentions. They visited the airdromes in France, inspected damaged British planes, and talked with English, Canadian, and American fliers who had fought Richthofen and his circus.

At the same time big improvements were made in the anti-aircraft artillery and ground defenses required to force German bombers and ground strafers to keep a greater distance aloft. The mechanical and administrative personnel of all airdromes in France were trained in anti-aircraft defense with all manner of improvised weapons.

The effect of these attentions began to show in the hopes and smiles of English fight-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TUNG-SOL

WHEN the serviceman or dealer sells you a TUNG-SOL bulb you have the satisfaction of knowing that there is nothing better. Here indeed is dependability. Long service, sustained brilliance and accuracy in the placement of filaments. In fact, every feature a good bulb *should* possess is found in TUNG-SOLS. Why take a chance with ordinary bulbs?

Night driving should be safeguarded in every way. First, with TUNG-SOLS. Secondly, with correct focusing and adjustment. Splendid driving light results—light that is safe, sure and dependable, with courtesy for other users of the highways.

"Let Tung-Sol Light the Way"
Reliable Dealers Sell Them

TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS INC.
Newark New Jersey

Licensed Under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY
Continued from Page Forty-nine]

ing pilots and also registered in the number of victories which these fliers were able to chalk up against the Germans.

At the beginning of the year the British were equipped with Sopwith Camels or S. E. 5's that could reach an altitude of 15,000 feet, and could do 117 miles an hour at that height. There were Spads and Nieuports that could better this speed. The Camel, upon improvement, developed into a type called the Dolphin. This was later succeeded by the Snipe, which was still faster.

As the fighting reached higher altitudes, the use of oxygen-tanks became necessary.

The Germans were using mostly the Fokker scout and triplane. Fokker and Junker monoplanes with 220-horse-power motors developed a speed of 150 miles an hour, later in the year. The Albatross and Halberstadter models were considered the best fighting planes.

THE Germans suffered an increasing deficiency in essential materials, but never once gave up the race in the improvement of engines and the development of high-powered scout machines.

In spite of the best efforts of their engineering and efficiency experts and combat leaders, German losses in the air increased throughout the spring. On March 8 and 9 forty-four German planes were shot down. On March 24 forty-five were destroyed and twenty-two driven down, as against ten British planes.

The English records claim 372 German planes destroyed and 205 driven down in March, 1918. In April—the month of Richthofen's death—172 enemy machines were destroyed and seventy-five driven down out of control.

German pilots sent down with wounds or with disabled planes were generally not *hors de combat*, since most of the fighting occurred behind the German lines. A wounded German pilot landing successfully behind his own lines had immediate first-aid treatment and stood a good chance of being back in the fighting as soon as he recovered.

There's ample photographic evidence in the German archives, however, to prove that many of the planes shot down suffered serious crashes in which it is probable that their pilots did not escape death.

It must not be thought that the German air force always confined its activities to its own side, for photographs in the British archives show many enemy planes that were brought down behind the English lines.

The struggle in the air was inclining to the side of the Allies. Manfred knew that the chances of death were piling up against him, and there is a prophetic note in the letter which he sent to his mother after his return to the front. He wrote:

At the front. February 11, 1918.
LIEBE MAMA:

I am sorry that I was kept in Berlin so long that I could not

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"The Mantle of the Old Pontchartrain"

Larger Rooms and Luxury That is Homelike

A traveller recently said of the new Detroit-Leland hotel: "It inherits the mantle of the Old Pontchartrain."

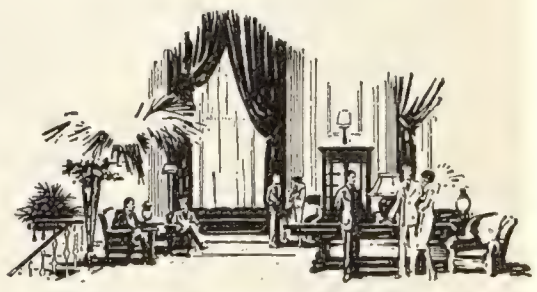
With the passing of the old Pontchartrain, something went out of the life of Detroit—and something from the welcome of travellers to this city.

The generous magnificence of this great hotel yielded to the pressure of high property values. And succeeding hotel architecture went to the other extreme, whittling guest-rooms down to hall-room size.

The new Detroit-Leland went boldly back to the spirit that built the Pontchartrain. The invitation which the architect has blended in these broad avenues of marble, these rich, deep promenades, these graceful stairs and approaches convening on the lobby, is well met by the inner spirit of hospitality and experienced skill in your service.

And then—delightfully larger rooms—homelike, quiet and beautifully furnished—and larger, lighter, all outside sample rooms for showing goods under natural light.

So it is fitting that Wm. J. Chittenden, Jr., extend to you, here, the same old time hospitality over which he presided as manager of the beloved Pontchartrain.



"The Most Beautiful Lobby in Detroit"

700 Large Rooms with Bath
85% are priced from $3.00 to $5.00

DETROIT-LELAND HOTEL

Bagley at Cass, Detroit, Michigan
(a few steps from the Michigan Theater)

WM. J. CHITTENDEN, Jr., *Manager*

Direction Continental-Leland Corporation

Larger Sample Rooms from $5.00 to $8.00 per day

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

come to Schweidnitz to say good-by. It would have been so pleasant and I was looking forward to it.

Now I think I will not come back to Germany for a long, long time.

Keep Lothar with you as long as possible. He is rather negligent with his ears and does nothing to cure them. He loses nothing here. Tell him from me that he should not leave before the first of March. Should things become more lively here, I will advise him by wire.

I am afraid Bolko is angry with me, but it was really impossible to make a landing in Wahlstatt. In the fall, with the crops off the fields, I will do it, surely.

MANFRED.

TOWARD the end of February and during the first days of March aerial activity increased as the opening day of the great German offensive of 1918 approached. Lothar came to the front and rejoined his brother's squadron.

On March 12 Manfred shot down his next English plane and captured its two occupants, one of whom he had wounded in the air. The prisoners were Second Lieutenant L. C. F. Clutterbuck, a pilot of the Sixty-second Squadron, and his observer and gunner, Second Lieutenant H. J. Sparks, M. C.

Manfred reported the capture as follows:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Sixty-fourth Victory. Date: March 12, 1918.

Time: Between 11:10 and 11:15 A. M.

Place: North of Nauroy, Square No. 2858.

Type of Enemy Plane: Bristol Fighter, No. 1251. Motor: Rolls-Royce, 200 h. p. 12-cyl. V-shaped. No. 275.

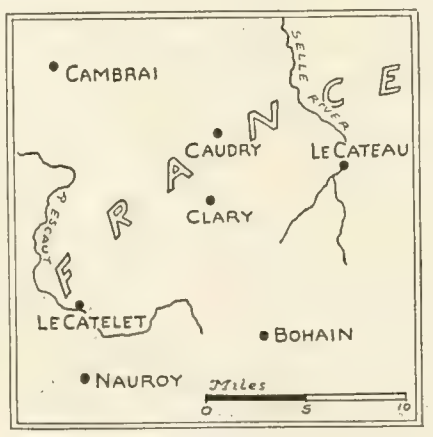
Together with Lieutenant Lothar von Richthofen and Lieutenant Steinhaeuser, both of Staffel Eleven, we attacked an enemy squadron between Caudry and Le Cateau at an altitude of 16,000 feet far behind our lines.

The plane I attacked immediately dived down several thousand feet and tried to escape. The observer, who had fired only when high in the air, had then disappeared in his cockpit and only began firing again shortly before the machine landed.

During the fight we had drifted off to Le Catelet. There I forced my adversary to land, and after doing this both passengers left the plane.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

SECOND Lieutenants L. C. F. Clutterbuck and H. J. Sparks (top), shot down and captured in Richthofen's first victory for 1918.



THIS map shows where the German ace forced his first victims of 1918 to earth.

The German ace never knew the names of these two prisoners, and neither Clutterbuck nor Sparks were aware that their captor was Richthofen until the recent unearthing of the flying uhlan's report, which carried the number of the fallen English plane.

Clutterbuck, who lives today in London, prepared for LIBERTY the following account of his last fight in the air:

"IT'S nine years since the greatest incident in my life happened. It ended my career as a flying officer.

"Until I saw the copy of Richthofen's own report, I believed that I had been brought down by one of the members of Richthofen's celebrated circus, and had no idea that it was the famous Baron himself whom I had tried to down and who succeeded in downing me and badly wounding my observer.

"Every detail of the scrap is as fresh in my mind as though it happened yesterday, but I can't begin telling it without paying my little tribute to Baron von Richthofen and the men who comprised what was known as his circus.

"To my mind, they were undoubtedly the pick of the German airmen, and although their methods of attack were different from our own, they were no mean adversaries. Richthofen handled his machine very cleverly and was an

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHY MEN LEAVE HOME with half-clean faces

MOST fellows shave and bathe every morning, and yet go to work with half-clean faces. Hidden pore-dirt is the reason.

Pore-dirt hides in every face. Millions of tiny, grimy particles fly about in the cleanest air. You can't see them; they're too small—so small, really, that they get worked down under the skin where surface washing can't reach them.

After a while, pore-dirt gives you a grayish pallor . . . like a fellow who needs a good vacation.

"But I can't see any pore-dirt on my face," you say. That's because it's *in* your face, not on it. And here's the startling proof:

Send the coupon for the free tube of Pompeian Massage Cream. When it comes, first wash your face—then treat yourself to a quick, invigorating massage. Rub until the cream rolls out in dried pellets.

What happens?

Goes in pink, ROLLS OUT GRAY

The upper picture, taken under the lens of a powerful microscope, shows a section of skin *before* using Pompeian Massage Cream.

Compare it with the lower picture taken *after* using Pompeian Massage Cream. That's skin that really IS clean—Pompeian clean! See those dark marks . . . dried pellets of cream, gray with the pore-dirt that a few minutes' massage brought out.

And remember, *that* imbedded dirt couldn't have been washed free in a month of Saturdays!

Give yourself a Pompeian Massage. Free your pores of sallow-toned dirt. It not only sets you up with a clean, confident feeling, but invigorates your whole skin with a fresh, ruddy athletic glow that makes the others say, "Never saw you look any better, old man . . ."

Photomicrograph taken under the lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.

Photomicrograph of the same section of skin after using Pompeian Massage Cream. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with the pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

FREE test convinces thousands

Pompeian is 60 cents at any toilet goods counter. We'd really rather you tested it FREE. Fill in the coupon and drop it in the mails — right now, while you are reading this message.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 304-J, 595 Fifth Ave., New York. Gentlemen: Please send me a generous trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for three facial massages.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

"Dishwashing leaves my hands soft and smooth now"

"Softens and Whitens hands that wash dishes"

FROM coast to coast women are adopting a new way to wash dishes . . . using Lux in their dishpans because they have discovered (in washing out their fine things) how kind Lux is to their hands!

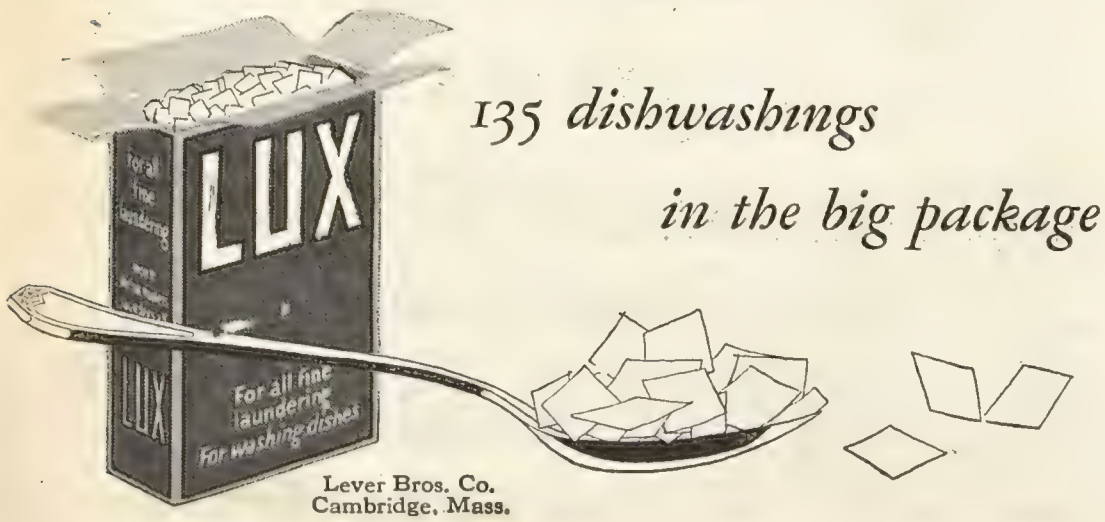
"It not only makes the dishes shine but softens and whitens the hands that wash them," writes an enthusiastic user of Lux in Weymouth, Mass.

Washing dishes with ordinary soaps roughens and reddens the hands. For so many soaps—flakes, chips and cakes—contain injurious alkali which dries up the natural protecting oils of the skin.

There is no harmful alkali in Lux. Its tissue-thin, transparent diamonds *cannot* harm your hands!

And it's so convenient to use, for Lux dissolves *instantly* in hot water making a foamy panful of sparkling suds which rinse off *so easily* and leave your dishes clean and shining.

While just one teaspoonful is plenty for dishwashing, Lux is so gentle, so mild that you could use a whole packageful at a time without the slightest irritation to the most delicate skin.



135 dishwashings in the big package

Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Fifty-one

excellent shot and entirely fearless.

"The squadron to which I belonged, namely the Sixty-second, was equipped with the latest types of Bristol Fighters. We flew over to France in January, 1918, having trained extensively together for several weeks in England.

"After preliminary work in France, we were detailed to give our attentions solely to fighting, and it was our job to patrol twenty to thirty miles inside the German lines and to knock down anything we encountered.

"It was a delightful job: no red tape about reports when we got back, no bombs to carry, and no reconnaissance to make.

"The day before I was brought down, the squadron had accounted for, and had had confirmed, fourteen machines of the circus, and we had lost no machines, nor had we had any casualties.

"The fatal day for me, we set out nine strong. After being over the lines for two hours at a height of 18,000 feet, we had not commenced operations, although the Germans had a decoy in the shape of a two-seater hovering below us. But the air had been rapidly filling with machines for some time.

"MY great friend Lieutenant G. Gibbons was flying on my left, and suddenly I saw him go down as though to attack the large two-seater. I followed him, and my observer, Lieutenant Sparks, M. C., as usual, tested his gun. Curiously enough, one empty cartridge-case flew into my cockpit and lodged between the tank and the joy-stick.

"My friend, in the meantime, pulled out of the dive and climbed up again, while I continued to lose height until I managed to poke the cartridge-case aside. By that time my formation was some 3,000 feet above me and a long way off.

"A few minutes later the three machines that had been in our vicinity for some time attacked me and I had a little difficulty in placing my plane in a good position for my observer, owing to their coming out of the sun: that is, they kept the sun behind them and in a line with my machine—a very favorable position with all experienced pilots.

"My observer managed to get off a few bursts before he collapsed. I looked over into his cockpit and saw him huddled up, apparently dead. I decided quickly that the combat was unequal and tried to withdraw. The Bristol Fighter was excessively strong and I had often dived with the engine full on and could always leave anything behind me in a dive.

"I did so on this occasion until, glancing at my planes, I saw several of my bracing-wires streaming aft. They had evidently been shot away in our little scrap. I pulled out of the dive at 4,000 feet and, to my astonishment, found I was much further over the lines than I had thought at first. I now kept the plane's nose down and kept up a steady 140-mile streak for home, passing under numerous German machines.

"Soon I discovered a machine

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

No matter what your cabin costs

YOU RECEIVE the same courteous, attentive service on all the United States Lines ships. Stewards are trained to make you comfortable—they have been taught to look after your personal needs and wishes as though they were your own servants.

Your stateroom is luxurious; your food is the finest you could want. And yet the cost to you is most moderate. Present winter rates make first class passages cost less.

S. S. George Washington
A luxurious colonial home on the sea that carries you in steady swiftness on a trip of constant pleasure. First class rates from $210, second class from $136.25.

S. S. Leviathan
America's largest, fastest ship and flagship of the fleet. Every provision for unusual comfort, service, and enjoyment. First class rates from $265, second class from $147.50.

S. S. Republic
The great 18,000-ton Cabin Ship. Modern and comfortable in every detail—exceedingly popular with experienced travelers. Rates from $140.

S. S. President Harding and S. S. President Roosevelt
The fastest Cabin Ships on the North Atlantic, plus everything you desire in accommodations and cuisine. Rates from $145.

S. S. America
This mighty Cabin Ship will re-enter the North Atlantic service entirely reconditioned next March. Rates from $145.

[WRITE FOR NEW BOOKLET ON TOURIST THIRD CABIN]

See your local agent now for reservations from New York to Cobh (Queenstown), Plymouth, Cherbourg, Southampton and Bremen, or write—

United States Lines
45 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

gaining on me from above and behind. I unstrapped my belt and endeavored to obtain my observer's gun, but unfortunately was unable to reach it.

"Gradually but surely, owing to his height, he gained on me. I figured I would have to interrupt my flight home and try to send him down, so when I thought he was near enough I turned and faced him.

"We were now approaching nearer and nearer at a terrific pace, neither giving way on direction and neither firing until we were quite close together. I believe we both opened fire simultaneously.

"My gun, after a few rounds, jammed—a No. 3 stoppage, which usually took about three minutes to rectify in the air.

KING GEORGE (right center) and the Prince of Wales (left center) view the wreck of a plane shot down behind the English lines by a member of Richthofen's circus.

"NOW my gun was out of action and my adversary's guns were very busy. He had two of them firing through the propeller. For the moment I think I lost my head and decided to ram him head on, but he decided otherwise and passed below me a matter of a few feet.

"He then tried to get on my tail or in a suitable position to hit me, while I decided to ram him with my undercarriage; but always he would manage to pass a few feet under me, looking up into my face. I often wonder if he divined my intentions.

"During these dives he would get in a burst at me while flying in a vertical turn or from various weird angles. Although my machine was heavier than his single-seater, he seemed unable then to get above me or to sit on my tail, the fatal position.

"After some trying minutes of these gyrations, my forward petrol-tank either gave out or he put a shot through it, so I dived again and switched over to the other tank and was now flying about 100 feet up. By this time I was getting nearer to the lines and in a few minutes I would be safe. My adversary followed me down.

"I suppose his machine was just a few miles faster than mine, because I could not gain on him and all the time he kept firing bursts into me. I kept kicking the rudder, to alter my direction and confuse his aim.

"This went on for a while, and I began to hope that he would run out of ammunition, when suddenly my observer, whom I had taken for dead, got up and started firing.

"It's hard to imagine my joy. I shouted and cheered the stout fellow. Half his arm was shot away and he had been unconscious for some time and was weak from loss of blood, but he managed to crawl up to his gun and get off a burst. It was too much for him, however, for he sank back in a heap.

"My spirits dropped as quickly as they had risen and a few moments later my adversary punctured my other petrol-tank. It was pressure-fed and, in spite of my efforts to pump up the pressure by hand, the engine gradually petered out, and before I knew what I was doing I was on the ground. I pancaked from about five feet and stopped with my wheels in a shell hole.

"By the time I had helped my observer out of the machine, the Germans rushed out of their dug-outs and told us on which side of the line we were. They prevented us from firing the machine. Another minute in the air and I would have been on our side of the line, as it was only two miles away.

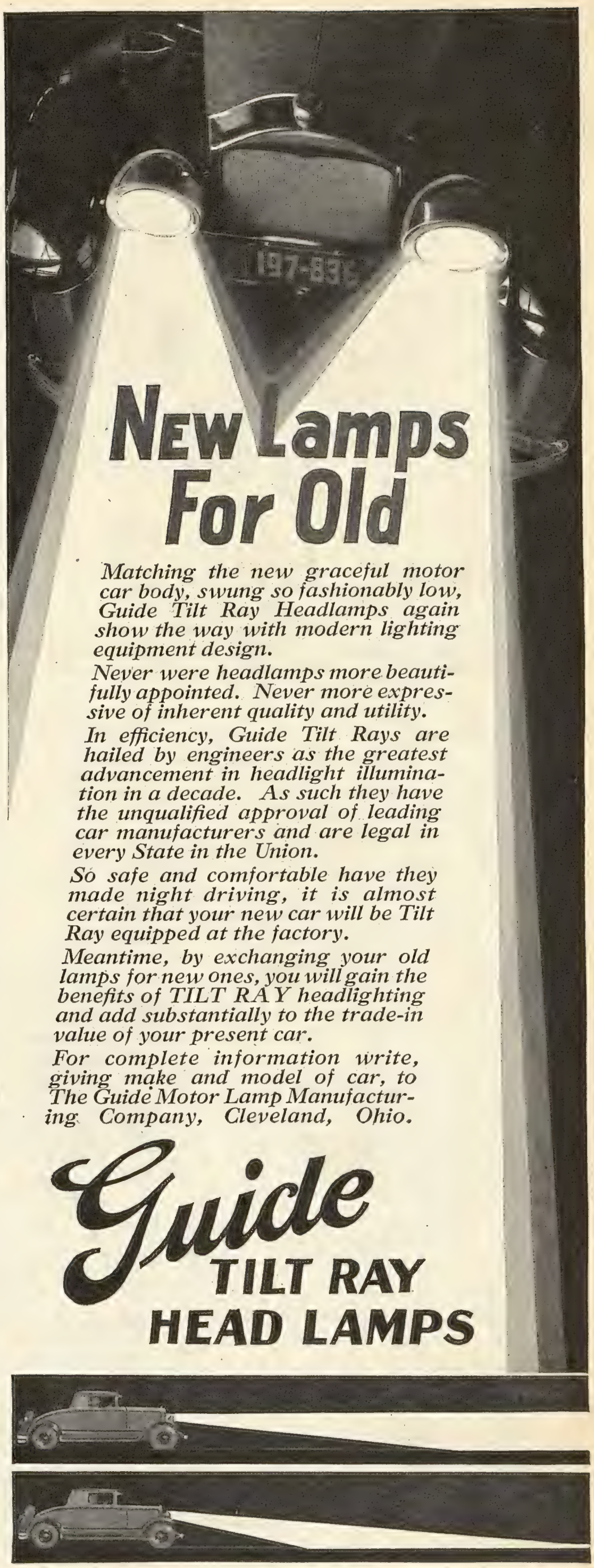
"My observer was treated with great courtesy and kindness and his wounds dressed in a near-by dugout. We arrived eventually at a village a few miles away, where many troops were quartered, and it amused us to see them turn out their band. When we inquired the reason we were informed that it was to celebrate our capture.

"My observer and I parted eventually at Le Cateau, where he went to a hospital and I to a cell to be questioned by officers. We were generously offered a dish of likely-looking horse meat and macaroni, but had it been *pâté de foie gras,* I am afraid we could not have eaten it at that moment."

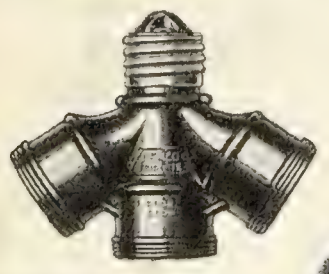
CLUTTERBUCK and Sparks have never met since their last day together in the air, although both of them live in England.

Sparks is thirty-seven years old

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



HEMCO Trip-Lite



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Does your home, too, have a plural plug shortage? Does Bill steal the one "Sis" is using when she simply *must* curl her hair? Or does mother "cut in" on father's reading comfort when she has to do a rush bit of ironing?

Plug moving is no longer necessary with Hemco Plural Plugs so low in price that every family can afford enough—if somebody just thinks to get them. That's easy, too, for practically every dealer in electrical goods has the genuine Hemco. Keep an extra Hemco handy in *your* home.

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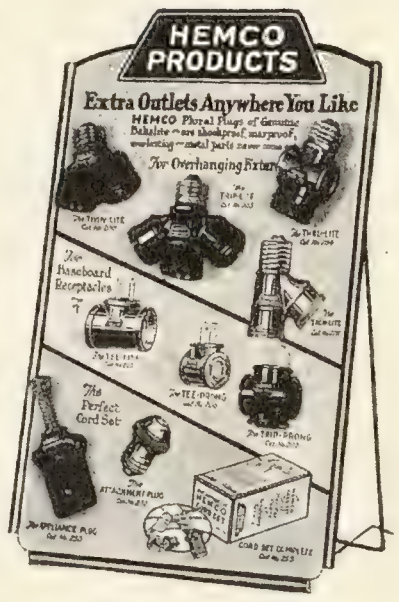

DEALERS — *This Hemco Metal Display makes it easy for people to choose the correct Hemco Model. If you have not received yours, write for full information. You pay only for the plugs mounted on the stand.*

George Richards & Co., 557 West Monroe Street, Chicago

HEMCO

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Fifty-three

now. He was a soldier before the war, having purchased his discharge from the Royal Marine Band in 1913 after five years' service. He re-enlisted in the Black Watch in 1915, and received his commission as a lieutenant in April of 1917 in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, where he won his Military Cross with the following citation:

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. When all the officers of his company had become casualties, he took command and by his coolness and contempt for danger inspired confidence in the men left in his charge, holding the front line for forty-eight hours at a most critical time under terribly severe weather conditions. His capable handling and personal gallantry set a wonderful example to the men of his company.

Sparks transferred to the flying corps in August, 1917, and began flying in France in December of that year. Today he is a government inspector of taxes at Sittingbourne.

Here is his vivid recollection of the day Richthofen shot him on the wing:

"THERE were eight of us Bristol Fighters patrolling the line from Cambrai to Caudry or Le Cateau. Clutterbuck and I were flying in the machine on the extreme right at about 13,000 feet. We were due to leave the line at 11:05 A. M.

"At about 10:55 o'clock Clutterbuck drew my attention to three enemy machines hovering below. I quite anticipated a hot time, as I could hear machine-gun fire overhead; but although I was equipped with glasses, I could see nothing above us on account of the dazzling sun.

"About 11 o'clock our flight commander, Captain Kenedy, M. C., fired a red light, which was the signal to prepare for action. I had been keeping my eyes on the three enemy planes below me.

"But no sooner had the action signal been given than we were pounced upon from above by various types of Hun machines numbering about twenty. I could tell from the red undercarriages that they were members of Richthofen's circus.

"It seemed that it didn't matter which way my pilot turned, an Iron Cross plane would appear. Clutterbuck immediately spun down. The last thing I noticed, before he went into the spin, was the flight commander's plane bursting into flames and the occupants falling out.

"After our dive of about 1,800 feet we came in contact with the three machines that had been below us. One after another they attacked us. My pilot was busy placing me in position to fire, but it was difficult to take accurate aim as new machines were always appearing above us.

"During these attacks we came into very close range, and eventually I managed to get a good burst

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

into a machine that was painted with black-and-white squares. I saw it go down entirely out of control. Clutterbuck and I saw this machine on the ground afterward while we were being led away as prisoners.

"I was just getting into position to try my luck with the all-red machine, which I presume was Richthofen's, when the Baron got me. His first stream of lead went through my left shoulder and arm. The shock knocked me down into the cockpit.

"But Clutterbuck never gave up. He put up an excellent fight, with two Huns picking at him all the time. Our machine was completely riddled with bullets, and I will never understand why more of them did not hit us.

"I tried persistently to ring out a few shots, but I was too handicapped, and finally Clutterbuck was forced to land. Had I not been wounded so early in the fight, I believe I could have made it much more interesting for the Baron.

TWO English fliers and their mascot in one of the fast, deadly two-seaters with which the Royal Air Force entered the last year of the war.

"THE time of the combat was about fifteen minutes, which is a long time for fighting in the air. It seemed like fifteen weeks.

"After landing, we were surrounded by German soldiers who seemed to spring from nowhere. A German officer and his orderly rode up on horseback, and the officer questioned us in broken English and led us away to a dressing station, where my wounds were dressed.

"We were taken to a battalion headquarters, I riding on the orderly's horse. We lunched with the German guard on coffee and black bread, after which we were taken in a motor-car to Le Cateau and interviewed by some German general.

"Clutterbuck and I would give no information concerning the number and whereabouts of our squadron and refused to answer many other questions they put to us. The general got rather annoyed and ordered us taken away. I was detained in the base hospital and Clutterbuck—I don't know where he vanished to, as I have never seen him since that moment.

"During my second day in the hospital, a German flying officer came in and said he had been sent to see me by Baron von Richthofen, who wished me to accept a half-dozen cigars with his compliments. The treatment received as a prisoner of war was not so bad. The worst time I experienced was the few months in the hospital."

RICHTHOFEN, on the following day, saw a German plane, dangerously disabled, dashing down from a frightful height. English planes hung on its flanks and tail, trying to deliver the death-blow.

The ace and his comrades flew among them with a violent attack which drove them away from their intended victim. The plane continued its earthward glide more or less out of control, and, while Manfred remained aloft and fought off pursuers, his thoughts were on the occupant of the disabled machine.

The pilot was his younger brother. Lothar's plunge from a height of 12,000 feet to earth is described in the account written by himself. It reads:

> March 13, 1918. At the front there is not the slightest difference between a Sunday and the other days. Very often one does not even know the date. Thus it was that I had not considered the fact that a thirteen is my black day and number.
>
> Our squad was flying over the front on that day, led by my brother. Several messages had prepared us for a hot time. We had just arrived at the lines when we sighted a number of English planes. Each of us took one in hand.
>
> Dropping down, I attacked my opponent. Then, a loud crash! My machine was hit. Only too soon I found out what had happened.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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CHINESE SAUCE

The Secret of Chop Suey

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Now, for the first time, you can make at home, all the tempting dishes you have enjoyed at the better Chinese restaurants.

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[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Fifty-five

Originally I had had a triplane, but now it was only a common biplane. A disgusting feeling to lose one-third of your lifting surface as high up as 12,000 feet. I had to pull out of the fight and retreat.

Instead of following me, my opponent left me alone. It would have been an easy job to have brought me down in this state.

Thank God, my machine held together. With the two remaining planes I just managed to glide, but only in a forward direction, as the side rudders were out of function. Thus I went down. . .

Down below I had spotted a big piece of land suitable for landing. Whereas I have always been able to calculate exactly where I intended to touch the ground, I had miscalculated in this case.

When I was still 500 feet up, I suddenly noticed a high-tension electric wire. It was too late to fly over it, and to duck and fly underneath it would have meant running into two wagon trains. As I did not intend to kill my own countrymen, there was nothing to do but to try and make a curve. I tried and . . .

Damn it. Lying in bed and all. Four whitewashed walls, a sister. I was in a hospital. My head was bandaged. I could not move an inch. Ah, yes, now I remember; I had intended to make a curve!

A machine gun, mounted on a gun-carriage wheel, kept low-flying German airmen away from the British trenches.

My machine had slipped, smashed to the ground, and I was knocked senseless. Only my legs and my head had touched the ground, my hands had been cramped to the steering-gear. As my comrades told me later on, they had given me up as dead when they saw me falling.

That smash kept Lothar in the hospital a number of weeks. It was the worst one he had during the war, which he survived with the rank of a first lieutenant and almost as many decorations as his brother. He was credited with bringing down forty British planes.

In 1919 he married the Countess Doris von Keyserling, the daughter of an old privy councilor to the Kaiser. There was a daughter by the marriage, but trouble followed, and the romance of the gallant war bird ended in a separation.

THREE years later—on July 4, 1922—Lothar and a motion-picture actress, Fern Andra, and the latter's manager were flying from Hamburg to Berlin in an old war-type plane.

Motor trouble, a forced landing, and a crash in which Lothar lost his life.

Richthofen gains four victories in three days. Details of these sky battles, and of the record day in which one British flier shot down six German planes, are given in next week's instalment.

Poems You Ought to Know

The Old Familiar Faces

By CHARLES LAMB

[The poems of Charles Lamb (1775-1834) belong to his youth, before the whimsical Essays of Elia established his name as one of the greatest of English prose writers. He was also a critic of penetration and power.]

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her,—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

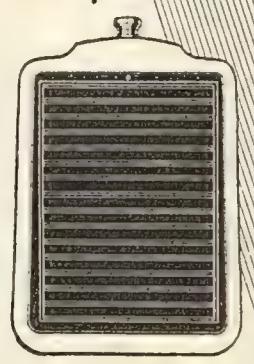
I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed,—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Make Bad Weather Good Driving with the



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NEVER STICKS-ALWAYS WORKS

Revenge

The Story of a Husband's Last Laugh

By

A. Hamilton Gibbs

Pictures by Arthur D. Fuller

(Reading time: 12 minutes 20 seconds.)

HE took a running jump, caught the railing, swung on to the moving bus. . . . Good, to be fit like that. He sneered at all the millions who could never do it—fat, lazy brutes whose once-pride had turned to belly.

He went up the stairs, riding each step as a sailor erect in the stern of a duty-boat, lithe, balanced unconsciously. "Ah! There she is! Extraordinary!" He had been thinking of his wife. He saw her immediately, as though she had not been one of quite a crowd up there, but alone on top of the bus.

Eagerness, gladness, filled him at sight of her, lit up his lean face, died out again as he saw with whom she was—that Frenchman, confound him!

He had to pass them to reach a seat.

"Oh, hullo!" Surprise was in her tone, apparently uncomplicated by other emotion.

His face and eyes assumed the mask of the familiar smile characteristic of chance meetings. He nodded, passed them, sat down beside a girl, became aware that she was young, pretty, legs crossed. . . . That Frenchman!

Why didn't she cut the fellow? Perfectly poisonous, the way he kept showing up at the house. One of these days he'd show him up! . . . Awfully nice sheer-silky legs this girl beside him had, and strong brown hands. Golf or tennis? Hope it's golf, he thought.

The bus was moving rapidly. Blocks flowed past them. From the seat behind on the other side of the aisle came his wife's voice, pitched low to her companion. "Don't do that!" she said sharply.

There was something in her tone, some subtle quality of change, of familiarity, that flashed a query all across his mental horizon, like one of the blazing sky signs filling the road ahead. Abruptly he slewed half round. His wife was gazing over the side of the bus; but he was in time to see her hand snatched from beneath the Frenchman's.

Realization flowed in upon him. He remained staring. The Frenchman's eyelids fluttered, the eyes lifted to his were grappled, stayed there. In them came confirmation, confession, excitement, possession, triumph—and a glint of nasty contempt.

Each emotion induced its opposite number. He plumbed new depths of horror, nausea, hatred, shame; and then, under the bitter puncture of contempt, knew hunger to strike, hurt, kill.

The Frenchman's body slithered, hands clutching, down the curving rear rail.

Unconsciously he rose to his feet. Their eyes followed without breaking contact. The Frenchman's changed to doubt, unease, fear.

His hands shot out, met at the Frenchman's throat, jerked him to his feet.

Sheer-silky legs half rose. "Oh! . . . Oh!" she cried.

People turned. Aborted movements followed, half-risings of men, lame sittings-down again, a mixture of curiosity and shrinking. His wife's face became drained of color; her eyes immense.

The Frenchman's resistance was like the ineffectual twitching of a child asleep.

Without thought, as though the entire action were the result of a single muscular reflex, he swept the Frenchman to the back of the bus, brushing shoulders that withdrew at their swaying passage. For a moment he stood poised at the top of the stairs, drew the Frenchman's body toward him, and then rejected it violently. . . .

A woman's scream. It was his wife. A man's "Good God!"—the habit-minded, plaintive, ineffectual appeal. A conglomerate sound of rising and craning, a tense buzzing of staring uncertainty.

Cold as ice, emotionless, he watched. The Frenchman's body slithered, hands clutching, down the curving rear rail, turned over it as though in a gymnasium over a parallel bar, spun, hit the ground feet first, sprawled, rolled once, lay a moment still, and then slowly rose

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Licensed only for Radio amateur, experimental and broadcast reception.

[REVENGE Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

to its feet and made for the sidewalk with automatic hand-brushing of clothes.

There was a queer laugh of nervous relaxation.

The bus went on. The Frenchman was almost immediately out of sight, an indistinguishable unit among the others on the sidewalk.

He turned slowly, unaware of boring gimlet eyes upon him, went forward, and sat down beside his wife, beside the woman who had become another man's, too—that damned Frenchman's.

There was an overtone of hysteria in her voice. "You're so dreadfully strong! You might have killed him!"

He didn't listen. Visually sure that the Frenchman was alive, and with a twisting emptiness at the pit of the stomach at the thought of what would have happened if the man were now dead, he began furiously wishing that he had indeed killed him, pictured the graying face, the sagging body. . . .

"Ring the bell!" ordered his wife. "This is our street."

He smiled. Our street! He led the way down to the sidewalk. For four years now they had had the apartment. Every day they had walked up and down that street and made it theirs, in memory at least, forever.

It was not theirs any more. It was his now, and hers; for, although they walked elbow to elbow this evening, they were no longer together. Each was completely alone. The solid structure that they had built up in ten years of marriage had been wrecked by a gesture. The roar of its falling was in his ears. . . .

SHE had telephoned last night to say that she was going to stop with that girl friend of hers in the Village. An easy lie. Last night! God, to think that it was only last night that she and that Frenchman, that flabby, sneaking Latin—! Well, at least he wouldn't show up at the house any more.

Marvelous the way he had gone off that bus. It had been too easy, though. There should have been conflict, ripping, tearing. . . . Anyhow, the feel was good while it lasted—and what next?

He looked down at his wife as he stood aside for her to pass into the door of the house. How extraordinary it was! To look at her no one would have the slightest idea of what had happened—or what was going to happen. What *was* going to happen?

The colored man snapped open the gate of the elevator. They got in; he, from mere habit, hat in hand. Equally from habit, as they were together, she waited for him to use his key in the door of the apartment. He did so, and once more, with cynically raised eyebrows, made the conventional gesture of letting her enter first.

She went straight into her bedroom. He hung up his hat in the hall, stood a moment uncertainly, wandered into the living-room, saw a box of cigars, helped himself to one, lit it. . . . What would she say? . . . He walked up and down, stopping at the sideboard, the mantelpiece, aimlessly touching things, arranging them.

THERE were noises in the kitchen. Presently the maid would announce dinner, and then they would sit down together as if nothing had happened! Would she say anything? Well, he'd make her! He'd be damned if she'd get away with it! She—

Her door opened. She came across the hall and into the living-room, bringing with her strongly the perfume she always used. She had changed her clothes.

He eyed her secretly as she sat down on the sofa and picked up a magazine. At the sight of her silky unconcerned knees, a strangling, bitter rage seeped down through his entire being. They were his knees—theirs anyway—a part of their mutual gift. No other man. . . . Hell!

Supposing he were suddenly to smash every stick of furniture in the place—and comparatively it would be like snapping matches alongside what she had done—would she go on sitting, looking at that damned magazine without even asking him why?

Did she think he was a fool, a block of ice, a dummy? He felt more like a volcano, seething and bubbling, on the point of eruption.

"I wish you wouldn't walk up and down like that," she said. "It makes me nervous."

He stopped, spun round as if a bullet had hit him, laughed. The infinite humor of her remark! It made her nervous! Of course she mustn't be made nervous! How ill-bred of him not to have considered her nerves, how selfish! . . .

The sardonic appreciation of her comment passed off his face like a patch of shadow over a lawn. His mouth drew tight as he stood and looked down at her, seared by the memory of that Frenchman's mocking eyes. . . . She hadn't merely given herself to the man: she had given him, too. God, how he hated her, this woman whom he loved, to whom he had given tenderness, passion, care in sickness, whom the more to cherish he had made repressions and remoldings in himself, in his desires, his habits, his unwillingnesses!

For what he was, good, bad, or indifferent, he had let her see him as no other human being in the world had been allowed to see him. To the rest he was insulated, deep within a protected armor, withdrawn. To her, metaphorically, he was happily stark naked, big and little, strong and weak. In this life there is no more. . . . And

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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World's Largest Makers of Fine Pipes

"It's a W D C"
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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

last night she had betrayed it all, squandered it, poured it in the gutter, made it of no worth, a mockery!

What was there left? He would have to begin again, single-handed, lopsided, until the amputation was hardened. He would have to slink around, dodging people until he could outlook them, like a sick cat looking for cover. Pleasant prospect! O God! . . . First, though —he rolled the cigar from one side of his mouth to the other—what about her? He examined her, from the sleek head trimmed like that of a medieval page-boy, down to her slender ankles. No wonder he had married her!

No wonder that damned Frenchman— But she had known what the man was after, all the time, and and it was she who hadn't said no, she who had made the opportunity, she who sat there, damn her, apparently without knowing or caring that she had involved him at all.

Knowing or caring? Why, good Lord! It was suddenly borne in upon him that she must have been through with him psychologically for a longer time than he cared to think. One didn't go off casually with another man unless—unless one had absolutely no use for the man one was married to. Not her type, anyway. She had never been promiscuous. . . .

So that was it, eh? And since when? How long had she been pretending, stringing him along, using him while she quietly went through her adjustments? That was the sort of trick Judas pulled!

He stiffened, wiped the back of his hand across his mouth. She had made him a—what was the name they gave in France to a man in his situation?—a *cocu*. That was it. He was nothing but a cocu! That was all she thought he was good enough for.

Without sound, he removed the cigar from his mouth, reached out behind him with one hand, laid it carefully on the mantelpiece with queer detached deliberation of fingers. Tight-muscled, noiseless, poised, he took a step toward the woman on the sofa, his eyes, like those of a boxer, intent on his opponent's face. His hands began to come up, crooked, fingers spread. . . . He'd show her!

THE door opened. The maid came in. "Dinner is served, ma'am!" she said, and went out again.

The magazine dropped to the sofa. His wife rose. "Thank heaven! Let's go and eat." . . .

Her wrist was caught. She couldn't move.

"Just a minute!" he said. "About last night?" . . .

She saw his face. Her eyebrows went up. She made a tiny move with her shoulders. "Oh, please! No melodrama. Dinner's on the table." She made no effort to free her wrist.

His tongue was clammy, furred. Words were only shaped with immense effort, as though by a mouth of rock. "So you won't even bother to lie, eh?"

"Oh, my dear!" she said. "Really! You're absolutely prewar. Have I ever bothered to even question you in your goings and comings? . . . Come along, don't let the soup get cold." Somehow her wrist was withdrawn. She moved away from him quietly, without haste, passed out of the door.

His hands clasped behind him, he surged through the streets.

He stood there, rocking a little on his feet, futile, the perfume of her in his nostrils, the hate of her in his brain. It had wanted only that — that matter - of - fact assumption of his unfaithfulness to her.

How complete she had made it! How rounded! "Have I ever bothered to even question you in your goings and comings?" There, indeed, had he schooled himself, clung to his code, refused indulgence. And to what purpose—the fool!

HE gave a laugh, flung out of the room, out of the apartment, and down the stairs. The whole of New York was not big enough for the two of them. His hands clasped behind him, his chin down on his chest, he surged the streets and the park, oblivious of the contrasts that usually attracted him—the intense night beauty of Fifth Avenue's skyline against the jazz-macabre sky signs of the Great White Way; the herd stampeding along it, lusting for cheap pleasure whether on ill-fitting down-at-heel shoes or ensconced magnificently behind liveried chauffeurs; the ragged "bums," misfits in this elbowing age, sharing the same bench with youthful couples insensitive to everything but the egocentric urge of love.

He saw nothing of these. His vision was turned inward and backward, along the road of their lives together to the point where their mutual evolution had become on the one hand, as she must have thought, inertia, and on the other, as he knew, devolution.

Was that the way of things? Was it man's unalterable nature first to strive and then to go stale? How small! How crass! . . . He flung away from the abstraction, finding in it only exasperation; preferring the self-flagellation of considering his own hurt.

Out of the immediate past, little incidents, unremarkable at the time, began to emerge from the mist of inattention big with new meaning—reluctances of hers overborne by his insistence; her recurring disagreement with him on matters of opinion; her recently

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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"Enclosed is check for $75," writes "Boys' Life" to a Palmer student.

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[REVENGE
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

acquired zest for going out to theaters, dinners, week-ends, for filling their own apartment with guests—any expedient not to be alone with him; her first introduction of the Frenchman, so elaborately casual as now to seem obvious.

It was lightning-clear that the tide had indeed turned long since; only until today his awareness had not been fertilized. Now, like some hidden preposterous jungle-bud, it had reared itself in a few hours to full growth, opulent, all-absorbing.

HOW he hated her, this woman whom he loved!

He was unconscious of the passing of time, unaware of the fact that at some period of the evening he paused at a lunch-counter and wolfed food, that after it he had lit one cigar from another till his pocket supply was gone and his mouth like a lime-kiln.

He would never remember or be able to follow the wild thrashings through which his mind had gone before it crystallized into one single purpose—to make her pay; to penetrate that damnable calm, that thrice-damnable callousness; to make her suffer not so much in body as in soul, in pride, in self-respect—if she could be said to have any.

Looking back now to his pre-dinner gesture of physical violence, he laughed, sneered at himself. How unintelligent it would have been, how amateur! In the matter of the Frenchman, that method was sound, because, in dismissing him as he had, it was not only to punish him physically, but to strike at his pride of manhood, of domination.

In the matter of a woman, the values were not there. For her he must find some other way, some other weapon, more subtle, more enduring in its results, more satisfying. After all, she had shown a nicety of insult toward himself the equal of which it would be hard to find.

To go away with a man and stay away with him might be regrettable, but at least it was honest, at least it showed a fundamental sense of decency, of integrity, of cleanness. But to go off with him and come back the next day—openly, making no bones about it—it was incredible! Even men had enough feeling, enough something, to lie, to try and save their wives' self-respect from abject bankruptcy. She had spared him nothing. She had crossed every t, dotted every i; had allowed him contemptuously to pick up by inference the fact that he was discarded, outworn, negligible.

WITHOUT volition he came to a halt. Looked about, found that he was standing outside their house. He glanced up at the windows of the apartment. They were all dark. He looked at his wrist watch. It was after midnight. She was up there peacefully sleeping! God, there must be some way to break through!

The elevator man was not there. He turned to the stairs without bothering to ring for him, and slowly thumped his way up the three flights. The usual empty cream bottles were neatly arranged along the wall outside the door of their apartment. Of course! The world would come to an end if she didn't have cream with her morning coffee!

He let himself in. She hadn't even left the hall light burning for him. He flicked it on with a jerk. His eye fell on her gloves that lay palm up on the small table, plump and full as though her hands were still in them.

Her room was on one side of the hall, his on the other. It had been like that since . . . since when? He didn't remember, but it was ages before the advent of this Frenchman.

He shrugged his shoulders, went into the living-room and turned on the light there. On the floor lay the magazine where she had let it drop. The ash-tray on the arm of the sofa was full of cigaret ends and burned matches. The air was still heavy with Turkish tobacco. The sofa cushions had not yet yielded up the imprint of her body. The whole place was impregnated with her personality.

It struck him for the first time that there was nothing of him in that room—no note, no contribution. There never had been. It was her room, hers absolutely. She had absorbed it as she absorbed everything—the apartment, New York, life, himself.

Once more he stood there, rocking a little on his feet.

At last he went to the sideboard, got out a bottle of whisky, poured himself a stiff peg, drank it straight. Was it only last night that she had been with that damned fellow? God, what ruthless changes had occurred since then, a whole cycle of evolution. As he stood there, his old self seemed to have been already dead for a lifetime—and just between the infinitesimal space of last night and tonight. Last night and tonight! . . . Tonight? . . . Suddenly his head came up.

CRISPLY he put down the empty glass, stared at it and through it, as though fascinated by a vision. His face began to crease slowly into a smile; and presently, in the midnight stillness, he gave a laugh that was as harsh and startling as the unexpected bark of a dog.

"By God!" he said, and laughed again.

Already he had decided to tell her to get out tomorrow. She could go back to her Frenchman or go to the devil. The choice was hers. She should go, anyway. He wasn't going to keep another man's woman. But tonight! . . . A more subtle method, eh? Well, she should be the first to appreciate it. He strolled toward his bedroom, whistling a little tune between his teeth.

In a few minutes he returned, pajama-clad and still smiling, lit a cigaret, inhaled deeply half a dozen times, threw the glowing cigaret into the fireplace, snapped off the living-room light, and went once more into the hall. A switch clicked again and the hall was in darkness.

"Yes," he muttered, "the very first to appreciate it!"

His slippered feet shuffled softly along, on past his own bedroom, until his outstretched hand bumped lightly against the panel of his wife's bedroom door. Without any regard for noise, he opened the door, went in, shut it behind him. The sound of that odd laugh came again as he turned the key in the lock. . . .

THE END

The Safe Solution of Women's Oldest Hygienic Problem

Which 8 in 10 Better-Class Women Have Adopted

Positive Protection Under ALL Conditions and An End Forever to the Embarrassing Difficulty of Disposal, This NEW Way

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

WITH this new way the hazards and uncertainties of the old-time "sanitary pad" are ended.

You wear sheerest frocks and gayest gowns without a moment's fear or doubt. You go about for hours; motor, dance, walk; meet all situations without a second thought.

The name is Kotex. Doctors urge it. Nurses employ it. Women find in it the scientific solution of their oldest hygienic problem. Its use will make a great difference in your life.

The difference between Kotex and ordinary pads

Kotex is the *only* sanitary pad filled with *Cellucotton* wadding, the extraordinary hospital absorbent recently discovered.

Thus Kotex provides the amazing absorbency of 16 times its own weight in moisture! It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pads.

That means protection unknown before—safety under all circumstances, regardless of frock or occasion.

Kotex, a scientifically developed product; the creation of a world-respected maker of hospital absorbents; completely, *thoroughly deodorizes* as it acts.

A process applied under a secret and exclusive method, which obviates another distressing danger of ordinary pads.

Kotex eliminates utterly the problem of disposal—one discards Kotex almost as easily as tissue. No laundry.

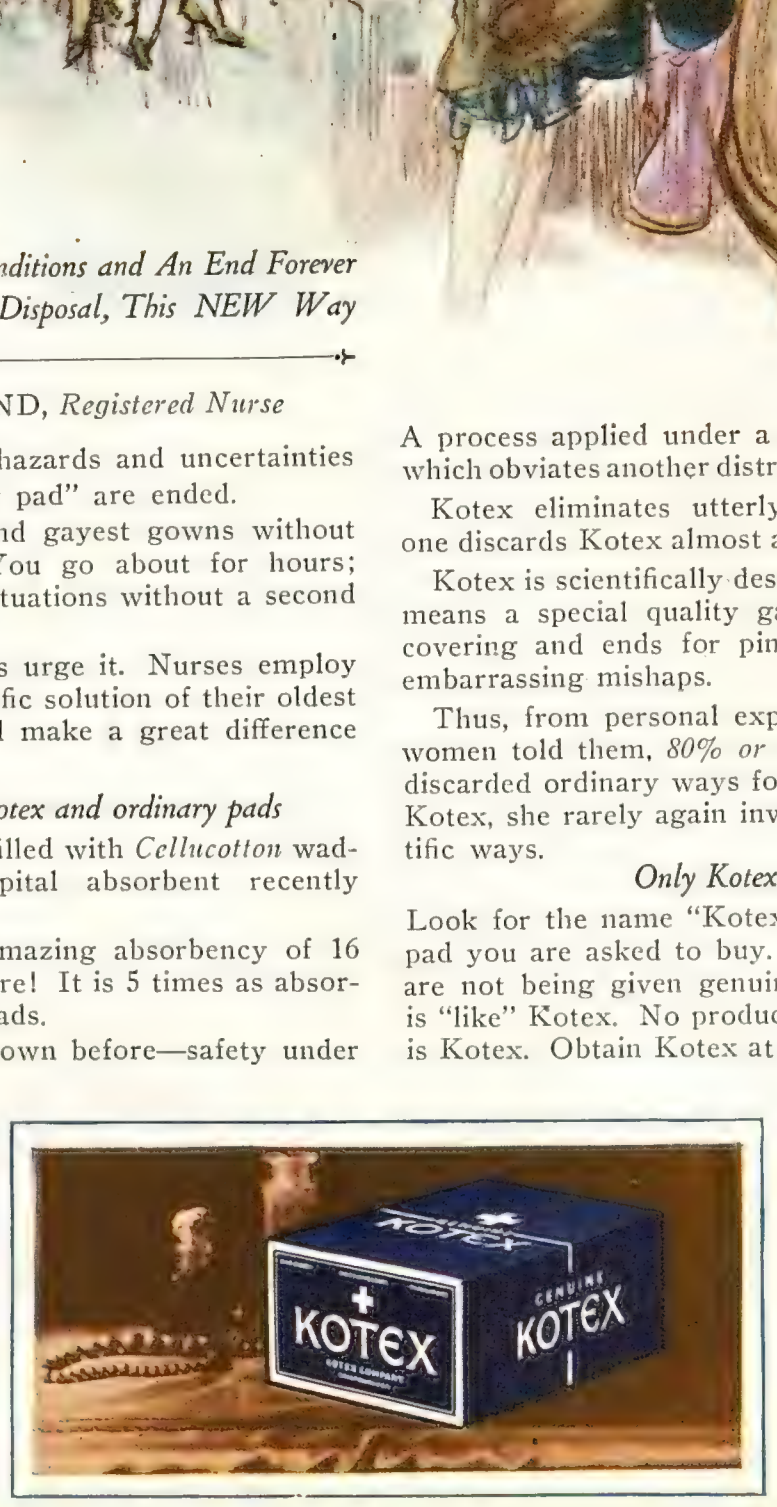
Kotex is scientifically designed for safety in wear. That means a special quality gauze. It means ample gauze covering and ends for pinning—it means avoidance of embarrassing mishaps.

Thus, from personal experience and from what other women told them, *80% or more better-class* women have discarded ordinary ways for Kotex. Once a woman tries Kotex, she rarely again invites the hazards of less scientific ways.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

Look for the name "Kotex" on the box of any sanitary pad you are asked to buy. If that name isn't there, you are not being given genuine Kotex. No other product is "like" Kotex. No product not plainly marked "Kotex" is Kotex. Obtain Kotex at any store. 12 pads to the box. Two sizes of pads: Kotex Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



**Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by* West Disinfecting Co.

Easy Disposal

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(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue No laundry.

(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as cotton.

(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at drug or dry goods stores,* simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

The Last Word in candy—Home-Made

and here's the way we Make it:

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg.

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1¼ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ¼ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil [hulls removed].

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

There's nothing else like home-made candy. Ask anybody. Except, of course, Oh Henry! And the very reason Oh Henry! *IS* so good is that it's made the home-made way.

We tell the world how to make Oh Henry! because we are proud of the fact that it's made of the very things that come out of your own pantry—made just as you'd make it yourself. You *CAN* make it yourself! But *WHY* when you can walk up to any candy counter and say Oh Henry

Oh Henry!

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I Fought Them ALL

The Battling Sailor Drops a Decision to Jeffries—His Second Go with Corbett Ends in a Riot

As Told by
TOM SHARKEY
To HUGH FULLERTON

Pictures by C. B. FALLS

(Reading time: 15 minutes 45 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: When he quit the navy, with the reputation of having whipped every man put up against him, Sharkey turned seriously to the business of winning the world's championship. He fought Corbett to a draw and won over Fitzsimmons on a foul, as told in the preceding instalment. He now tells of his battle with Gus Ruhlin, of his picturesque visit to his old home in Ireland, and of his first fight with Jeffries and his second with Corbett.]

PART FOUR

NEVER in all the world, I suppose, has any fighter ever had the raw deals or the robbery and trickery that Tom Sharkey received. From the day I left Honolulu and started in to be a professional fighter, the sharks and the crooks found me easy, and if there was any fair play in the world it was not in my path.

It seems among landsmen to be agreed that it is all right to rob a sailor; and never a mate ashore after a long voyage was shanghaied, robbed, and beat as I was.

'Twas natural, perhaps. I was a big, raw boy, knowing nothing of the world, although I had been all over it, swaggering with the chest of me stuck out a foot, and thinking there was no man in all the world could stand against me. I knew nothing of business as it is done ashore, and thought all men honest until they proved they were not.

Had I had a shrewd manager, learned in the tricks of the fighting game, I would have been champion and had lashings of money all my life. But they gave me no chance from start to finish, save what I made with my hard fists; and, on top of that, they tried to ruin my reputation by accusing me of the swindling tricks they put up.

I learned some of the things—and yet, mayhap, I never learned it all, for I was as easy for them, when I trusted them, after it was all over and my dream of being the champion was broken, as I was when I came from the navy. I mind that, long after my real career as a fighter ended, I fell again.

'Tis funny to tell it now, but it was not funny then. I was in Denver, boxing Fred Russell, which was after I had ceased to be the great fighter I once was. I mind I was with Jack McKenna, a mite of a man with a great heart in him, but with only one lung and that bad. I beat the big cowboy, Russell, and afterward went into a saloon and called all to have a drink. There was a big, fine - looking fellow who turned away, and I spoke to him again to join us in a drink, not knowing it was Russell. He refused, and I recognized him, and said:

"Oh, ho! You're the big fellow I just knocked out?"

He doubled his fists, and little Jack said, "Leave him to me, Tom; I'll take him."

THAT evening I met Mexican Pete Everett, whom I had known in San Francisco, and he said:

"Tom, the boys at Cripple Creek think I'm a great fighter. You come there and fight me, and we'll make much money, for the boys will bet on me."

So 'twas arranged, and Pete went to Cripple Creek, and a week later I went. I gave Pete $100 and sent Spider Kelly with him to train him. When I came there the miners were betting two to one that Pete, a fellow I could whip with my hands tied behind me, would beat me. Little Jack McKenna went as my manager.

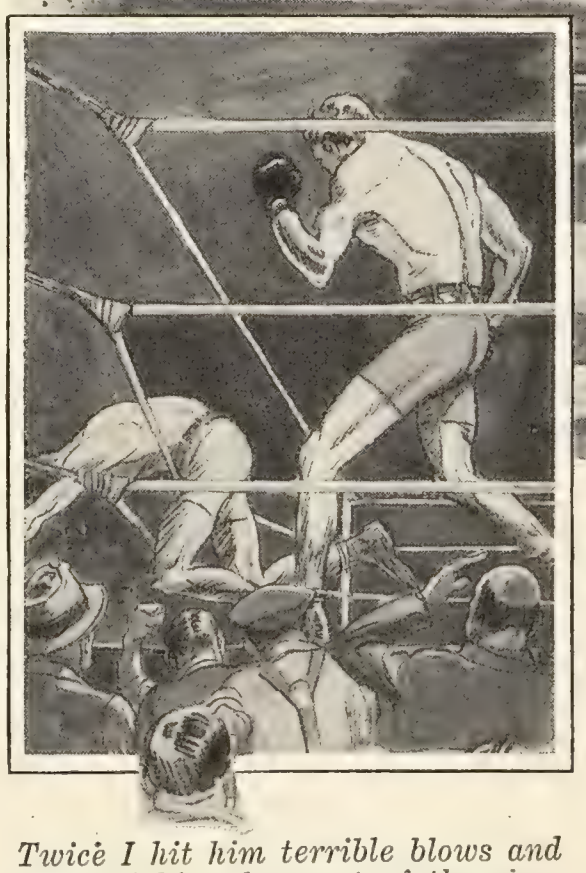
The betting looked queer, but I thought Pete had told tales of his strength, and I laughed, while Spider and Jack bet my money. A character named Horse

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Albert Davis Collection

A strong chin and iron jaw gave Tom Sharkey a fighting face, even with his damaged port ear turned out of the picture.

A training picture of Tom.



Twice I hit him terrible blows and knocked him clear out of the ring.

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Tests prove the necessity for positive, *automatic* motor protection—leaving no chance for the car owner to *guess* or *forget*

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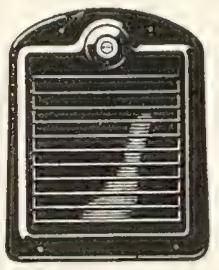

Closes Itself
when your motor needs heat.

AUTOMOTIVE authorities now know definitely that cold is the cause of 50% to 75% of all premature motor wear. At 60° Fahrenheit your motor is in danger.

You may not know when danger occurs, but just as sure as your motor goes unprotected cold will strike and leave its trail of trouble and expense.

Such is the certainty of damage that comes from cold. So certain, in fact, that engineers foresaw the need for a remedy of equal certainty. Thus science has perfected *automatic* motor protection. *Automatic*—leaving no chance for the car owner to forget or guess.

Be on the safe side this year. Don't give dangerous cold a chance at your motor.

"Over-choking" warns you!

Coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting are the danger signals. Out comes the "choke"—flooding cold cylinders and cylinder walls with raw gasoline. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, high gas consumption, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. These are the troubles that bring *big* repair bills—troubles for which *cold alone* is responsible.

Winterfront regulates motor temperature

The radiator on your car was put there to waste heat—thus to prevent overheating in hot weather. An efficient radiator throws away 35% to 40% of the heat of the fuel. At 60° Fahrenheit there is no heat to spare, yet heat-waste continues through the radiator. Obviously, therefore, there is only one place to efficiently control motor temperature—that's at the radiator, where heat-waste occurs.

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open, *automatically*, allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

The motor car dealer who recommends and sells you a Pines Automatic Winterfront is considering your interests first. Take his advice. Your dealer will supply you.

Important—When your motor stops, Winterfront shutters begin to close, and are fully closed while your motor is hot.

With a Winterfront on your car you "warm-up" in seconds. You lose the dangerous "choke" habit because Winterfront eliminates the need for it. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. You enjoy a noticeable increase in gasoline economy—snug warmth inside your car—summer-time smoothness and flexibility in your motor.

Put on any car in ten minutes

Pines Automatic Winterfront is sold by automobile and accessory dealers everywhere. It is installed in less than ten minutes without changes of any nature to your car. Models for all cars priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, $15.00; Chevrolet, $17.50; Dodge Four, $20.00. Slightly higher prices in the Rocky Mountain area and West—also Canada. Pines Winterfront Company, 420 N. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago.

Pines Automatic Winterfront is the only Automatic Radiator Shutter on the Market

The only shutter that assures you timely, constant protection against the destroying force of cold.

The only shutter that automatically eliminates the boiling danger—a danger that always exists when the radiator is completely covered by makeshift methods. You can't forget to operate it. There's nothing to remember. Its results are possible *only* because it is *automatic*.

138

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

[I FOUGHT THEM ALL Continued from Page Sixty-three]

Johnson was to referee, and, not knowing him, I said:

"Mr. Johnson, do you know how to referee?"

"I know everything about refereeing," he said—and I think mayhap he spoke true.

Old Pete came out with a crouch like that of Big Jeffries, and after a time I straightened him up with my right and swung my left, so that he went flying through the ropes and lit on top of a piano by the ringside, and hung over it like a dishrag over a back fence.

"Why don't you count?" I asked the referee.

"Pete wins," he said.

I grabbed him by the arm and shouted:

"How does he win?"

"Pete wins," he said, shoving the muzzle of a .44 into my teeth.

"All right, Pete wins," I agreed.

I found Jack in the box-office.

"How did it come out?" he asked.

"Pete wins," I told him.

"Pete wins! How?" he said, turning pale.

"He wins by one .44," I said. So we packed up and went back to Denver.

BUT raw as that was, there were things happened when I was battling toward the championship that were just as bad. It was an evil time for the sport, for there were many great fighters, and much interest, and heavy betting, and big purses, which drew the crooks and tempted the honest fighters to crookedness. After the wild season of 1896 I trained hard and faithfully during the winter, determined to win the championship the next year, and take it back to Ireland. I was matched to fight Peter Maher in June, so in April I went East. On the way I stopped at Salt Lake City and whipped big Jim Williams, to keep my hand in. That was on April 5, 1897.

For Maher I worked on Staten Island, with Joe Choynski training me. A grand place, with many sailors coming to the quarters and all wishing for me to win. Peter was the idol of the Irish. Few of them knew my birthplace, and mostly thought I was from California.

Peter was a fine figure of a man, with a right-hand punch that would fell an ox when it landed, which, glory be, was not often, or there would have been few who fought him left to tell the tale. A game man, too, in spite of the reputation they gave him, for he could take a terrible beating and stand bravely under it.

The fight was at the old Lenox Athletic Club in New York, June 9, 1897. Billy Brady had the club at the time.

When Peter came into the ring, as fine and handsome a figure of a man as one could find in a day's jaunt, the crowd went wild.

The announcer introduced him as Peter Maher of Galway, champion of Ireland.

There was a little man by the ringside, Irish and wild, and he was betting heavy on Peter until

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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SHIP AHOY!! There's a pirate bold heading your way, his ship's laden with harmony and jazz—overflowing with hours of pleasure. Anchor it to your radio and unload your share of its treasure. Cast in metal, this real ship model is finished in old Ivory, employs a new armature type unit—an acoustic triumph. On sale everywhere by reliable dealers.

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THE new Glo-Co, refined, improved, is different from all other hair dressings. It is a clean liquid which keeps the hair in place but does not give an artificial gloss. It wars on dandruff, too. Buy Glo-Co Hair Dressing and Glo-Co Shampoo at any drug store, department store or barber shop. Or mail the coupon.

GLO-CO

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6511 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Enclosed find 10 cents for trial bottles of Glo-Co Liquid Hair Dressing and Glo-Co Shampoo.

Name_____

Address_____

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

the announcer turned to me and said:

"Tom Sharkey, from Dundalk—"

He got no further, for the little man stood on his chair and yelled:

The Ring photo

P. & A. photo

Albert Davis Collection

Two great fighters of the past generation—Corbett (left) and Sharkey. The sketch is an artist's conception of the Corbett-Sharkey fight in which the former was disqualified by the referee, Honest John Kelly (shown in oval), when his second jumped into the ring.

"Little Jimmy Sharkey's bye from Dundalk? Now I'll turn me back, for I don't care who wins."

I was cautious with Peter, knowing the danger in that right hand of his, but in the second round I found an opening and knocked him down with a right-hand punch in the mouth that made his big mustache crooked. A little later, I got too close, and he hit me on the top of the head and knocked me down, which shows the power of him.

It was not satisfying fighting, but in the seventh round we were at it hot and heavy, infighting, and tearing away at each other without skill or science, when the bell rang. Neither of us heard the bell, and we kept battling away in the ring, with the crowd wild, until the police stopped the fight.

There had been a lot of reformers trying to stop fighting, and the Horton Law was not working well, so the police were looking for a chance to test it. We gave it to them by losing our heads and slugging after the bell rang. We were both arrested, and the newspapers scolded us, and some said we were faking.

The case was heard before Magistrate Cornell. I think he had seen the fight, for he decided that neither of us was a prize-fighter, and therefore the law had not been violated.

He was a good judge, and if he saw that fight, his decision was right, mayhap, for we did not look good, and it was one fight of which I was not proud.

After that fight I decided to go back to Ireland and visit the folks. It had been twelve long years since I ran away in bare feet and bare head.

I had lashings of money, and I bought myself fine clothes of the kind men wore in those days—a great silk hat and a frock coat that made me feel like I was going to a masquerade party.

Peter Maher was going over at the same time, and both of us claiming to be champions of Ireland and almost everything else—which was all the same thing in those days, for the Irish ruled the ring—there was talk that we would fight in Ireland and settle the question; but nothing came of it.

I WAS that eager to see the old folks and the town of my youth that I cabled to my mother I would reach Liverpool on a certain boat; so she, and my father, and some of the brothers and sisters crossed to Liverpool to meet me.

I came into the station—and not even the Prince of Wales wore grander clothes—and caught sight of my mother, although my brothers and sisters I did not know at all. Mother was standing watching every one who came along, and when I came past she gave me a glance and looked toward the entrance again, and I saw she did not know me at all. So I walked up to her and lifted my silk hat and said:

"Excuse me, madam, can you tell me the time?"

"Go'way from me now and don't bother me," she said, looking at the door and all excited.

So I walked away a few steps and came back and said:

"Excuse me, madam, can you tell me—"

"Don't be after bothering me," she said. "I'm looking for me bye."

"And what is his name, madam?" I asked.

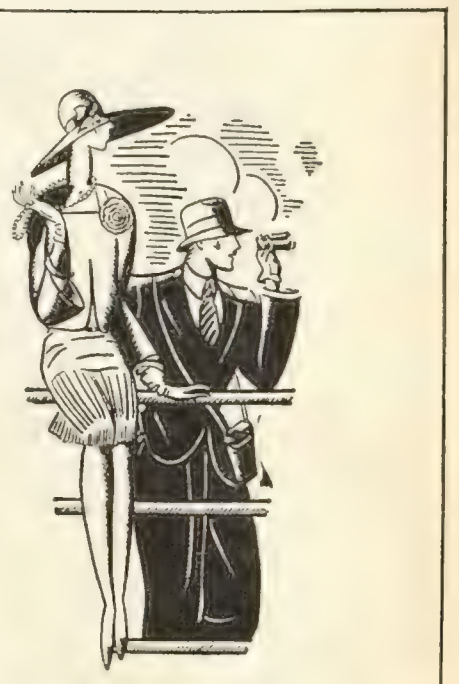
"He is Tom Sharkey, and he is champion of the world," she said—so that I felt better, for to her, anyhow, I was the champion. So I said:

"Mother, I'm Tom."

"Not little Tom that ran away in his bare feet and drowned at sea?" she said, starting to cry.

And, seeing that they all wanted to go somewhere and have a good cry, I took them in a cab to a fine hotel and told the clerk who I was, and we went to Room Six and cried away the sorrow and the homesickness of twelve years. We all felt better, although my mother kept looking at the great size of me and saying:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



WHENEVER a woman of distinction or culture in this country or Europe wishes to wear in public Pearls competent to conceal the fact that her genuine oriental pearls are locked up at home, it is always Tecla that is called upon to solve the problem for her.

Tecla permits the maximum in jewel display with the minimum of risk.

Tecla creations are available only at the stores listed in this advertisement.

A Tecla Necklace for Twenty-five dollars.

Marshall Field and Co. - Chicago, Ill.
Bullocks - - - - Los Angeles, Cal.
Denver Dry Goods Co. - Denver, Colo.
Frank R. Jelleff, Inc., Washington, D. C.
Frederick and Nelson - Seattle, Wash.
Gladding's, - - Providence, R. I.
The H. & S. Pogue Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.
J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit, Mich.
Kaufmann's - - - Pittsburgh, Pa.
La Salle & Koch - - Toledo, Ohio
Levy Bros. Dry Goods Co., Houston, Tex.
Lebeck Bros. - - Nashville, Tenn.
McCurdy & Co., Inc. - Rochester, N.Y.
Meier & Frank - - Portland, Ore.
Miller & Rhoads, Inc. - Richmond, Va.
Mermod-Jaccard & King, Hot Springs, Ark.
Mermod-Jaccard & King, St. Louis, Mo.
Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney, St. Louis, Mo.
R. H. Stearns & Co. - Boston, Mass.
The T. Eaton Co., Ltd., Toronto, Montreal
The Higbee Co. - - Cleveland, Ohio
The White House - San Francisco, Cal.
Wm. H. Block & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Z. L. White - - - Columbus, Ohio.

Tecla

398 Fifth Avenue

London Berlin Paris

Paring Corns at Home

Invites THE GRAY SPECTER OF INFECTION

"Septic poisoning often results from amateur corn-paring," writes Adolph Kasviner, New York City foot specialist. "Corn paring is a chiropodist's work — no layman should try it."

If you would treat corns by paring, go to a chiropodist. But to end a corn at home . . . use Blue-jay.

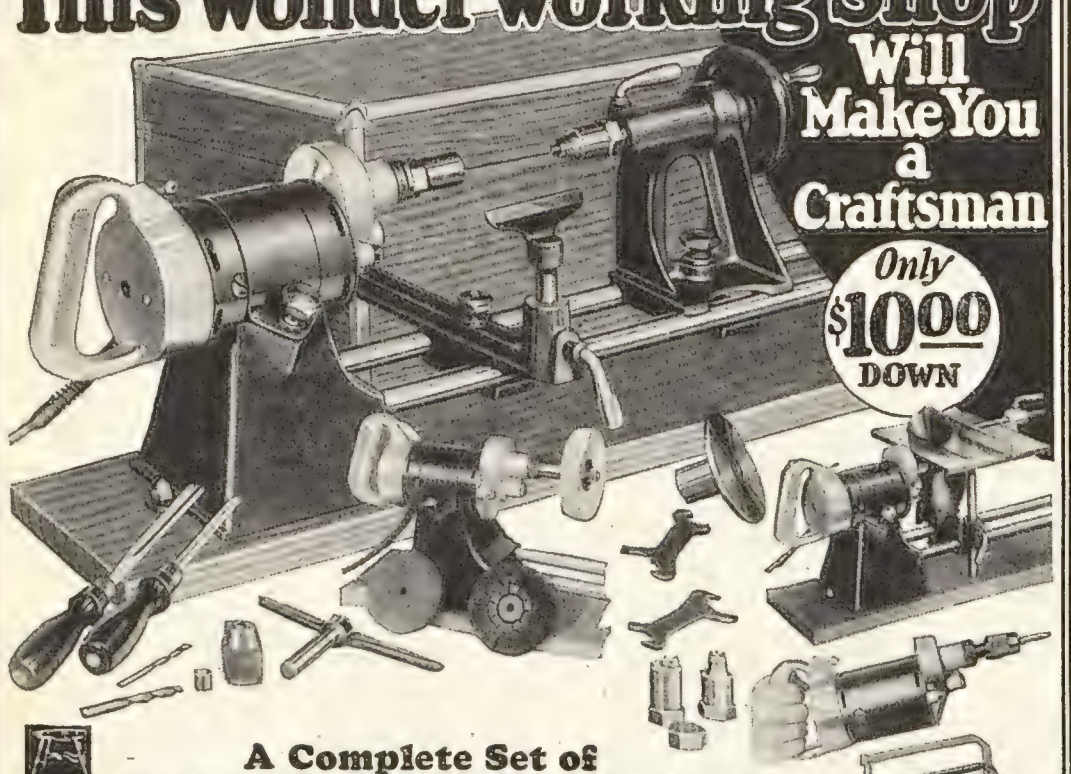
Blue-jay is the sensible, gentle and safe way. The cool pad relieves shoe-pressure and stops the pain at once. There is no danger of applying too much medication. Each plaster contains just the right amount of medication to end the corn. The new 1927 Blue-jay in the new package is now at all drug stores . . . at no increase in price. *For calluses and bunions use Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.*

THE *New* Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

© B. & B., 1927

This Wonder Working Shop Will Make You a Craftsman



A Complete Set of Craftsman's Home Working Tools

Red Jacket electrically driven tools turn out work like magic. Here is a complete made to order workbench equipment of perfect, efficient and powerful craftsman's tools that are small and compact enough for portable use and so inexpensive that any man or boy may have one.

The RED JACKET Home Work Shop

RED JACKET A *chest* full of tools designed by a master for the private use of tool lovers and men who want to build, construct, invent and create at home. You will be able to make everything—attractive odd furniture, toys, home and garden improvements, all around manufacturing, repairing.

THE COMPLETE EQUIPMENT consists of a powerful Red Jacket Motor, with direct drive to the Waco precision wood turning lathe (capacity 9 in. x 34 in.); a bench saw, that has depth and side gauges, scroll and jig saw; and all accessories for both portable and stationary power drilling, buffing, grinding and cleaning. Attaches to any light socket and converts your work bench into a complete private tool and machine shop.

The Waco Red Jacket GUARANTEE

If It Is Not What You Want When You Get It—Send It Back

Buy On Your Own Terms

Only $10.00 down. Liberal discounts for cash. Easy monthly payment plans. It is no hardship to own a Red Jacket.

Mail This To Waco

—10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL Our literature tells you how to start a job of your own. If you are not pleased return the Shop.

Special Crafts Course FREE

SPECIAL CRAFTS COURSE and blueprint service is free to Red Jacket Shop owners—all that there is to know about handicraft methods, raw materials, woods, carving, sawing, turning, designing, carpentering, decorating, is taught by special correspondence.

Interesting Literature Free

Send the coupon. You will be surprised with all it contains. Beautiful, Instructive, Fascinating, Interesting.

WACO TOOL WORKS, Inc.
542 N. Parkside Ave., Chicago

Manager, Dept. 711. Please send me particulars about 10-day free trial, free blueprints, and $10 down payment

Name.....

Address.....

[I FOUGHT THEM ALL
Continued from Page Sixty-five]

"Glory be, you can't be little Tommy."

She didn't like the hotel and sat down in the elevator. Never having been in a lift before, it scared her.

We all went across to Dundalk in the boat that night, and a great time we had, with every one shaking my hand, and the burning of bonfires, and picnics, and donkey rides—and I had to make a speech for the first time in my life, which was worse than any fight I ever had, so bad that I was groggy and ready to drop before I said a hundred words.

While in Ireland I fought Joe Craig at Belfast, and Pat McCourt at Wrens Point, and Punch Vaughn at Liverpool, and Tom Parks at Dundalk, before a great crowd, and him I knocked out in the first round to show them how hard I could hit.

They were great days for little Tommy Sharkey who ran away barefoot to the ships.

BACK I came to America in the fall, and went to Vallejo. The word had gone clear over to Australia that any one who could beat Sailor Sharkey could have all the money in Vallejo, the little town I had learned to love as my own, and over came Joe Goddard, the old Barrier Champion, looking to fight me.

One day I was in the Baldwin Hotel, and in came Joe, dressed for the world as if he was going on the stage, with a little Cockney bowler hat and a short English overcoat, the tails of it sticking out like a ballet-dancer's skirt. He came up to me and said:

"So you are the little bloke wot is terrorizing every one in this town?"

"Yes," I said, angered by his English tone, which ne'er failed to anger me those days, "and I'll terrorize you any time you want."

So we signed articles to fight at the National Sporting Club in San Francisco on November 18, and I started training again, hard, knowing him to be a rugged man and clever.

'Tis an odd thing that never in my career as a professional boxer have I been the favorite. Always the betting favored the other fellow, which is queer, unless it be that many of the betting men wanted me to be beaten. The first punch of the fight, I landed a left hook to his jaw and knocked him sprawling, and it looked as if the fight was over; but in the second round I had the narrowest escape of my life from being knocked out.

We had agreed to break clean, and just as the bell rang I broke from a clinch and dropped my hands—and that second I thought the roof had fallen on me. He had hit me a terrible blow at the back of the neck, the way blows are struck to kill rabbits. It almost paralyzed me, and had it not been that the bell had rung, I misdoubt that I would have been knocked out, for in the corner I was helpless until I filled my great lungs with two breaths, and the strength returned.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Off to a quick start, Dixon's "Ti-con-der-oga" pencil writes its way - as smooth and responsive at the last stroke as the first.

5¢ each

60¢ a dozen

Higher on the Pacific Coast
Three for a quarter in Canada

DIXON
"TI-CON-DER-OGA"
An extraordinary five cent pencil

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Pencil Dept. 10-J Jersey City, New Jersey

© 1927

1827 THE 100TH YEAR 1927 OF DIXON SERVICE

STOPS

TROLLEY SICKNESS

—faintness, stomach disturbances and dizziness caused by Sea, Train, Auto, Air or Car Travel. Mothersill's will promptly end all forms of Travel Sickness. 35

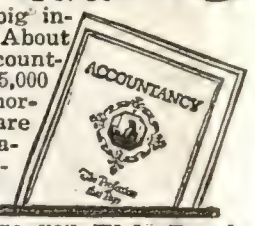
75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York Montreal
Paris London

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

25 Years In Use

Accounting
THE CONTROL OF BUSINESS



Accountants command big income. Thousands needed. About 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many earn $5,000 to $20,000. We train you thoroly at home in your spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge unnecessary — we prepare you from ground up. Our training is supervised by Wm. B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., assisted by staff of C. P. A.'s. Low cost — easy terms. Write now for valuable 64-page book — free.

This Book FREE!

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 1031-H Chicago

Hello Everybody!
This is Johnnie Walker *Speaking!*

"Funny how many people are really dissatisfied with their cigarettes and don't know it until they find such complete enjoyment in mine. Buy a package of Johnnie Walkers for 20c and you'll know what I mean."

20c for 20

Johnnie Walker CIGARETTES

Extremely Mild

LEARN FLYING!
FORTUNE, FAME and ADVENTURE

Aviation wants thousands of trained men and women at once. It offers the best paid, most thrilling life ever known. Pilots, mechanics, salesmen, construction experts, executives, instructors, office assistants, and dozens of other highly paid positions open to you if you are TRAINED. You can start your training right now, at home, without an airplane, thru our fascinating, simplified course in practical aeronautics, at an unbelievably low price. Prepared by experts who know how to train fellows like yourself as quickly and thoroly as possible. Satisfied students everywhere. Booklet free.

Special Price Offer

You can enroll right from this advertisement at half price. Just send $5.00 and in a few days you will be started on your way to success in Aviation. No other charge. We guarantee to refund every cent if you are not satisfied. Are you awake to the opportunity of the age? Please let us have your answer at once.

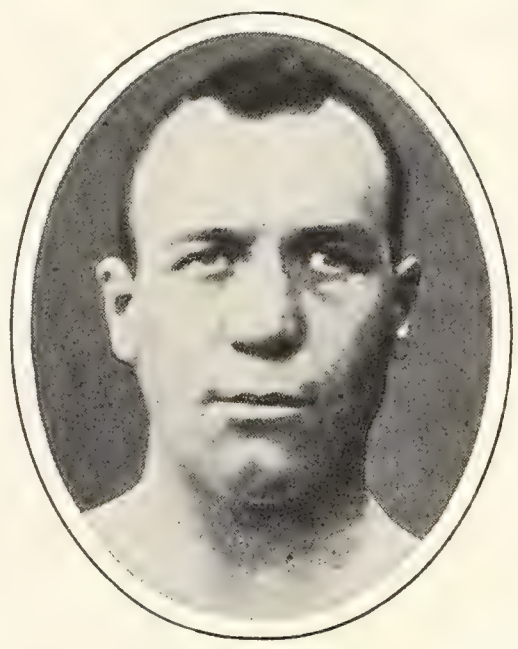
Aeronautic Institute of America
Yalesville, 15, Connecticut

WHY BALD AT 40?

LUCKY TIGER stops falling hair by killing the germs. Money-Back Guarantee. Whyte-Fox knocks pimples. Barbers or druggists
LUCKY TIGER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

I have ever thought that my great strength as a fighter came from my lungs. My waist always has been small, but my chest is like a barrel, and doctors have come for long journeys to examine it, saying they have never seen a thing like it. My waist measured 32; my chest was 48, and when expanded it was 56. When in the corner for the minute of rest I never let my seconds fan me, but as I sat down I would draw two



The Ring photo

Gus Ruhlin—he lasted twenty-seven seconds with Sharkey.

great breaths, and my heart would quiet, and I would feel the strength pouring back into my muscles.

It was that way against Goddard, who was a rough fighter, used to rough-and-tumble and skilled in the tricks that hurt men. That he had struck me the terrible rabbit punch after the bell made me mad, and thereafter I knocked him down fast, as often as he could rise.

HE was as game a fellow as ever lived, and took a terrible beating for that foul blow he struck, until the sixth round, when he fell and could not rise.

On March 11 of the next year—1898—I fought Choynski again, and the bad luck of me persisted, and it seemed as if never was I to have fair play. We fought in Woodward's Pavilion, San Francisco, and George Green, who was the first Young Corbett, and a good fighter—but a bad referee—was chosen to be the third man in the ring, nor did they ask me if I liked it. It was a tough fight, with much hard hitting. Twice I hit Joe terrible blows and knocked him clear out of the ring, and three times, had the count been fair, he was out, and then in the eighth round the police stopped the fight, and Green called it a draw.

If any fighter ever had hard sledding it was Tom Sharkey, and after such things, when they had robbed me of fights, always they were after blaming me and saying I fought foul.

I was fair discouraged then for a time, until one day, when I was training over in Vallejo, Gibbs and Bloom, who were managing the new Mechanics Pavilion, came to me and said:

"Tom, we have the best proposition in the world for you."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TREASURE *the pleasure of being thirsty*

The youngsters everywhere treasure the pleasure of satisfying thirst with the irresistible tang of delicious *bottled* carbonated beverages.

Let your children enjoy these taste-tempting drinks. Health-giving, they are made from pure water, finest sugar and wholesome flavors. Every ingredient, every process is clean. Order by the case from your store. They are good and *good for you.*

SENT FREE. Write for *"Recipes for Housewife and Hostess."* Frozen desserts, delicious punches, dainty salads. A.B.C.B., 852 Bond Bldg., Washington, D. C.

There's a BOTTLER *in your town*

SPONSORED BY

Bottled Carbonated Beverages

These taste-tempting drinks also are known by less formal names . . . *tonics* in New England . . . *soda water* in Dixie . . . *soda pop* in the Mid West . . . *soft drinks* in the Far West . . . and we all know the *ginger ales.* Call them what you will, but drink your fill—they're good and good for you!

BABY DIMPLES

A HORSMAN DOLL

E. I. HORSMAN CO. Inc. 900 BROADWAY, N.Y.
Makers of fine dolls

THE most vital safety factors on your car are the brakes. If you use "cheap" brake lining you reduce brake efficiency and add to costs for relining. In Raybestos brake lining you get the wear, the service, the safety and the quality which only Raybestos can give. Patronize the serviceman who sells genuine Silver Edge Raybestos and drive with safety and confidence.

THE RAYBESTOS CO.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

The Canadian Raybestos Co., Ltd.
Peterborough, Ont.

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Ten Dollars a Day

Commissions Paid Daily

Part time representatives can easily increase their income $30.00 weekly in spare time. Full time people can earn

$250.00 Monthly $500.00

Johnson Earned $90 in a Day

Selling America's most fairly priced and widely known line of "Made-to-Order" Personal and Business Christmas Greeting Cards, in universal demand among Banks, Business, Society and Professional people. For full details and exclusive territory

ADDRESS DEPT. H
The Process Engraving Co., Inc.,
Troy at 21st St., Chicago

Keep Your Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half-pint witch hazel.

At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

Hay Fever Catarrh—Asthma

The healing fumes of **Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Compound** restore normal health to Nasal and Bronchial passages afflicted with Hay Fever, Catarrh or Asthma. Standard remedy for 58 years. For convenience, or when traveling, use **Green Mountain Cigarettes** (same healing ingredients as Compound). Two sizes, $1 and 25c. Cigarettes, box of 24, 50c. At your druggists or sent direct postpaid for cash or money order. **FREE TRIAL box** (6 cigarettes) sent on request.

J. H. GUILD CO., Dept. 4, Rupert, Vt.

Dr. J. H. Guild's Green Mountain Kidney Pills (a diuretic stimulant) 60c. for package of 72 pills.

RADIO AT WHOLESALE

Write for my Big 1928 Radio Catalog—just off the press. Thousands o marvelous bargains in nationally advertised goods. All the LATEST IN RADIOS and equipment. Lowest wholesale prices.

It's a regular encyclopedia on Radio. All about trouble finding. *FREE Log and Call Book* and Catalog. Get your copy today. Send postcard now!

Agents Wanted

FREE

American Auto & Radio Mfg. Co.
HARRY SCHWARTZBERG, PRES.
Dept. 573, American Radio Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. 3

[I FOUGHT THEM ALL Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

"And what is that?"

"A fight with Jeffries."

"Ho, ho!" I laughed. "No one would come to see us. Every one knows I can beat Jeffries."

But they persuaded me a great crowd would come, and we signed articles to fight in San Francisco on May 6, 1898. They were late getting the permit for the fight, and the seats were put up in a hurry, and a great crowd came, having heard that the big fellow was like to become a great fighter; although no one thought then how great he might be.

JEFF was lumbering and awkward to look at then, but fast—faster than any big man I ever saw, although the bigness of him fooled the spectators. He could box, but at that time he stood straight and in an awkward position, and he looked scared when we started.

I thought he would drop when I hit him, but things happened almost from the start. In the first round the seats on one side of the hall went down, carrying thousands of spectators with them, all in a tangle, and the excitement was that great we almost forgot to fight.

In the second round I fetched the big fellow a terrible clip on the side of the head and waited to see him fall, and he only shook his head from side to side and drove his right into my ribs. As I backed away, I said to myself, "Tom, my boy, you're in a fight; this is a man."

I hit him and hit him, and he wouldn't fall, but kept that piledriver of a right jarring into the ribs of me until they ached.

During the third round the seats on the other side of the hall fell, and there was almost a panic, and many people were hurt, so that the excitement slowed up the fight.

Hit him hard as I would, I could not make him drop, so we fought twenty rounds and Jeff got the decision, although I thought it should have been mine. There was little to choose. Alex Greggains refereed that fight—him I had fought.

All the time I thought I could beat Jeffries, and that I had failed because of his bigness and awkwardness. I thought little of the fight, since it meant nothing in the way of the championship. I thought to myself I'd knock this big man out if ever we met again, and studied his ways, and thought I knew just how to get him.

That night I got a telegram from John Quinn of Pittsburgh, asking would I fight Gus Ruhlin at the Seaside Athletic Club, which was at Coney Island; I wired that I would, so the match was made for June 29. I trained five weeks on Staten Island and came to the fight in fine condition, weighing 173½ pounds, and fit to battle for anything, for always my eye was on the championship.

Never had I laid eyes on Ruhlin, and when I saw him I thought we would have a grand fight, for he was six feet four inches tall

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LEARN TO DRAW AT HOME

Students say: "IT'S EASY"

Trained artists earn from $50 to over $250 a week. W. R. Kent, one of our graduates in New Jersey writes, "I have sold a drawing, which took less than a day to do, for $100." Tremendous demand right now for good art work. Magazines, newspapers, advertisers, printing houses, etc.

Become an artist through wonderful, simple method right at home in spare time as Kent and many others have done. Learn Illustrating, Designing and Sketching. Actual fun learning this way. Learn to Draw and Earn Big Money. Many of our students earn big money while learning.

Send for FREE BOOK

Just printed—a new book which describes the latest developments and wonderful opportunities in Commercial Art, and gives full details of this remarkable method of learning to draw. Tells all about students—their successes—what they say—actual reproductions of their work—and how many earned big money even while learning. Write for this FREE BOOK and details of ARTISTS OUTFIT GIVEN WITH COURSE. Write name plainly. State age and whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Mail postcard or letter NOW. (No salesman will call.)

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Inc.
Room 1310E, 1115 15th St., N. W.
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START to PLAY Very First Day!

Extra Money, Hosts of Friends, Can Be Yours!

FREE easy lessons enable you to play this amazing instrument at once, even if you can't read a note of music right now! Surprise and delight your friends. Make big money at dances, entertainments and socials. Earn $5 to $25 extra for work that is play. Wonderful for the home. No teacher necessary, free lessons show you how.

Earns $60 a Week

Ralph Smith, Chicago, says: "Played 20 minutes at wedding. Received $20." L. E. Hallman, Reading, Penna., writes: "Made $300 in five weeks--spare time."

Five Days Free Trial--Year to Pay. Big Free Book tells how you can play the Xylorimba in your own home for five days and evenings at our risk and outlines our special terms that make it easy for you to own a Xylorimba. If you want more fun out of life, more friends and boosters, more money than you've ever earned before, send for Free Book today.

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Please send me, without obligation, full details of the Free Trial and easy-payment plan on the Deagan Xylorimba.

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MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $10 to $15 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
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Learn to Fly

Billions of dollars will be created and spent through the development of aviation. Thousands of positions will be open for those who are prepared.

Prepare now! Complete Home Study Course in Aviation arranged by America's foremost aeronautical society. Authentic yet inexpensive. *Write for further information.*
THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PROMOTION OF AVIATION, 522 Fifth Ave., Dept. L, NEW YORK

DIGNIFIED WORK THAT PAYS WELL

Many of our Salesmen and Sales Ladies are making upward of $25 per day selling our made-to-order Christmas Cards to individuals and firms. Finest French and Genuine Exclusive Etchings. Enormous demand. Commissions paid daily. Elaborate sample book supplied. District representatives wanted.

Drucker & Kelly Engraving Studios
223-225 W. Madison St., Chicago

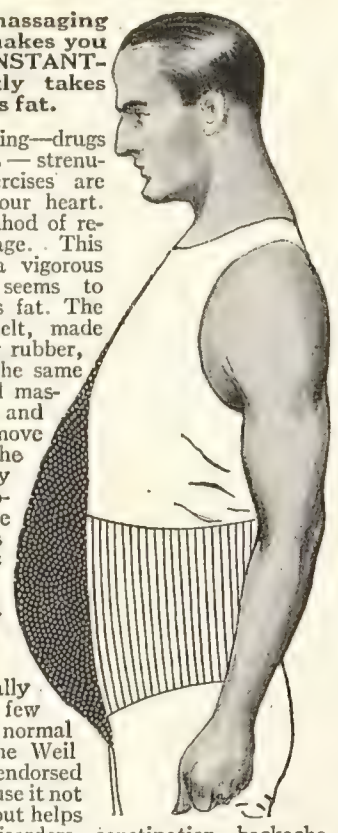
Why Suffer?

DENT'S TOOTHACHE GUM

Stops Toothache--Cleanses Cavity --Destroys Odor. All Druggists

Fat Men!

This new self-massaging belt not only makes you look thinner INSTANTLY—but quickly takes off rolls of excess fat.



DIET is weakening—drugs are dangerous — strenuous reducing exercises are liable to strain your heart. The only safe method of reducing is massage. This method sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to melt away surplus fat. The Weil Reducing Belt, made of special reducing rubber, produces exactly the same results as a skilled masseur only quicker and cheaper. Every move you make causes the Weil Belt to gently massage your abdomen. Results are rapid because this belt *works for you every second.*

Fat Replaced By Normal Tissue

From 4 to 6 inches of flabby fat usually vanish in just a few weeks. Only solid, normal tissue remains. The Weil Reducing Belt is endorsed by physicians because it not only takes off fat, but helps correct stomach disorders, constipation, backache, shortness of breath and puts sagging internal organs back into place.

SPECIAL 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER

Send no money. Write for detailed description and testimonials from delighted users. Write at once. Special 10-day trial offer. The Weil Company, 8810 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

THE WEIL COMPANY
8810 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt, and also your Special 10-Day Trial Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Gives Perfect Foot Comfort

There is no substitute for a body tingling with vitality. To have it you must exercise. To get any benefit from exercise you must have comfortable feet.

Massage your feet with Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm before you go out, and you will be able to stand, walk, hike, golf or dance to your heart's content without discomfort.

Apply it even after you have been on your feet for hours, and are suffering keenly from your feet and you will get immediate relief. It dispels all foot aches, pains and burning sensations like magic; reduces swollen feet and ankles. Relieves corns, callouses and bunions, too.

At all drug, shoe and dept. stores—35c per jar.

Dr Scholl's Foot Balm

Write for free sample to The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago, World's Largest Manufacturers of Arch Supports, Foot Comfort Appliances and Foot Remedies

Beauty Of Hair and Skin Preserved By Cuticura

Soap to Cleanse Ointment to Heal

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]

and built in proportion. I looked at him, towering in his corner, and Spider Kelly said to me:

"We're a long ways from home, Tom. Go out and knock that Dutchman's head off quick."

There was no crowd, not enough to pay training expenses, and little interest. So when the bell rang I ran out to meet him, feinted with my right, hooked my left to his jaw, and he toppled over like the mast of a ship in a hurricane. It was twenty-seven seconds after the bell rang that he was counted out. The next day I went to get the money, and there was none—and Alex Brown, who was the treasurer, swore it was a fake and that he would pay no money.

I got a judgment against the club, but none of them had a penny that I could find, so for all my training and travel and the fight, I got not a cent, and nothing but abuse and slander.

DURING that summer, 1898, we kept challenging Corbett, who, though he had lost the championship to Fitzsimmons on March 17, 1897, was making too much money to do much fighting, and finally he was forced to give me the match which we had agreed to after the scandalous fight in San Francisco.

The match was set for November 22, and went to the Lenox Athletic Club. I was overjoyed, for I felt the chance for which I had worked so long had come. I was certain as I am that I am talking now that I could beat Corbett.

You may wonder that I felt so sure. It was because the time I saw him against Sullivan I noticed that only his left hand was

Brown Bros. photo

Joe Choynski—knocked out of the ring twice by Sharkey.

dangerous, and that each time, before he used it, he turned the hand twice on the wrist, as if to strike—and it was like counting: one, two; one, two—and then hit.

He did it every time, and in the San Francisco fight I could watch his left and count, and as he struck I would step in close and hit him. He never changed, and I knew he would be easy for me to hit, and that if I landed my left there would be no more arguments.

'Twas a fine dream, and I went to the training as happy as a man to his wedding. 'Tis often so in this life: the things that look best turn out worst; and this fight on which I counted so much turned

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WELDONA TABLETS FOR RHEUMATISM

Especially effective for Sciatica—Neuritis — Joint — Muscular and other forms of rheumatism which ordinary treatments fail to reach. Druggists sell millions of Weldona tablets annually. Literature describing rheumatism from the Early Egyptian Days to the present mailed on request to Weldona Corp'n, 232 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

"O, Gee!-- Grandma's Coming Downstairs— Rheumatism's Gone"

BOYS - - -
get your football equipment *free!*

EVERY live boy wants to have his own football to boot around. Be the captain of the eleven in your neighborhood and get all your football equipment absolutely free. We'll show you how! In addition you can earn your own pocket money during your spare time. Send the coupon for full details and catalog today.

LIBERTY MAGAZINE,
Boy Sales Division
247 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

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ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

VOGUE

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THE CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

[I FOUGHT THEM ALL Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

out the worst scandal of all my life.

Bob Armstrong, the big colored lad, was with me in the corner, and before the fight started he was telling me to be careful.

"Corbett is in fine shape," he said. "He's liable to get you if you aren't careful."

"I'll bet I knock him down in the first round," I said.

"Knock him down in the first round! You'll be lucky to hit him in the first round," said Tom O'Rourke, who was with me.

"I'll bet I knock him down," I said.

SO in the first round I watched that left of his, tempting him, and I timed it and hit him a clip that dropped him.

He was fast that night, and he jabbed his left at me and punched me, while I ripped with my right at his body and waited for the chance for the left to land.

In the fourth round I saw he was very tired, and that he was wearing down, so I bided my time, feeling sure that I was to win, and that I would knock him out when he tired a bit more and his arms wearied. In the ninth round I hit him, not hard, but hard enough to hurt, and while we were struggling in the center of the ring in a clinch, Con McVey climbed into the ring from Corbett's corner.

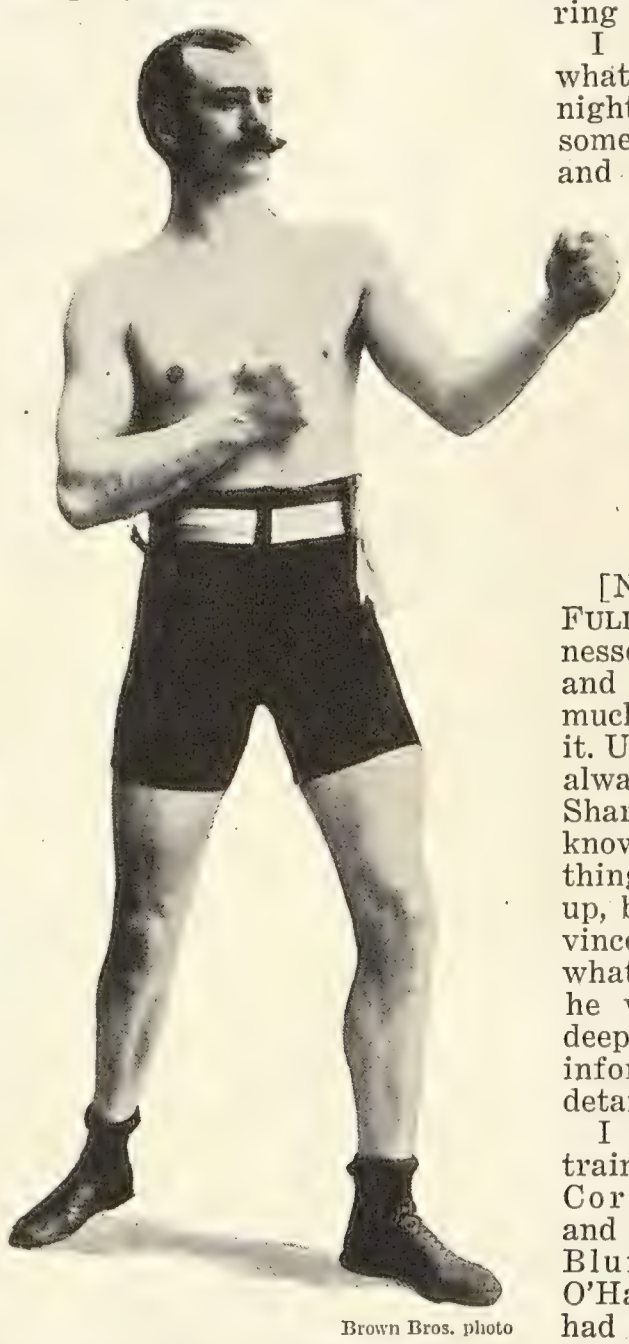
John Kelly—the same they called Honest John—who was a big gambler and sport, was the referee, and we had been told he had bet $2,500 on Corbett. As soon as he saw Corbett's big second climb into the ring, he grabbed us and started to push us apart. The big crowd was in an uproar and threatening a riot. The police were busy holding them back, and every one yelling and struggling and trying to find out what it was all about—and me not knowing, and wondering what sort of new way this was to rob a sailor-lad.

Some one yelled, "Who wins?"

"Sharkey wins!" Kelly yelled, and I was happy.

"How about the bets?" yelled Johnny Considine, who was near the ringside, and who, I knew, had bet long and heavy on Corbett.

"All bets off!" Kelly yelled back at him, and Considine nodded and seemed much relieved. But I was not, for I had bet heavy on beating Corbett.



Brown Bros. photo

Peter Maher, who disputed the championship of Ireland with Tom.

'Twas a terrible scandal, and it did more to kill boxing in New York than any other thing that happened. No one ever seemed to get the straight of it. Poor Con McVey, the big, good-natured boy who had climbed into the ring, said he couldn't stand to see Corbett knocked out and climbed in the ring to save him.

I never knew what came off that night, but it was something dirty and wrong, and it kept me from whipping Corbett as I felt all along I could do, and from avenging poor old John L.

[NOTE BY HUGH FULLERTON: I witnessed that fight, and it happened much as Tom tells it. Until now I have always thought Sharkey must have known that something was hatched up, but he has convinced me that, whatever came off, he was not in it deep enough to be informed as to the details at least.

I had been in training-camp with Corbett, McVey, and my chum, Bill Blunt (Charlie O'Hara), and we had become very friendly. I was with Blunt and McVey about 3 o'clock the day of the match. They knew I had bet on Corbett, and were, at that time, seemingly confident he would beat Sharkey. Returning to the old Fifth Avenue Hotel at dinner-time, I found a telegram from Blunt and Con which read:

JOLLY RIPE LIZZIE AND IZZY DRY AND WET NEAR AND FAR UP AND DOWN DUMBBELLS SLEEP WORKS NINE P M

We had been practising talking to each other in the slang of the Australian thieves, and had reached a point where we could understand each other. Translated, the telegram meant for me to hedge my bets, and that Dumbbells, as we called Corbett, was to go to sleep in the ninth round.

I hedged the bets, and went to the arena. Blunt sent a note across the ring, asking me if I had succeeded in laying off my bets, but neither he nor McVey ever would tell me what happened.]

Sharkey met Jeffries a second time, in one of the bitterest battles in all ring history. It was then he saw his life's dream shattered. He tells of it in the closing chapter of his life story next week.

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WSAI–*Cincinnati*
WTAM–*Cleveland*
WWJ–*Detroit*
WGN–*Chicago*
WOC–*Davenport*
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KSD–*St. Louis*
WDAF–*Kansas City*
WRC–*Washington*
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WHAS–*Louisville*
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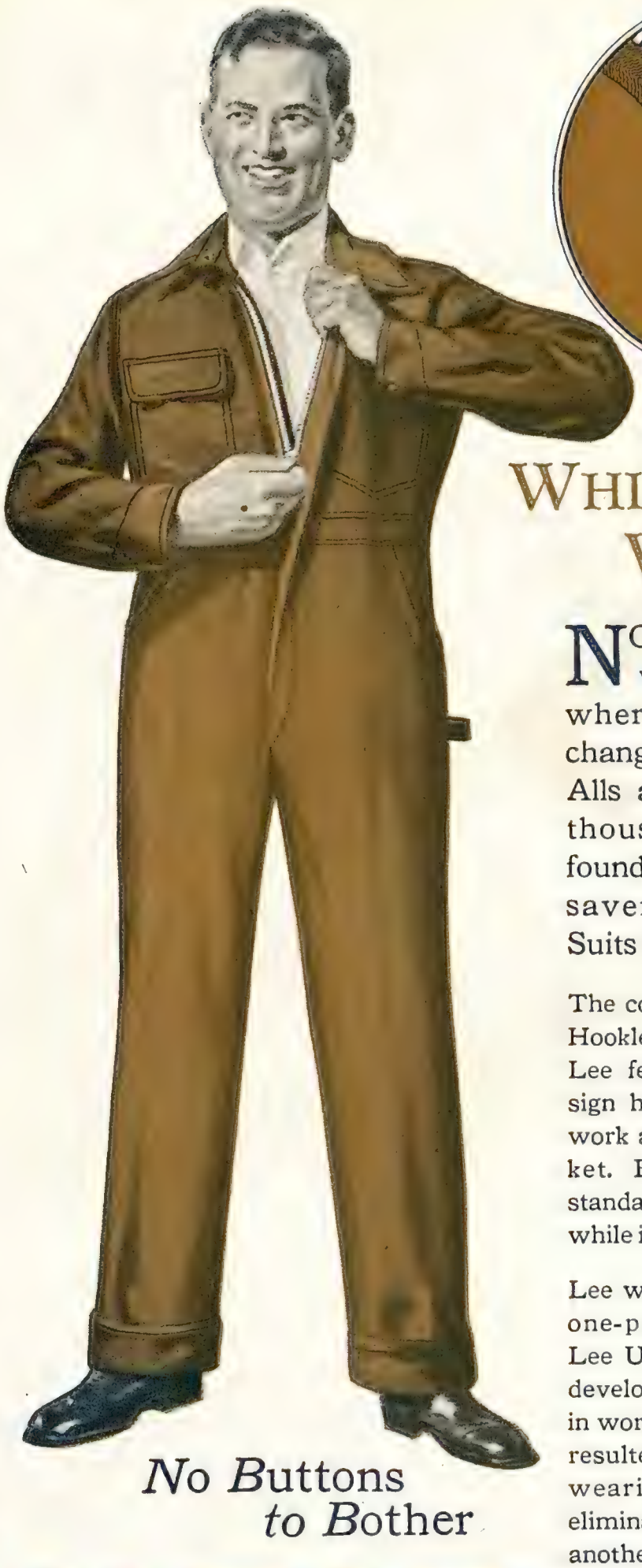

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Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know

? ? ?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. The following week these questions are republished, together with their answers and a new list of questions. Our readers find that trying to answer the questions is a fascinating and instructive pastime.

Give yourself five points out of a hundred for each question correctly answered, then see how high a score you can make.

1—What name belongs opposite each of the following to make a pair of lovers famous in literature: Pelleas and ——; Aucassin and ——; Lady Hamilton and ——; Abelard and ——; Antony and ——; Dante and ——; Chopin and ——?

2—What degree of heat is required to boil water?

3—What is the retirement age in the United States army?

4—Where is the only house still standing that was once occupied by a Mayflower pilgrim?

5—What is the rarest of all commercial products?

6—Which United States Senator has the longest service record? Which Representative?

7—Do more people live in the city or the country in the United States?

8—When did Congress hold its first session at Washington, D. C.?

9—What are the five largest States according to population?

10—Estimate how many bachelors there are in the United States; how many spinsters?

11—When was the first attempt made to reach the North Pole by air?

12—How much annual income does the government derive from the Panama Canal?

13—What American General won his rank in a war against mosquitoes?

14—How far can a jack-rabbit jump?

15—What is the difference in golf between match play and medal play?

16—Who was the boy who "stood on the burning deck"?

17—What religious denomination has the largest number of ministers in the United States?

18—What is the approximate annual death toll from automobile accidents in the United States?

19—What mountains separate Europe from Asia?

20—Which was the original Jumbo?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—How many legs has a spider?
A.—Eight.

2—How far does a golfer usually walk playing eighteen holes?
A.—About five miles.

3—What percentage of the total currency of the United States is one-dollar bills, and how quickly are they worn out?
A.—Eighty per cent of the total currency is one-dollar bills, which are worn out at the rate of 1,500,000 every day.

4—What is the daily food allowance of the enlisted man in the United States army today?
A.—Fifty cents. On July 1 President Coolidge by executive order increased the allowance from thirty-six cents.

5—Where and when was the first golf club established in America?
A.—St. Andrews, the first course in America, was laid out in Yonkers in 1888.

6—What is the active life of a big cannon?
A.—About three seconds—the time actually required for 150 to 200 shells to pass through the barrel. After that it must be rebuilt.

7—What was the longest run ever made from kick-off by a football-player?
A.—In the Chicago-Wisconsin game in 1904, Walter Eckersall of Chicago received the ball and ran 106 yards.

8—What was the highest victory record ever made for a season by a team in the major baseball leagues?
A.—Chicago, in the National League, completed the season of 1880 with a mark of .798, having won sixty-seven games and lost seventeen.

9—Are there more red or white stripes in the American flag?
A.—There are seven red stripes and only six white stripes.

10—Who made the fastest flight across the Atlantic?
A.—Alcock and Brown. They averaged 120.9 miles an hour. Brock and Schlee averaged 111.4; Lindbergh, 107.7; Byrd 105.2; and Chamberlin 100.7.

11—How many sons of Presidents are living?
A.—Eighteen. The Presidents are represented as follows: Coolidge, one; Taft, two; Roosevelt, three; Cleveland, two; Hayes, one; Harrison, one; Arthur, one; Garfield, four; Grant, two; Tyler, one.

12—What bird lives the longest?
A.—Scientists estimate that the eider-duck, goose, raven, and parrot may live between 200 and 300 years.

13—Are women eligible for high diplomatic posts in the United States government?
A.—Yes. While none have yet held the rank of minister or ambassador, there are at present two women in the Diplomatic Corps who are in line for these offices.

14—What is the highest denomination of United States currency?
A.—The $10,000 bill.

15—What country in South America formerly belonged to Portugal?
A.—Brazil once belonged to Portugal. The Portuguese language is still spoken there.

16—What is the name of the leading seaport of France?
A.—Marseilles, the second largest city in the country.

17—What is the present strength of the United States army?
A.—The present army strength is estimated at about 119,000 men. The authorized strength is 125,000.

18—How many persons were killed by German air raids on London during the World War?
A.—In a long series of day and night raids, 1,413 persons were killed, chiefly by bombs, and 3,407 were injured.

19—What metal is the most perfect conductor of electricity?
A.—Silver. However, its expense keeps it from being generally used for this purpose.

20—What great British writer is buried on an island in the South Pacific?
A.—Robert Louis Stevenson, who died on Upolu in the Samoan Islands and was buried by the natives on the summit of Mount Vaea.

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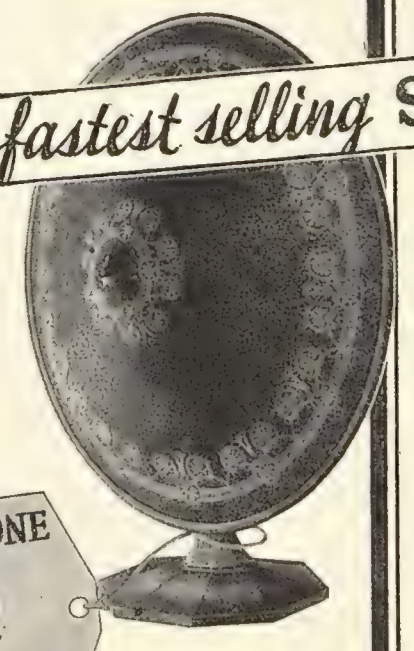

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No wonder KRISS-KROSS has revolutionized shaving traditions! It is so sensational that it seems hardly fair to call it a stropper. Rather it is a *super*-stropper or blade-*rejuvenator!* Produces unbelievable sharpness and prolongs the life of any blade for months and even years. Actually—you can take a blade right out of a fresh package and improve it beyond belief in eleven seconds with KRISS-KROSS!

This surprising invention utilizes the famous *diagonal stroke*, same as a master barber uses. Strops from *heavy* to *light*. Adjustable, automatic jig flies up and notifies you when your blade is ready—*ready with the keenest cutting-edge that steel can take!*

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And now for my surprising offer. To introduce KRISS-KROSS, I am giving with it Free a new kind of razor. Possesses remarkable features. Instantly adjustable 3-ways. Gives a *sliding* instead of *pulling* stroke. Simply zips right through the toughest crop of whiskers. . . . This generous offer is limited. Send for details and information on amazing KRISS-KROSS inventions today. They are even more remarkable than I can tell you in this short space. Clip the coupon now!

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Do Ugly Hairs Show Through Stockings?

Is the clean, pink flesh that appears through the thinness of your webby stockings made blotchy and unattractive by hairs on your legs? Do you realize these disfiguring growths show through? And, like hairs upon arms and underarms, are repellent? Or, do you wisely give heed to this matter of your toilette....removing hair, not with the hair stimulating, coarsening, masculine razor but by dissolving it away with Neet? Good looking legs deserve this care. Do you give it to them? Just look at yourself. And remember, others look at you—critically—too.

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Beauty Wisdom from the Jungles

By EILEEN BOURNE

"YES, indeed, the jungle is the very place to keep up beauty treatments. I did my duty by skin and hair every day. Just because I lived in the heart of Africa was no reason at all why I should let myself become a frump."

Thus spoke Mrs. Martin Johnson. She and her husband have recently returned from four years in East Africa. There, in the interests of science, they were studying and photographing wild-animal life.

Every day they set out in rain or blazing sun to trek miles into the forest or across plains with movie cameras and their black porters.

Mrs. Johnson was the only white woman within 200 miles. Ninety tribesmen were her companions. Rhinoceroses, giraffes, gazelles, lions, ostriches, zebras, leopards, jackals, elephants, and baboons were her neighbors. Yet, this woman continued to be as meticulous as though dining every night at Mayfair. Of course, there was her husband. And that she never takes him for granted is possibly one reason the Johnsons after eighteen years of marriage are still sweethearts.

Here is a message to blazon to the feminine world. Osa Johnson puts us to shame.

How many of us take trouble to look our best just for friend husband? With only the speculative eyes of fifty elephants upon us as we pursued our professional lives, how many of us would curl hair and powder noses?

Mrs. Johnson has many practical suggestions on the way to preserve feminine beauty under severe exposure to the elements. Travelers and sportswomen all the world over may adopt her methods with profit.

She is one of the busiest women on earth. It is she who manages the vast caravan of servitors, she who looks after the supplies and the feeding of this huge family, she who stands ready to turn a camera crank or shoot to the heart some wild beast about to spring.

This hardy specimen, who can ride a mule all day and brave the scorching tropic sun and the terror of an elephant's charge, sounds as if she might be an Amazon six feet tall with a deep bass voice, but she is petite and dimpled and her voice has a birdlike sweetness.

Dark eyes with curly lashes look out from a frame of soft, wavy chestnut hair which falls in a girlish bob. As for her skin, in its unlined, rosy freshness it looks as though its most deadly source of exposure had been the shaded lamp of a restaurant table.

How does she do it? Twice a day she cleanses her face with cold cream, and follows this by a thorough application of astringent lotion. A very fine powder is then dusted all over face and throat and, with a deft flourish of the lip-stick, which is no more forgotten than her cartridges, she is ready.

"Wherever I happened to be," said Mrs. Johnson, "I always planned for this daily ceremony. As soon as we struck camp my husband would make me a little toilet-table of a packing-box, and on this I set up my vanity case. Of course I had to have cream made up for me by a chemist who understood how to preserve it indefinitely.

"It came in little sealed tubes wrapped in oiled paper, and I had a huge case of it sent out every year. I was absolutely dependent on cream and astringent, for I couldn't touch the hard water of Africa to my face and throat. These two aids kept my skin absolutely clean and fresh, and the powder preserved it against sunburn."

Further protection was offered by her method of dressing—sportswomen, please note! A large sombrero, with another brimless hat stitched firmly inside and lined with red to absorb sun-rays, was worn constantly. Her throat was protected by a red handkerchief. Mrs. Johnson did nothing to protect her hands and arms.

"I couldn't be bothered," said she. "To have my arms free was essential to my work and often to our lives. Luckily I don't freckle. I managed to prevent a dreadfully deep tan by using cucumber cream three times a week. It is softening, healing, and bleaching. I used it for my face, too, and couldn't have done without it."

Women who have nothing more serious on hand than golf and bridge never find time to brush their locks, but this busy worker finds time every day. Three times, indeed, she brushes her hair and then gives it a finger wave which she sets by careful combing. Every fortnight she shampoos it in a lather made of carefully prepared castile jelly and gives the scalp a thorough massage.

"Once a year," said Mrs. Johnson, with a flash of her little white teeth, "I insist on going down to Nairobi, the coast town, to get a permanent wave—we have two beauty shops there.

"To any woman who wishes to raise a thick crop of hair I recommend life in the jungle. The wonderful air at night, the life in the open, and the care I give it produces a perfect bush. Of course I take great pains not to sunburn my hair—that would take away all its life. This permanent lasts a year because I set it every day."

Mrs. Johnson combs and finger-waves her hair just before going to bed. "I arrange it just as if I were setting out for a ball and then it stays. I never even have to wear a net. I believe most hair can be trained if the lessons are kept up every day."

Probably you think there is a hidden magic which keeps Mrs. Martin Johnson in the midst of the jungle not only unscathed, but girlishly fresh. You are right. But this magic is one which most of us could possess did we wish to pay the price of it.

It is the daily exercise, the simple diet, the eight hours of perfect rest, the glowing, jubilant sense of health possessed by this happy creature which are basic to the loveliness of her skin, hair, and figure. Every day she walks or rides for miles. Whenever she can, she swims and bathes in open pools. Her work, her play, her entire life is spent in the great open spaces.

MRS. MARTIN JOHNSON, photographed in the jungle with her husband, seems more like a movie actress on location than a veteran explorer.

Mrs. Johnson completes every strenuous day by absolute rest. If she didn't know how to relax, she wouldn't have lasted a year, let alone four, in the African forest. She has ruled from her consciousness those fears which set most of us tossing on our pillows.

TRY eight hours of sleep and early rising for four years and see if you're not younger and handsomer than when you began.

And don't forget simple diet.

At the permanent camp around Lake Paradise Mrs. Johnson achieves an almost perfect dietary. For there with her own hands she plants and cultivates a huge vegetable garden where from string-beans and lettuce to watermelon she achieves every kind of green growing thing we have on tables supplied by the richest markets.

Roughage, raw foods, and green-stuffs combined with a restricted amount of meat and few sweets—here is the program which completes this régime of health.

When Mrs. Johnson uses her lip-stick and powder-puff the native women gather eagerly around and beg to be made beautiful, too. We don't blame them. To see this charming woman is to wish to emulate her method of keeping in such perfect condition. And, indeed, she has brought us from the African jungle a wisdom about the right way to be beautiful which is absolutely unequaled in potency.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelop for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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Simple Recipes *for* Rolls *and* Cake-Breads

By ETHEL SOMERS

GOOD home-made bread and rolls are a real treat to any household. Although home-baked bread may not always pay, except for its superior flavor, home-baked rolls are usually somewhat cheaper than the baker's product.

The best fancy bread and rolls usually require eggs and also additional sugar and shortening. The eggs and additional fat retard the rising somewhat, so extra yeast is necessary, especially when baking by the short method. For this reason, then, rolls are best if mixed and handled as a softer dough than bread dough.

Perhaps the most common error in making rolls is that the dough is not allowed sufficient time for rising. A loose-textured fluffiness is essential.

All fancy bread-stuffs require a hotter oven so as to bake more quickly than bread. This insures a delicate crust and prevents them from becoming dried while baking. Hard, crusty rolls are produced by prolonging the time of baking and further drying in the warming-oven after baking.

Rolls

¾ cup scalded milk
3 tablespoons sugar or, for variation, 2 to 4 tablespoons
¾ teaspoon salt
½ to 2 cakes yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
3 tablespoons shortening or, for variation, 2 to 4 tablespoons
1 egg or, for variation, 2 eggs or 1 egg and 1 yolk
3 cups flour

SOFTEN the yeast in ¼ cup of lukewarm water. The large proportion of yeast yields a finished product in 2 hours. The small requires 4 to 5 hours. Bring the remaining liquid to the boiling-point. Place the sugar, salt, and fat in mixing-bowl and pour in the hot liquid. Let cool until lukewarm (98° F.), then add the softened yeast, beaten eggs, and a small portion of the flour.

Beat with a mechanical or Dover egg-beater for 5 to 10 minutes, until an elastic, smooth batter is formed. Gradually mix in the remaining flour, beating vigorously, and after the dough becomes stiff, knead in the rest of the flour. Kneading the dough thoroughly will gradually overcome any stickiness. When indented, the well kneaded dough should spring back into place.

Place the dough in a buttered vessel and turn the dough over several times to grease its surface. For rolls the container should be three times the size of the ball of dough put to rise. Cover the vessel with wax paper and a cloth and set where it will keep at an even, slightly warm temperature (82° F.). When the dough is more than doubled in bulk, cut it down with a knife and let it rise again. This is not essential, but improves the texture of the finished product, so that if the time permits it is a wise step in the recipe.

Divide into rolls or cuts of the proper size and proceed to shape, handling as little as possible. Bake as directed in the recipes given herewith.

For other varieties of rolls, not given here, see LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes, pages 13 and 14.

In shaping rolls, seal in gas bubbles by pinching the edges together

Too much handling kills dough. Cover it and let rise for 10 minutes, when it will again be pliable.

A teaspoon of milk poured in the center of each cinnamon or butter-scotch roll when half baked keeps it moist and prevents burning.

Butter-Scotch Rolls

SPREAD the roll dough after the first rising to ½-inch thickness. Spread with the following mixture:

½ cup butter, softened by warming
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup currants, raisins, or dates, if desired

Roll up the dough as for Jelly Roll. Cut into slices 1 inch thick. Cover the bottom of a buttered baking-dish with ¼ cup of brown sugar and sprinkle with 1 to 2 tablespoons of butter. This will form butter-scotch on the rolls during the baking. Place one cut end of the roll down in the prepared baking-pan, placing the rolls close together to prevent the syrup from cooking out. Let rise until very light, that is, until two and one-half or three times their original bulk. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 20 to 30 minutes. When half baked, baste with 1 teaspoon of sugar-and-milk mixture made by using 1 part of sugar and 2 parts of milk. When removing the pans from the oven, turn upside down *while hot* on wax paper on a cooling-rack.

Pecan Rolls

PREPARE as for Butter-scotch Rolls, omitting the butter and diced fruit, and sprinkle chopped pecans over the brown sugar on the rolled dough and whole pecans in the brown sugar in the baking-pan.

Poppy-Seed Rolls

CUT off risen dough in pieces 2 inches in diameter after first rising. Stretch the roll dough into a long roll, Vienna shape. Place these far apart on a buttered baking-sheet. Wash with a mixture of 2 parts slightly beaten egg white and 1 part water. Springle the top with poppy-seeds. Let rise until two and one-half or three times their bulk and bake in a hot oven (425° F.) for 20 minutes. If these are desired crusty, reduce the oven heat to 375° and bake 10 minutes longer. Place in the warming-oven and dry further as desired. Poppy-seed rolls may be made without the egg if desired.

Coffee Cake

PREFERABLY use the larger proportions of sugar, fat, and egg indicated in our first recipe for Rolls. Prepare the dough after the first rising in round or square pieces, according to the desired shape of the finished coffee cake. Spread the surface with melted but not hot butter, and sprinkle with blended cinnamon and sugar (2 tablespoons sugar mixed with ½ teaspoon cinnamon). Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) for 20 minutes. Remove from the pan while hot.

Coffee Cake with Peanut Dressing

¼ cup sugar
¼ cup butter
½ cup flour
½ to 1 cup peanuts chopped

CREAM the butter and sugar and cut this creamed mixture into the flour as for pie dough until thoroughly blended. (See page 19, LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes.) A half teaspoon of cinnamon may be added if desired. Sprinkle this mixture over the buttered coffee cake and cover with chopped peanuts.

Roll Twists

THESE may be made from a single long thin roll of the risen dough bent in the middle and the two half lengths of dough twisted together. A blanched almond inserted on the folded end adds to their attractiveness.

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There is even a slot in the base to hang it by, so that if you wish you can turn these little stand lamps into dainty wall brackets beside your mirror, or as a decorative wall light anywhere. (It hides the nail and hugs the wall like a permanent fixture.)

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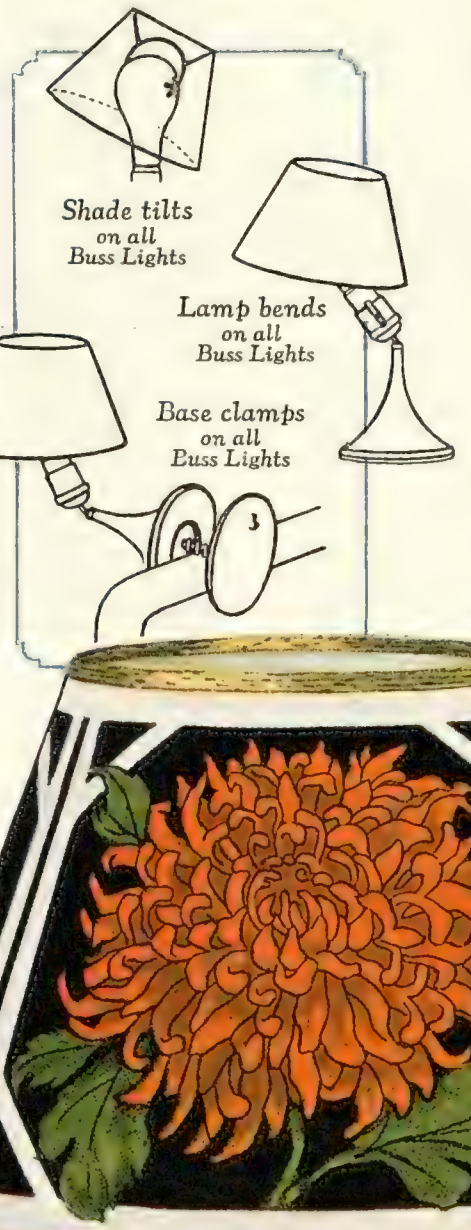

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WILHELM II—Photograph hand colored by himself

This is the latest official photograph of the former Kaiser, taken on his sixty-eighth birthday at Doorn, January 27, 1927. Wilhelm is wearing the uniform of a lieutenant-general of cavalry. At his throat is the order Pour le Mérite, the highest German military honor. Below it is the grand cordon of the Iron Cross. After coloring this portrait, Wilhelm presented it to Mr. Viereck, author of the interview on opposite page.

What LIFE Means to the KAISER

William II Explains His Downfall and Germany's Defeat

An Authorized Interview

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

©Keystone View Co.

THE former German Emperor and Princess Hermine, the wife who shares his exile. They were married in 1922.

(Reading time: 12 minutes 15 seconds.)

TWO things sustain me in my exile," Emperor William remarked to me: "my sense of duty and my sense of humor."

We were walking in the drizzling rain through the village of Doorn on the last day of my week as His Majesty's guest. The Kaiser's two dachshunds followed their master, trudging faithfully through puddles of water.

Every now and then some little Dutch boy in wooden shoes, or a workman on a bicycle, passed us with a respectful greeting. Each time the Emperor interrupted the flow of his thoughts to respond to the salutation.

His hair and his beard bepearled with raindrops, the Master of Doorn walked on without paying the slightest attention to the inclemency of the weather. His eyes sparkled.

The Emperor had passed a strenuous day, which, however, had left no mark of fatigue. After taking a long walk in the morning, he had chopped and sawed wood for two hours.

At breakfast his valet had announced to the gentlemen seated around the chamberlain's breakfast table, including myself, that His Majesty expected us at the shed where he saws wood. He said that his imperial master would be pleased if I joined, adding that it was not necessary for me to handle a saw.

However, when we got to the place in the woods, a few minutes' walk from the castle, there were four large saws, each requiring two men to handle it. The Kaiser's partner was a Dutch laborer, my partner was Captain van Houten, the chief of the guard of honor selected by the Dutch government for the protection of the exiled Emperor.

After two hours of unremitting work, we gathered around a table in the woods for a glass of tea.

After refreshing himself, the Kaiser listened to reports of the day's events, gleaned by his aide, Von Ilsemann, from the newspapers. He took the clippings from the papers with him to his workroom, in accordance with his custom, to add such comment as he deemed appropriate for the evening's discussion in the smoking-room, where he and his little court foregather after dinner.

At luncheon the Kaiser presented me, as a special mark of his consideration, with a photograph of himself which he had colored for me. Even as a young man the Kaiser took an interest in painting, not because he aspired to the laurels of Raphael, but in order to acquire the technique of the art. It pleases him to exercise this technique and his sense of color at Doorn.

After lunch he had rested, then devoted several hours to writing. In spite of all these activities, he now strode vigorously with me through the rain. From time to time, when he wanted to impress a point upon me with particular forcefulness, he stood still, and looked straight into my face. Then it seemed as if blue flames were leaping from his eyes into mine.

Though bereft of his throne, William II is still every inch an emperor.

"WHAT," I ventured to ask, "is Your Majesty's philosophy of life?"

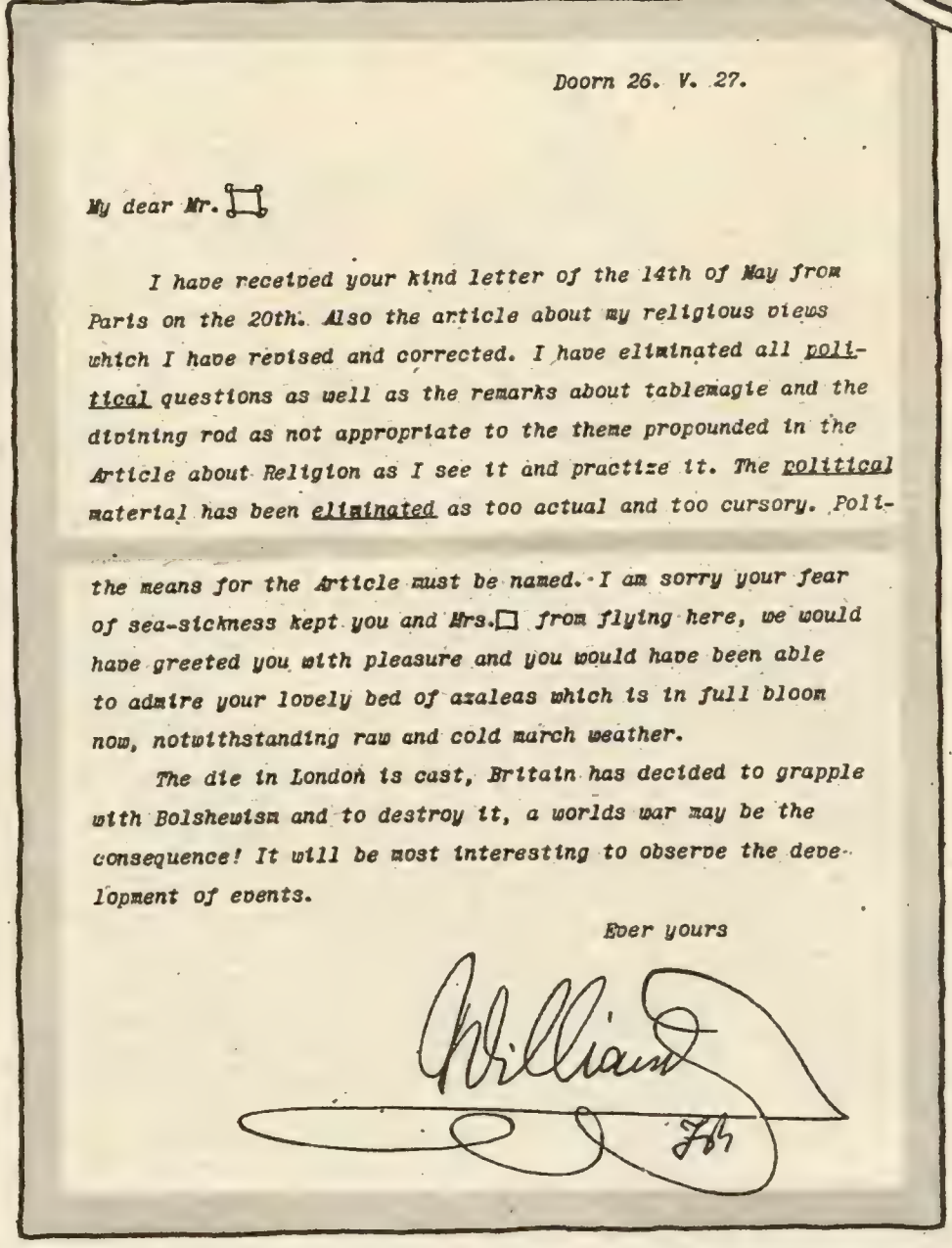
"Philosophy?" the Kaiser replied. "I have no philosophy. Plato wanted to exclude the poets from his ideal state. I would exclude the philosophers who strangle the human soul with their inhuman syllogisms.

"I am sixty-eight. Looking backward from the pinnacle of my years and my experience, I am glad to say that I have no philosophy except my religion.

"The story of the Arab, which I love to introduce into my sermons at Doorn, interprets my attitude toward life. The dusky young Mohammedan was carving away at a wooden staff on a hot morning. Asked why he was working so hard, he unhesitatingly replied, 'The angel Gabriel did me the honor to command me to complete this job.'

"Too modest to ascribe the command to Allah himself, he invoked the chief of the angels. In spite of this modesty he was convinced that his duty, however menial, was God-im-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTY-ONE]



Doorn 26. V. 27.

My dear Mr. □

I have received your kind letter of the 14th of May from Paris on the 20th. Also the article about my religious views which I have revised and corrected. I have eliminated all political questions as well as the remarks about tablemagic and the divining rod as not appropriate to the theme propounded in the Article about Religion as I see it and practize it. The political material has been eliminated as too actual and too cursory. Politthe means for the Article must be named. I am sorry your fear of sea-sickness kept you and Mrs.□ from flying here, we would have greeted you with pleasure and you would have been able to admire your lovely bed of azaleas which is in full bloom now, notwithstanding raw and cold march weather.

The die in London is cast, Britain has decided to grapple with Bolshewism and to destroy it, a worlds war may be the consequence! It will be most interesting to observe the development of events.

Ever yours

William

*WHEN Mr. Viereck sent a draft of this interview to the Kaiser, the latter made certain changes and returned the manuscript with the two-page letter of which a part is reproduced in facsimile above. The geometric figure has been His Majesty's playful mode of address to the author since the beginning of their long friendship—Viereck, in German, meaning "four-square." The exiled Emperor, when writing in English, signs himself "William" rather than the German "Wilhelm"; and retains the suffix "I. R."—*imperator rex *(emperor and king)—generally used only by ruling monarchs.*

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-NINE]

posed. He realized the sanctity of all labor.

"The master and the valet, the maid peeling potatoes in the pantry, and the queen on her throne, are equally instruments of the Almighty. Every task is divinely appointed.

"We can do nothing except by the grace of God. We must try our best. We must dig in our souls to unearth every talent buried within us, that when eventide comes God may be satisfied with our work. For the rest we must place our trust in the Lord. This is what life means to me."

"WHAT if our day ends in failure?" I remarked. "Germany professed to trust in God. Yet Germany lost the war. Why did she lose it?"

"Because," the Emperor replied, knitting his eyebrows thoughtfully, "we did not obey God in all things; because we hesitated to bear the worst; because we refused in the end to face all risks in preserving faith! The man of little faith is almost worse than the man with no faith at all.

"The German people performed miracles of endurance, but, at the last, they failed. The supreme miracle can be accomplished only by faith.

"We should have fought to the *very* last carrot, the *very* last man, the *very* last round of munitions.

"When, in the winter of 1914, I visited Hindenburg, then commanding on the Eastern Front, I asked him, 'What can you accomplish?'

"Hindenburg replied:

"'If the battle is man against man, we shall win. We can win one against two. We can even win one against three. One against four is a little harder. One against five is difficult. If the odds are six to one against us—well, I'll try my best and, with the Lord's help, beat them!'

"That is faith!

"Actually, the odds against us, toward the end, were twenty to one. We could still have prevailed, with complete faith in God. We should have trusted in God, not in human logic, and certainly not in the alluring proposals of our enemies and their Fourteen Points!

"One of my ablest generals, Otto von Below, held East Prussia against overwhelming Russian numbers. 'How long,' he was asked, 'can you hold this position?' 'As long,' he replied, 'as His Majesty the Emperor commands.'

"That was the true German spirit. Faith could have saved us. *Little* faith, I repeat, is worse than unbelief, because it is ungrateful!

"The unbeliever, like Saulus, later Paulus, on the road to Damascus, may be saved by a miracle. The man of little faith, the captious, the critical believer, may not see the heavens opening at all.

"We must do our best and we must trust in God. The man of little faith can do neither."

"Has Your Majesty always held these views?"

"Always. I grew up with the word of God. My father used to read the Bible to us children, just as I read the Bible every morning to my entire household. I have always judged every act of mine, weighing whether it was in accordance with the word of God. I never knowingly closed my ears to my conscience. The voice of conscience is the voice of God."

"If God's precepts inspired Your Majesty all these years, why should He visit punishment upon you by depriving you of your throne?"

"I look upon my fate as a trial imposed upon me by God. Adversity proves our mettle. I did not curse God and die, as Job was tempted to do. I accepted my fate humbly. Instead of ruling a nation, I plant my rhododendrons, conscious that here, too, I act in accordance with the divine command.

"I tried to rule my empire for the greater glory of God. For the greater glory of God I try to make Doorn more beautiful.

"God wanted me to rule thirty years as an emperor. Then He discarded me, and allowed me to be dethroned, perhaps to try whether my faith would be shaken. It is not! His will be done!

"It may please God to call me back! It may please Him to let me end my days in exile. If so, I shall find work to do. There are other tasks, no less important to me than the throne, for which leisure was denied me when I ruled my people."

"Does Your Majesty never regret the splendor of the past?"

"God pressed a crown of thorns upon the forehead of His only Son! What right have I, a mortal and a sinner, to expect always a crown of roses, or an imperial crown? I am conscious of no wrong-doing. Whether I did the work imposed upon me by God well or not, He alone can decide. At present God needs me for other works, as He needs every one for his appointed task.

Photos by Prof. Schwarz

A MORNING at Doorn: The Kaiser photographed with the saw that replaced the sword. (At top) Tea is served after two hours at the wood-pile. The laborers are, left to right: Captain van Houten, chief of the Dutch guard of honor; Mr. Viereck, author of this article; Von Ilsemann, the Emperor's aide; and William II. Lieutenant-Colonel von Dommes, another member of the imperial suite, is seated with his back to the camera.

"I have learned to look at my country from the outside. I learned much that I did not know before, for which I am grateful to God.

"Perhaps God wants me to teach the world the truth about the origin of the war, a study to which I dedicate many hours by day and by night.

"Perhaps He needs me to help bring back His simple faith. Perhaps His gospel comes with better grace from an exile in an alien land than from a mighty monarch in his palace.

"The world occupies our thoughts too much on the throne. In Doorn I am often alone with my thoughts and with my God."

"What is the essence of Your Majesty's gospel?"

"I proclaim the triumph of the Inner Impulse over Materialism. I hold that every word that proceeds out of the mouth of God is more important than princes and power."

"Your Majesty is exchanging the throne for the pulpit?"

"I make no pretense to theological laurels. Where the clergy fail, God sometimes speaks through the mouth of a layman.

"I was temporal head of the Protestant Church in Prussia. However, it is not from this source that I derive my authority. My mission is derived solely from an inner feeling of doing God's work.

"Dwelling here in Doorn, I may be doing a greater service to humanity than if I were still German Emperor. My remarks are as seeds in the wind: if one falls into fertile soil, on either side of the ocean, and bears fruit, I am satisfied."

"Is there any special dogma which Your Majesty desires to propound?"

"No," the Kaiser replied, looking earnestly into my eyes. We were standing under a tall oak tree; the rain continued to drip softly.

"The Lord," the Master of Doorn slowly but emphatically enunciated, "left no dogma. His living personality is the revelation, not the written record. The *written* record may lead us astray. The *acts* and *words* of Jesus alone are an infallible guide.

"To me, God is real, both in His love and His anger. We are too often inclined to think of the Almighty merely as a benevolent 'old father.' We Germans speak of Him as '*der liebe Gott*' [the dear God].

"We forget that He may also punish. He holds us to the strictest accountability."

"Then Your Majesty believes absolutely in the freedom of the will? For without free will there can be no responsibility."

"Without free will," the Kaiser remarked, striding forward once more in the rain, "there can be no religion. We are personalities. Our will is free, in spite of behaviorists and other materialistic philosophers.

"Man is free, at least, to decide between good and evil. Without such a choice, Christianity would be meaningless. Jesus was the greatest personality. Without free will His work would be in vain.

"Without free will there is no personality, but only a conglomeration of warring cells and warring complexes, strung together by accident.

"I am fully convinced that free will and the knowledge of good and evil exist, in spite of the sophistries of moral dialecticians. It may be impossible to prove this to the complete satisfaction of the modern metaphysician, just as it is impossible to prove that one and one necessarily make two.

"Free will is a prop upon which not merely religion, but society and civilization rest.

"My teacher, Hinzpeter, was a Calvinist. He never attempted to influence me with his creed. I, to repeat, am not interested in dogmas, Calvinistic or otherwise.

"I REMEMBER a legend that illustrates my own attitude toward religions.

"In the anteroom of heaven sat a group of new arrivals. They were Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, and Lutherans. Each group kept clannishly to itself. Each in turn sang a song in praise of its own special God in the hope of gaining the confidence of Saint Peter. But Saint Peter turned his deaf ear toward them.

"Night fell. The suns that swing in the heavens like great lamps disappeared. In the darkness and in the chill the various groups huddled closer and closer together.

"Finally, to dispel their fear of the night, they discovered a tune in which they all could join. It was a glorious song. The burden of that song was this:

"'We all believe in one God.'

"Suddenly, when all were singing lustily, Saint Peter turned his good ear toward them. Smilingly he drew the key from his ring, and flung open the door of heaven. Joyously they

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Dainty as a Rose

Daintiness

distinguishes Jap Rose itself and the woman who uses this visibly pure beauty soap. Not while pores are filled with impurities can one's skin be truly lovely—soft as rose petals.

With its quick, tingling lather, made rich and silky with refined glycerine and other fine oils, Jap Rose empties each clogged pore as no other soap can and imparts to the skin some of its own jewel-like transparency and radiance.

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JAP ROSE SOAP

The Clear Soap for a Clear Skin

[WHAT LIFE MEANS TO THE KAISER]
Continued from Page Eighty-one

marched into heaven, hand in hand. The gate to heaven is not a narrow one. It is large enough to receive all believers.

"There should be no warring between the different creeds in heaven or on earth."

"IS Your Majesty happy?" The question, when it had escaped my mouth, seemed almost too personal.

"God," the Emperor replied, "has given me much happiness. He has singularly blessed me twice in one lifetime with the beautiful affection of a lovely and wonderful woman. He gave me Augusta Victoria and Hermine. Their love healed my wounds. It strengthens my faith in divine justice and love.

"Few men have fallen from greater heights than I. Yet, I repeat, I have no quarrel with Heaven. Whether I remain in the narrow confines of a Dutch village, or whether the larger world calls me again anywhere, I shall obediently accept whatever task the Lord has in store for me.

"I shall try so to conduct myself that my life may convey a fortifying lesson to others—how the unflinching faith of a Christian gentleman can rob misfortune of its sting.

"I am deeply interested in the ethnological studies of Professor Frobenius, who is now planning to commemorate his remarkable discoveries in a museum. I am not afraid of an idea, even if the idea seems fantastic. I abhor pedantry in science as well as in religion.

"Naturally, I am human. I have the failings common to all humanity, and it is and was easier for a man with magnetic personality to engage my attention than for a dull and colorless pedant to do so.

"Personal magnetism is an incalculable asset. I remember one time I was present at a festive occasion at the University of Berlin. President Butler of Columbia sat with me on the platform, while some other foreign professors droned in dull and tiresome voices their congratulatory speeches.

"They were followed by an Italian. The Italian, the moment he opened his mouth, shouting, *'Professore, Studenti, Commilitoni!'* in loud, vibrant voice, had his audience with him. The entire student body greeted him with a veritable tempest of applause!

"I looked at President Butler and President Butler looked at me. Neither of us could help laughing, but we, too, were under the spell of the vivacious personality of the Italian.

"It is not merely the message that counts, but also the manner in which it is delivered. This, too, is a physical, rather than occult, phenomenon."

DOORN HOUSE in Holland, where the exiled War Lord saws wood and prunes his roses.

"Has Your Majesty no occult leanings? No! I am told that Your Majesty frequently consults the devotional calendar issued by the Herrenhut Brothers."

"Yes, indeed. Their year-book is a collection of verses from the Old and the New Testaments. The brothers place three hundred and sixty-five verses in a vessel. A child draws one verse for each day of the year.

"The first calendar of the Herrenhut community was published in 1737. They were always under the particular protection of the kings of Prussia. The motto for my birthday is drawn with special ceremonies.

"I find the book immensely helpful, but I ascribe to it no mystical powers, except the power that reveals itself in all manifestations of God."

"Is Your Majesty not inclined to be somewhat too stern in your attitude toward life?"

"You have been in Doorn long enough to realize that I serve God with a joyous heart. My solemn moods do not destroy my sense of humor. In fact, I love to laugh. Laughter, too, is healing. Laughter, too, comes from God."

THEN, still walking in the rain, the Kaiser told me some stories that amused him when he was on the throne and still enliven his exile. He has the hearty laughter of a child.

"Your Majesty is subject to colds," I remarked, suppressing my own incipient sneeze, as the rain continued to pour.

"I am not made of sugar," the Kaiser remarked, "and I won't dissolve in the rain.

"A man without a sense of humor is a man without humanity," he added.

We were at the end of our walk, having returned to the park of Doorn House, which the Kaiser opened with his private key. The dachshunds waddled after us, melancholy and wet.

I ventured one more question:

"What pleasures does life hold for Your Majesty?"

"Life," the Emperor replied, "still holds many pleasures for me. I enjoy a good story. I enjoy my work in the garden. I enjoy observing the blunders of so-called statesmen. I enjoy a good meal. I enjoy the study of archeology. Above all, I am happy in the love of my wife.

"These things, and the sense that I am doing my duty, make for contentment. I only miss the opportunity to work on a large scale for the redemption of my people and of those in the world!

"My own misfortunes touch me less deeply than the sufferings of my country. Except for the anguish of my heart for Germany, I am happy, at peace with myself, and at peace with my God."

THE END

AUTUMN WEDDINGS Feature YELLOW

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

THERE are, in all, two types of brides. First, there is the romantic kind, with the June wedding; and, secondly, there is the sophisticated bride with the wedding in October, which places her at once in the position to begin the social season as a young matron. It gives her the right to act as patroness to the most fashionable event of the winter and be on whatever committees she may choose. In other words, she can start her training as a social leader almost immediately after the big event. In such cases the wedding itself might just as well be the first step in the long climb.

Besides, it is the one time in a girl's life when she ever gets really to dress up and act a part. So why not make a very thorough piece of work of it?

Of course a little satin dress with a tulle veil will get her by. Still, an October wedding will adapt itself to much more elaborate staging than such a frock. One's friends are sure to enjoy it very much if she makes a pageant of her nuptials and has what they call a period wedding.

The way you do is to choose the time in history that interests you most and you think your style is adapted to. You then get your robe and all of your accessories in the manner of that era. If you are a Renaissance type, you set your wedding in the fashion of that day; or if you are a round Watteau figure, let the knot be tied amid such a scene as a lady of that epoch would assemble.

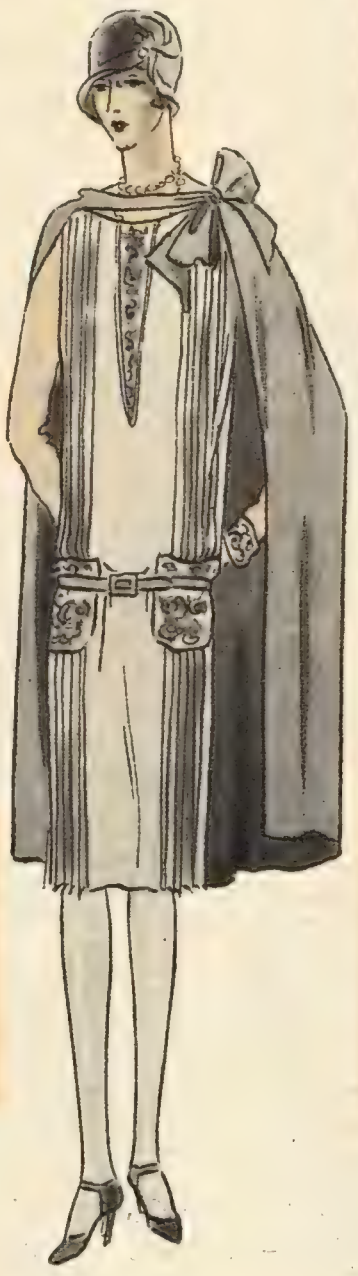
The bridal gown in the drawing is of the Directoire period, very short in front, of course, to meet all modern concessions, and very long in the back to meet the demand of all wedding frocks of every day, that they have a train. This dress is of white satin heavily embroidered in seed-pearls and garnished in silver.

How conceptions are passing! It used to be that one could literally and actually not be married in anything with silver on it, or that in any degree departed from white. But the ideal of the old wedding dress, like most other pre-war standards, has changed without our realizing what was taking place.

Lady Mountbatten, whose way of costuming we have instanced more than once in these pages, has a sister who was married with a great wedding in England the other day. Her name was Miss Ashley and the bridegroom was Mr. Cunningham-Reid. But the important item concerns her wedding costume. It was almost completely covered with bands about two inches wide, and all but overlapping, of shimmery white silk fringe that looked like frosting.

GRAY kasha, lined with darker gray grosgrain, made the ensemble at the left. It is trimmed with long rows of buttons.

THE dress below is of beige chiffon and the cape of brown velveteen.



A WEDDING dress in white satin embroidered in seed-pearls, with the belt and the embroidery traced in silver, after a model by Lanvin. The bridesmaid's costume is of yellow taffeta with brown velvet flowers on the skirt. The velvet also appears on the hat.

A BOOK could be written about veils and how to arrange them, but as a generalization on the topic one can only say that each is an individual case and should be studied with the greatest individual care. We see veils with ruffles and ruchings and Queen Elizabeth effects on young women that ought to know better. Flat, close arrangements like a nun's are more becoming and have greater style.

Yet even these only young girls should attempt, and the grand wedding. It seems like a paradox when stated; but if you are a frail, youthful thing, go in for a great pageant, heavy and staged in the setting of some period of history, with a gorgeous costume. If you are not so young, a smart white satin bridal dress will be best. Later still than such an unregistered age, be married in your tailored suit.

The bridesmaid's costume to accompany our wedding dress is of yellow taffeta. It goes with the chrysanthemums and other decorations of fall. The brown velvet flowers embroidered on the dress blend with this color scheme and re-enforce the brown velvet on the hat. The frock is very long and full, and for its last twelve inches of length is made of a band of net to keep it from being heavy. It also has a net yoke.

The costume sketched at the extreme upper left is good for a bride, and almost any of the rest of us as well. It is of gray kasha, with long lines to it, produced with bands of darker gray grosgrain and long rows of buttons.

The outfit featuring a brown velveteen cape is suitable for almost any time at all, with its beige chiffon dress.

Astonishing to Fastidious Women

This new Beauty Bath

GIVES IMMEDIATE RESULTS—COSTS SO LITTLE

THE whole world is working hard to make women more beautiful—

The outstanding beauty secret of the year is the LINIT Beauty Bath—because it is not only amazingly economical, but the results are *immediate.*

Merely dissolve two or more handfuls of LINIT in a half tubful of warm water—bathe in the usual way, step out and dry off—and then feel your skin—soft and satiny smooth!

This soft, velvety "finish" comes from a thin coating of LINIT left on the skin which is invisible to the naked eye.

You will notice that LINIT adheres well—never comes off on the clothing—eliminates "shine" and absorbs perspiration.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of LINIT—and therein lies the secret of the LINIT Bath, for starch from corn, being a vegetable product, is absolutely pure and harmless. Doctors and dermatologists generally recommend starch from corn for the tender skin of young babies.

VERY IMPORTANT TO YOU!

THE fact that LINIT is sold by grocers as the finest laundry starch and is also recommended for use as a remarkable beauty bath, may seem rather far-fetched to some women—however, the statements made above are endorsed by leading chemists and dermatologists.

LINIT is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let the results speak for themselves.

Merely ask your grocer for a package of* LINIT *and follow the above suggestions

IMPORTANT: Should you experience any difficulty procuring LINIT, please write Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. L, 17 Battery Place, New York City. Being a comparatively new product, LINIT is not as yet widely distributed.

GRIDIRON THRILLS!

Lil and Sandy Do Their Share of the Cheering

A Fall Sports Chapter in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By LESLIE THRASHER

FOOTBALL weather! Red leaves from the Morses' maple tree went skimming across the porch. A gray squirrel, whose little stomach told him it was 1 o'clock, peered down from the oak by the dog-kennel. Soon the kitchen door would open, a fat lady would come out with a sink-dish of scraps, and he would hurriedly descend to the dog's bowl—ever hopeful of a nut kernel hiding between the left-overs from the Morses' lunch-table! But there had been no nuts for lunch today; so he scampered away behind the garage to eat the tasty mildewed pistachio nut he'd buried on the Fourth of July after the firemen's parade!

"Have my gloves dried?" Lil called. She was taking a needed stitch-in-time in the toe of a stocking.

"Yes," Ma said, looking at the gloves dangling above the stove. "And here's Sandy, and the meat loaf's ready. Come on!"

Overburdened with Saturday bundles, Sandy plunked down a heavy assortment of canned goods. He winked at his mother-in-law and asked, "Which hand d'you take?"

"The one that has something in it!" Ma cleverly replied. And then she kissed her son-in-law in return for the nice Week-End Special he'd bought at the corner druggist's.

"You and Lil take it along to the game," she coaxed, "and think of me when you bite down into one of those creamed cherry things."

Sandy ran out to the stairs to kiss Lil. Ma listened in on the newly-weds' whispered amenities, but she felt guilty, so she banged the potato-masher around good and loud.

"Lunch!" she called, breaking this piece of good news into two musical syllables: "L-unch!"

"I found the pennant from last year's game," Lil said during the meat loaf. And during the coconut pie she added: "You can wear my green quill pen for a sports-feather. We'll save two dollars."

"I hope you took the pen-point out," Ma said. "If you didn't, Sandy might get stabbed."

Sandy hailed a taxi at the corner—thus spending half of Lil's pennant-sports-feather saving by riding out to the college grounds. He spent the other half on a sporty-looking chrysanthemum for Lil's coat! This was quite a sacrifice: he had paid another $14.50 instalment on his wife's engagement ring the day before.

"Get your program here! Souvenir program of the great game!"

Lines of expensive parked cars—furs and orchids—hot-dawg stands—excited crowds drawn through the entrances to the big bowl!

The thrilling Bates-Winton game!

"Boom! B-a-t-e-s! B-A-T-E-S! BOOM—Boooooooooooooooom!"

"Brrrrrrrrrrrrr! Winton! T-E-A-M! Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!"

Lil and Sandy's hearts palpitated to the roared rival cheers.

"Whee!" she squeaked, getting her mother's candy out of her husband's pocket at a tense moment.

"Touch-down!" everybody yelled, including Sandy, who gagged on a chocolate-covered cherry—and forgot to think of his mother-in-law.

"Hold 'em!" they all yelled again.

And Lil, oblivious to all the gridiron heroism, thrilled in one of Sandy's emotional cave-man clutches!

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Do It NOW!

Betty, the small daughter of a neighbor, was visiting with her mother at a friend's, when the husband brought in some nice quail and carried them to the kitchen.

Following him, Betty asked:

"Do you ever have company for dinner?"

"Sometimes," he replied.

"Well," said Betty with finality, "this is sometime."—Mrs. R. W. Thompson, Box 161, Weslaco, Tex.

Turning Work into Play

During spring cleaning I put some rubbish into a barrel and hauled it off to the dump. The barrel was too big for the cart and kept falling off. This, with a hot day out of season, was fast mixing the perspiration with spring temper, when four-year-old Margaret shouted from the neighboring yard:

"Oh, bring your cart over to my house and play."—Ben. A. Mathes, Highland Ave., South Berwick, Me.

PARIS Styles Break Old Rules

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, September 18.

ANY habit, too deeply fixed, becomes a bad habit. For a long time now, Dame Fashion has been very set in her ways, traveling along in a straight-line rut, without much pretty scenery in the way of trimmings.

The reason for this fixity of fashion is at bottom a good one. Simple, slim-line clothes are young, and they become all women. However, though beautiful, styles have, because of uniformity, become dumb. There hasn't been enough variation. Styles, so far as the slender silhouette is concerned, are at an impasse, and it is this "No thoroughfare" which has allowed Paris to break away from the strict rules and regulations of untrimmed, undeviating clothes.

There are in Paris some thirty great dressmakers, and every one of them has to make a new set of styles that do not disturb our slim-line simplicity. What has happened? There are in these houses thousands of models, each one different from the others; so that, instead of one new, very different Paris style for fall, we have at least five hundred, each establishing its own personal chic.

There is one background which remains the same, and that is the silhouette with its slender lines. Necklines, hemlines, waistlines, and sleeves vary infinitely, and original trimmings are placed in many ways, to add further variety. There is no one single short cut to chic this season. Instead, there are many. At Deauville during the *Grande Semaine*, just finished, I saw hundreds of the smartest women of all the world, and no two dressed the same. The significant fashion message they gave was that there is no supreme rule except the rule of good taste and flowing lines.

This sounds confusing. It is really simple. Variety is the spice of style this fall, and we are all allowed, individually, to break away from set and standardized forms of dress. This doesn't include anything like complete anarchy. Styles are liberated just enough to break rigid forms, as set plaits, regular waistlines, undeviating hemlines, monotonous sleeves, and other uniform details, which have tended to make all women look as if they were made from the same pattern, and that an uninteresting one. If you want to lift the waistline in your wardrobe this fall, do it. If you want to lower the hemline, let it down to the limit of grace and suitability to yourself. Any kind of departure is allowed in the new fashions, so long as it doesn't become bizarre.

Our afternoon dress, from Lenief, breaks most of the rules which have established chic for two or three seasons. This frock has a skirt that is neither plaited nor circular. The cherry-red crepe georgette of which it is made is cut on the left side into a flaring gore, and on the right side front there is a half-circle godet that is pulled over and caught under the gore on the left side. Both gore and godet are a trifle longer than the skirt, creating an irregular hem. The straight bodice is made individual by stripes of white angora in groups of two to six, placed horizontally, and two bouquets of angora embroidered flowers on the right shoulder and at the left side near the waistline.

The belt is of black ciré satin with a silver buckle, and the long glove cuffs on the sleeves are also of black ciré satin.

Lenief calls this dress Yvette Guilbert because of these black glove-cuffs. Such cuffs appear in many important fall collections in Paris.

GLOVE sleeves of black satin on a Lenief frock of red georgette are a whimsical novelty of fall fashions.

THE medieval dungeon tower of France inspired the cut-out design of the gray duvetyn bolero waist in this Lenief ensemble. The coat of gray duvetyn is lined with rose velvet.

CHANTAL offers these two models. He adapts the daytime cape-coat for evening by using gold lamé; and he creates a novel dance frock in black tulle over silver, with gay embroidered flowers.

Our Lenief ensemble is equally personal, and shows very clearly the degree of liberty you may take to achieve chic this fall. Lenief calls this model Donjon, which is French for dungeon, and the cut-out design on the blouse recalls piquantly the old French dungeon towers that tourists travel far to see.

A straight slip of rose crepe de Chine is overlaid with a long-sleeved bolero of pale gray duvetyn. The rose crepe belt has a steel buckle shaped like the hinge on a medieval dungeon door. The coat is of gray duvetyn lined with rose velvet and collared with gray fox.

ONE clever way to escape from the fashion rut is shown in the dinner dress photographed here. This model is from Chantal. An unusual combination of materials gives this frock much of its charm. The slip is of silver transparent velvet, over which Chantal places a dress of black tulle. The very deep tulle hem is embroidered with the gayest of flowers in Russian embroidery.

The little lady who wears this frock is one of the many exiled Russian princesses who give an air of aristocracy to the Paris fashion world at present by acting as mannequins in the *grandes maisons*. Chantal has cut the hemline of this frock on a diagonal line, descending at the left side.

Most of us know which of our clothes habits have endured so long as to become boresome. Very often reversing some detail of a dress or coat will give it the allure of novelty. Like the little girl who gets into her apron "hind side foremost," we look altogether different when a few small items of our clothes are changed.

The wrap shown here is an example of the refreshing aspect a familiar detail assumes in a new position. Chantal has used the well known cape-coat as a model for this evening wrap, which in gold lamé looks unusual.

Even if you have found a type of costume which seems perfect, study the styles and find some way to shift the arrangement of line or detail. To be chic, get out of sartorial ruts.

I gave my dolly a bath with her clothes on.

Give Me ACTION!

I had a chance to go through the papers.

(Reading time: 6 minutes.)

As Dictated by TONI, JR., *to* ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

DEAR WORLD:

Aunt Toni and I had a quiet Sunday all to ourselves.

Daddy and Mommy were 'vited to the country for the week-end.

"I don't think I ought to go," Mommy said to Aunty. "Kaki won't be here either to look after Toni and—"

"Well," Aunt Toni sniffed. "I'll be here, won't I? How many more are needed? A squad of policemen?"

"Maybe," said Mom.

"Don't you think I know how to take care of a youngster?" Aunty continued in-dig-nant-ly. "Where do you get the idea that only a mother—"

"All right. But don't let her run you."

"*Run* me. Run *me!* Don't be silly! We'll have a nice quiet Sunday, Toni and I. You just run along and have a good time."

"I think it is a good idea," Aunty continued, "for mothers to get away every now and then, just so they'll realize that things can go along without their valuable presence."

"I don't think my presence so invaluable, Aunty," Mom said. "But Toni's— Well, all right. You can tell me about it when I get back."

An' that's how Aunty and I came to have our quiet Sunday together. Just her and me.

"If it's all the same with you, young lady," Aunty said as she put me to bed, "I'd just as soon you slept till nine in the morning. It will be Sunday and we'll have a nice quiet day. So let's begin it that way."

"Begin that way," I said after her.

The first words I heard on the quiet Sunday morning, after I had been calling and calling for ever so long, were:

"Turn right over now and go back to sleep. It's only six o'clock."

"Let's count, Aunty," I said. "One, two, six, ten, seven. Clap hands, Aunty. One, two—CLAP HANDS, AUNT-TEE," I said louder, as she didn't act as if she heard me the first time. "Like this, Aunty. See? One, two—"

"Clap right down in bed there and count yourself to sleep," Aunty scolded.

"Let's sing, Aunty. Sing Rock-by, Aunty:

"Rock-by, baby,
On — tee-tops.
When ee — blows
The — — fall
Down come baby —,
an' all."

Aunty wasn't filling in the words like she usually does when we sing Rock-by. I began to get scared that she meant what she said about me having to go back to sleep.

"I wanta go bafroom, Aunty. I wanta go—"

"You young minx," she said, grabbing me up quickly. "I don't believe a word of it. That's your trick. If you're fooling me—"

"Hug me tight, Aunty," I pleaded.

"Oh, what's the use!" said Aunty. "I might as well make up my mind I'm up for the day."

"Up for the day, Aunty," I repeated after her.

"Yes, up for the day, you young vixen."

"I wanta ornge chewse, Aunty. I wanta ornge chewse. Aunty, I wanta—"

"Just a minute and I'll give you orange juice."

"Ornge chewse and honey, Aunty. Ornge—"

"Here, sit on the bed till I get some clothes on," she said.

I guess Aunty doesn't understand it. But you can't sit on a bed. You either sleep on it or you jump on it. So I jumped, and the last jump was so high I jumped right out on the floor and, Aunty said, made a big hole in it with my head.

"There, there!" she said, rubbing my bump and trying to stop my crying. "Let's count now. One, two, three—"

"Six, ten, seven, three—"

"No. That's not right. Say—

"One, two,
Buckle my shoe.

Three, four,
Shut the door.

Five, six,
Pick up sticks.

Seven, eight,
Lay them straight.

Nine, ten,
Begin again.

One, two."

"Button my shoe, Aunty. My shoe, Aunty."

"A bath first," Aunty said; "then you get your shoes on."

Aunty filled the tub up, and when she went out to get a towel I gave my dolly a bath with her clothes on, and I had just put my shoes in to give them a bath when Aunty came back.

"Now," said she, "you can't go out all day, because you have no shoes to put on."

"Can't go out all day, Aunty. We stay home and make house.

"Let's make house, Aunty. Make house, Aunty. Aunty make— Doesn't Aunty wanta make house?"

"Not now, Toni. After you get your bath and breakfast maybe we'll make house."

"I wanta breakfash, Aunty. I wanta—"

"All right. When we get through your bath."

"Let's play bear, Aunty. You be big bear. Toni little bear climb on big bear's back and ride."

"Please keep still until I get you dried."

"I dried, Aunty. Aunty, I dried. Dolly dried. Shoes dried. Big bear dried.

"Jump, Aunty. Aunty, *jump.* JUMP—"

"Keep still, for the luv o' — "

After breakfast Aunty sat down to read the papers. She fixed a place on the floor for me to stay on and play with my blocks.

"Show me pick-chers, Aunty. Toni wanta find baby in pick-chers."

"All right. Let's find a baby in the pictures."

Oh, and we found a baby that was left in a suitcase. Her mommy ran away to get it some milk, I guess, and never got back. And the poor baby didn't have any mommy any more.

"I wanta baby, Aunty. I wanta baby. Aunty, I wanta—"

"Well, if you're a good girl, maybe some day we'll get you a baby."

"Toni good girl, Aunty. Get a baby. Toni put baby in her carriage and take her to park. Baby and Toni play ball, Aunty.

"I want my ball, Aunty. I want—"

"Go get your ball, then. Where is it?"

"Help Toni find ball, Aunty. Help Toni."

"Here it is, under the sofa. Now you go ahead and play with your ball and let me read."

"I wanta read, Aunty. Toni wanta read, Aunty. Toni wanta—"

"Spanking. That's what I think Toni wants."

"*No.* I wanta play store. Toni and Aunty go to store to buy carrots and meat and crackers."

"All right, we'll play store."

"No. I wanta cracker, Aunty. I wanta cracker. May h-a-v-e cracker, Aunty, please?"

"You just got through eating."

"Toni hungry, Aunty. Toni hun— I get a comb, Aunty, and comb your hair. Aunty want her hair combed?"

"No, dear; you comb your own hair. Maybe that will keep you occupied till I look over the headlines."

"SOMETHING'S burning," said Aunty, running into the kitchen. She was away quite a while, which gave me a chance to go through the papers myself. When she came back, she said:

"You pick those papers up now, Toni. Every one of them. Pile them up neatly. Why did you tear them like that? Just wait till Mom sees how you've torn that good book of hers!"

"Make yoo-hoo, Aunty," I said, wishing to change the subject. "Yoo-hoo! Yoo-hoo, Aunty! Aunty don't want to make yoo-hoo? Make big, big noise, then, Aunty. Big, big noise like this:

"Who-oo-ooo-oooo-ooOOO-OOOO-OOOO."

"Not so loud, honey. You'll wake the neighbors!"

"Wake neighbors all up, Aunty. Ooo-ooOOOOOO! I get my big spoon and tin and make drum. You blow horn, Aunty. Make big, big noise."

"Come on, Toni, and put your hat and coat on. We'll go out and see if there isn't a nice quiet boiler factory that happens to be working today.

"Mothers are wonderful," Aunty re-flect-ed, as she put her hat on. "There's no use in talking. Heaven must reward their patience with tin ears and cast-iron nerves, which aunties don't happen to be blessed with, I'm afraid."

Toni dishes some dirt on dishes and dirt in next week's LIBERTY.

Lazarnick photo

"No! I wanta play store—I wanta cracker—I wanta—!"

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

SEVENTH SPASM

(Reading time: 6 minutes 40 seconds.)

Hotel Aberdaba

DEER MARG,—
I didnt mean to write you to-nite but I got to stay in as Im havin my shoes souled. You have to excuse me riting on this paper bag as I dont want to open the box of ritin paper your girl friend with the crockery eye give me, its just sediment with me,—you know how youd feel. She told me not to tell you she sent it, but I new you wouldnt crack to her.

She says your a lot of baloney, but I figured shes just jelous of me and you because Im so good lookin. Her old man is a awful greese cup. I clocked him one night when I was up their to supper. He can get more stuff on his knife than a plasterer can get on his shoes.

When it comes to sword swollerin—he's got a neck like a ostrish. He dont even know its rainin until he reads it in the paper.

I was up to the horsepistol to see our friend McNitny who was run over by a taxi. Hes kind of week since they got the crankshaft out of his chest and now they are going to stick him under the plutoscope as they think the tale light is parked in back of one of his lungs. Hes got as much ambishon as a dead fly. All he does is watch the fly paper get full.

I brought a cocoanut pie up to him but the nurse tole me that the only thin that he can have is what they put in a funnel. I dont think it will be long before theyll be makin glue out of him.

Speakin of funny things, I forgot to rite you that Mike Grogan took off the other day and we certainly had some fun at his wake. There was a guy there what used to be in the same outfit with me and he kept us all lafin. He was the life of the wake.

He got the hole bunch all plastered up with lafin soup and then he went out and got a consiteener. You kno, one of them squeeze boxes what the dagoes use on a ferry boat, and had the hole works dancing. The widow said it was the best time she had since she was livin with him, and as soon as he begins pushin up the butter cups shes going to get a real live guy like me with his insurance.

But dont worry about me Marg, I wouldnt marry her if she shortened her dress. Shes got a mouth like a hoarses collar and a nice ruff liquid voice. And her hair,—Oh shes dizzy. Yellow and green. I think she touches it up herself. Its only the young dye good! I dont want to say nothin against her.

She said shes goin to have the old bird fried, I mean creamated because what she saves in a plot she can put in a permanent wave. I give her about three weeks and shell have a nice sugar daddy and kiss the dishes goo-bye.

Shes goin to pass up the broom stick for the lip stick. She couldnt snake me if we sat up all night in a parked lemonzine. She slays me every time I give her the optic.

Now listen, Toot Sweet, I just got into a new rackit with a guy what was a cook in the army. Hes been winterin up in Sing Sing, just because he got his hand caught in a fellers pocket. Me and him has started up a new joint what we call "The Elite Flower Shop."

WE rented a swell dive write next to the police station and on the other side of us there is a undertaker. Now heres the gag. We are supposed to be a florist. And in the winter we got a lot of roses and lillies and stuff like them what really belong to the undertaker, for the corpses. And in the back of the flower shop we got one of the nicest speakeasies you ever hung a lip over.

We got a bar about thirty feet long with saw dust on the floor and bretzels and hot muts and everythin.

If a bozo comes in what wants flowers, my partner puts the sting on him so he never comes back. But if its a guy what we know, we just open up a panil in the wall and let him in the bar. You see we aint really sellin flowers, Marg, it only looks like a flower shop.

I had a tough break the other day when a high hat dame blows in what wanted a bunch of aspirigus, or some other kind of posies. I wish you could have lamped her. She had everythin on but the fireless cooker.

Well, while shes givin the dasies the once over, in comes a coupla drunks what wanted to get in the back room. I couldnt open up the panil on account of her, and they put up an awful squark and made a lot of noise. So just when Im spillin a lot of pirfume on the flowers to make em smell good she takes a runout powder and I loose a swell sail of four bucks.

WHILE shes givin the dasies the once over, in comes a coupla drunks what wanted to get in the back room.

And about two hours later in comes a silly lookin sap what asks my partner for a bootintheear. Thats french for one of them boquets what they wear at a wake or a weddin. Its all the same difference. Well. My partner thought he was kiddin him and he throws him out on his ear. You see he dont kno much french like me because he was never in a trench.

We meat up with all kinds in this racket Marg. Do you know what happened last Wednesday? A bimbo comes in about eleven bells what has a roll on him what you couldnt get in the levynathans smoke stack. And he begins crackin wise about him being the biggest second hand dealer of second hand cars in New York.

He gets full of lafin soup and starts braggin that he can stand across the street and tell the year and age and price of any cheese box in the world without liftin the hood.

And did we go to work on him? Dearie, you dont kno the ½ of it. We just got him all steamed up and filled full of lafin juice and got him a nice drinkin partner and believe me Marg she tied a sweet can on him.

She ordered everything in the house and danced him until he was bowl legged. She gave him plenty of "What nice hair you got," and "You big blue eyed daddy," and a lot of hamberger like that and he went for the hole dish.

She certainly knows her Bermudas. She maid him dance the Higy Jig and believe me Marg, she waves a mean and wickid hip. She maid him think he was in the Sultans hall bedroom.

And how that woman could punish the groceries. And, oh, when we slipped him the check

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LOST

those

rose colored

glasses

a victim of cachexia

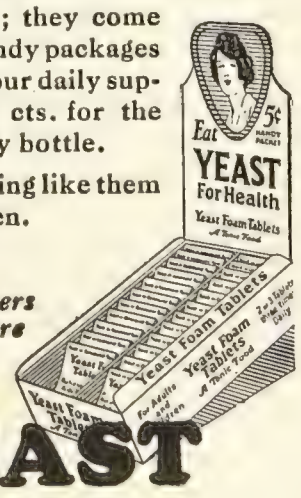
(run down condition)

No pep, no endurance, constantly troubled by indigestion, acidity, constipation; at work or at play only "half there"—another victim of cachexia (run down condition.)

Eat yeast regularly and shake off the millstone. Know what it is to feel the youthful pep and zip again. But be sure to get Yeast Foam Tablets. They are pure yeast; they keep; they're pleasant to eat; they come in two handy packages —5c for your daily supply or 50 cts. for the big ten-day bottle.

P.S. Nothing like them for children.

On Counters Everywhere



YEAST FOAM TABLETS

[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-SEVEN]

he thought it was the license plate on a truck. Then he started to get mussy, so one of the waitors tied the roller skates on him.

Outside the joint theres a guy what has a hack. His name is Gunboat Brown, and of all the funny lookin taxies, hes got the darby. He musta got it from the smithsonean instetute. Gunboat used to be in a bank in Chicago one time but got ketched comin to work with a sawed off shot gun.

He tried to tell em that he was going to manicure his nails with it but they told him that they had a lot of rocks in Atlanta what they wanted made smaller, so he went down just to help em out. Thats him. Big harted.

Well anyway, when the drunk gets out on the street, Gunboat slips him in his funny lookin mouse trap and drives him off to his house. But instead of that, he takes him around the block about fourteen times until hes got seventeen smackers rung up on the gas meter.

Then when he gets him home and wakes him up the drunk hollers that hes been "rolled" so Gunboat throws him back in the hack and drives him to the police station right next to our joint. So you see Marg, you never can tell whats goin to happen in a speakeasy.

Now I dont want you to go thinkin that I had anythin to do with it Marg because I dont know the fello. And besides I dont think that Gunboat would roll him because he come from a very ruffined family. Gunboats a swell guy, hes a good egg and I wouldnt go with nobody what was crookid. Theres a lot of honest bootleggers in this country.

NOW listen Marg, I dont want you to go squarkin to anybody about my business affairs. Say nothin. Be silly. Act natural. You dont ketch president Coolidge sayin anythin.

Didyou readwhere he "chooses" to quit. Hes got a fat chance! In 1952 when Calvin is givin his inawgeral address you might just as well throw your radio in the ash can,—because hes going to talk with his hands, just like the deef and dum people do.

Oh I forgot to tell you that I ran into Mrs. Hanigan in the butcher store the other day. She was buyin a coupla kidneys for her old man. The doctor says he dont eat much. But I think its because hes in the real estate business.

I dont want to say nothin against him but hes as populer with me as a photographer in a roges gallary. Poison! Thats him! She says she married him with her eyes open,—and now shes going around with one of em closed.

I MEANT to send this letter to you fore days ago Marg, but I ran out of stamps, you kno how it is. So I opened it up again and am includin somethin what happened to a coupla friends of mine.

You remember me tellin you about the wise guy what was in the second hand automobile business what came in our place and got all plastered up? Well. After my friends hurd about him, they rolled a nice shiny Super-Eight car up to his place about 10 minutes two three.

One of em says "Give us a thousand berries for the car."

He gives the cheese box the double from the winder and says "Ill give you three hundred and fifty smackers."

So the two guys argue and tell him that you cant hear the motor run and a lot of oatmeal like that and fineally get him up to four hundred and seventy five fish.

Well Im not kiddin you Marg, he was such a wise guy he didnt even come out to look at the car. But about an hour later he sends out one of the mechanics and tells em to run the boiler in the shop. So he gets in, steps on the starter and nothin happens.

Then he gets out and raises the hood and the only thing he sees under the hood is the street. You see they gave the car a push up on the corner and rolled the thing down to his place; and next day he gets a nice little note readin—

DEAR SIR:

Thanks for the four hundred and seventy-five bucks. We sold the engine to a rum runner last week for two hundred and fifty washers.

With love & kisses

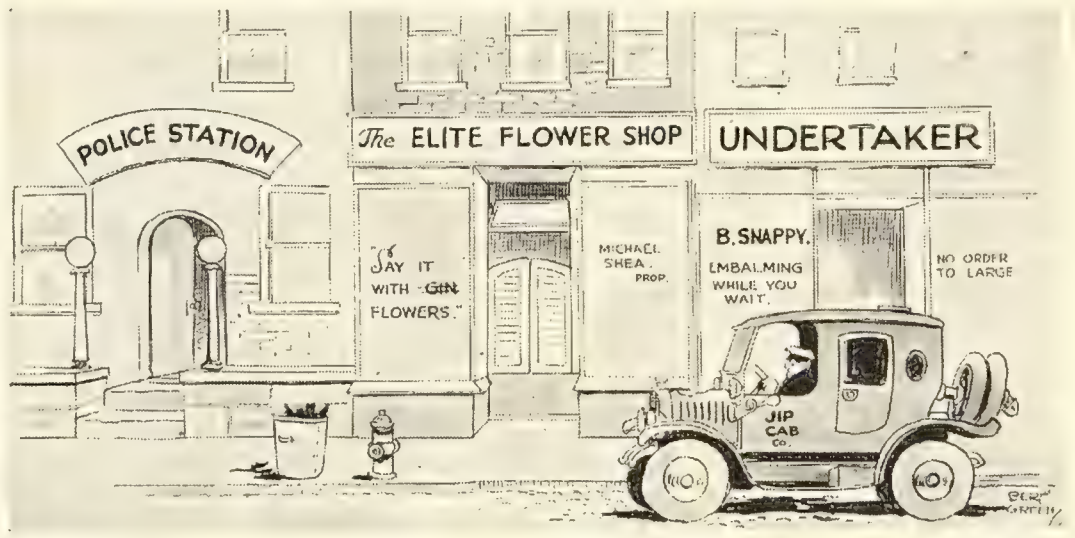
TOM AND JERRY.

Well; I got to go now and make some gin in the bath tub.

Yours till the bench busts

MIKE.

Watch for more of this in an early issue of LIBERTY. The editor is sending Mike a stamp.



We rented a swell dive write next to the police station. On the other side is a undertaker.

CLARK'S FAMOUS CRUISES

By CUNARD-ANCHOR LINES new oil burners. Rates include hotels, guides, drives, fees.

125 days, $1250 to $3000

Round the World

s s "Caledonia," sailing Jan. 16

8th cruise; 19 days Japan-China, option 17 days India: Palestine and Greece; also includes Havana, Panama Canal, Los Angeles, Hilo, Honolulu, Manila, Java, Burma, Ceylon, Egypt, Italy, the Riviera, Havre (Paris), Glasgow, Europe stop-overs.

65 days, $600 to $1700

Mediterranean

s s "Transylvania," sailing Jan. 25

24th cruise; Spain (Madrid-Cordova-Granada), 15 days Palestine and Egypt; also includes Madeira, Lisbon, Tunis, Carthage, Athens, Constantinople, Italy, the Riviera, Havre (Paris), Glasgow. Europe stop-overs.

4th annual Summer cruise to Norway and Mediterranean;

June 30—52 days—$600 upward.

FRANK C. CLARK

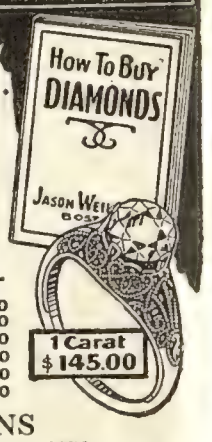
Times Building New York

HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS

JASON Weiler & Sons of Boston—America's Leading Diamond importers—have just published the 28th edition of an interesting book on Diamonds. This book tells "How to Buy Diamonds" and is considered an authority. It tells how to judge and select the precious gems—how they are remined, cut and marketed. It shows their weights, sizes, qualities and prices. Customers send thousands of miles to us from every country in the world for diamonds, because it pays to buy Diamonds direct by mail from Jason Weiler & Sons. It is the simplest, most satisfactory and most economical way for you to make a diamond purchase.

Write for this Free Book.

1-4 carat	$31.00
3-8 carat	50.00
1-2 carat	73.00
1 carat	145.00
2 carats	290.00
3 carats	435.00



JASON WEILER & SONS

Diamond Importers since 1876

398 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

Clear Your Head

KONDON'S will do it quick—Cold in head, cough, coryza, nasal and dry catarrh, headache, earache, deafness, sore nose, sore lips, bad breath, rose cold, hay fever. Ask your doctor, nurse or dentist. At druggists 30c or 60c in tubes. Thirty-five years doing good.

FREE — *20 treatment tin. Write for yours now.*

KONDON, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

NOW 10 BIG MAGAZINES 10¢

Special Limited Offer of 10 Weekly issues of *The Pathfinder* for 10 Cts. The most progressive, interesting magazine in America. Full of valuable information, best fiction, timely articles, current events clearly interpreted, pictures and entertainment. Simply send name and address and **10 Cts.** *Do It Now!*

The Pathfinder, Dept. S-224, Washington, D. C.

GARTSIDE'S IRON RUST SOAP

Removes Ink, Rust, Fruit Stains, etc. from clothing, rugs, marble.

Sold by drug, department and grocery stores for 25¢. Or send 30¢ by mail.

Dept. 7 L, 677 Preston Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Without Continuous Wiping Keeps Windshield Clear

RUBBER wipes off dirt—FELT puts on a chemical that keeps vision-area on windshield clear for hours, *without continuous wiping*, in rain, mist, fog, snow.

CHRISTEN'S SAFETY WINDSHIELD WIPER BLADE

This new wiper blade fits any style of automatic, or hand, windshield wiper—just take out the old blade and insert the Christen blade. Like a new car, or new pair of shoes, it has to be "broken in" before you will get the best results. It comes to you with the Felt slightly higher than the Rubber, because after two or three good storms used as an ordinary wiper blade the Felt squashes down to the level of the Rubber, the excess chemical is worked out and you get results that mean *lasting satisfaction*.

Guaranteed for one year. Metal part rust-proof because Parkerized.

35c standard 7½ in. size. Special 9 in. size, 50c. Ask for it by name wherever auto accessories are sold.

V. H. CHRISTEN MFG. CO.
315 Orleans Street Detroit

Wilcot (Parent) Company, Ltd. Fishponds, Bristol, England. *Distributor for Europe and British Colonies except Canada*

That Fat
Is Unnecessary

Look about in any circle. Note how slenderness prevails. Countless people who once were fat have lost that handicap.

The easy, pleasant way is with Marmola Prescription Tablets. They correct the cause. No abnormal exercise or diet is required.

Marmola has been used for 20 years. Year by year more and more people have learned its benefits and its efficiency. They have told the results to others. Now people are using it in a very extensive way.

You should know this method based on long scientific research. Diet and exercise often fail, and often do much harm. Learn the results and benefits of this easy, pleasant way. The way which has been tested for nearly two decades.

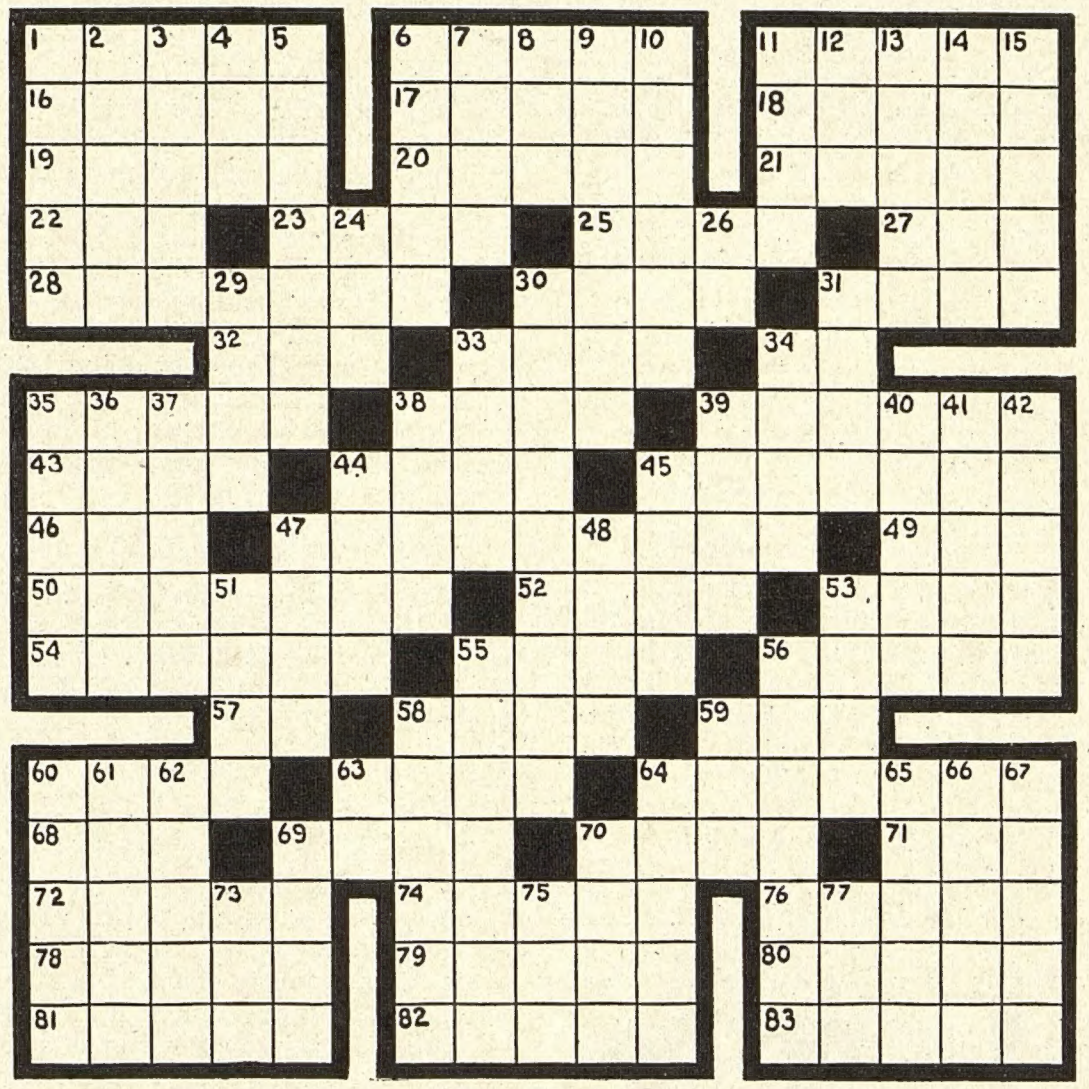
You simply take four tablets daily, then watch results. Reduction is never too rapid. Cease Marmola when you reach the weight desired, and note how much better you feel. Then, in kindness to your friends, tell others the effects. Start now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

$25 a Week
for the Best New
Cross-Word Puzzle

WHEN working for the weekly prize offered by LIBERTY, remember that we do not want *solutions*. We want *original* puzzles. They should not be more than twenty-one nor less than fifteen squares in breadth or in height. Approximately one-sixth of the squares may be black and one-tenth of the letters unkeyed. The number of unkeyed letters, however, should be kept as low as possible. Abbreviations, initials, prefixes, suffixes, obsolete and foreign-language words should be used sparingly and only with dictionary authority. Trade names and possessive forms of nouns are not sanctioned. Puzzles will be returned and inquiries answered only when accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelop. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 58

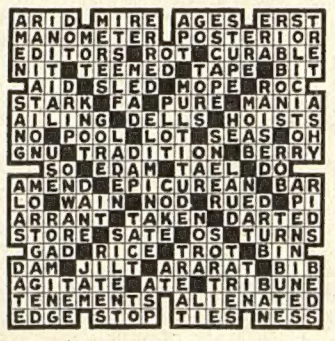
By L. S. GOUDIE, Lacombe, Alberta, Canada

HORIZONTAL

1 Tree of the pine kind
6 Fury
11 To adorn oneself for show
16 A compound of oxygen
17 A dark gray color
18 Pertaining to radiant energy
19 A bolt
20 Restriction
21 Portentous signs
22 A beverage
23 Genuine
25 Tilts
27 A playing-card
28 Abates
30 Heart
31 Let blood
32 Youth
33 A city in New York
34 An exclamation
35 In progress
38 Domicile
39 Wheelbarrow
43 Part of a shoe
44 A ridge
45 A river in Brazil
46 A constellation
47 Enmity
49 Large tub
50 Student
52 Marks with small spots
53 Festival
54 Drinking vessel
55 Mast
56 A tree
57 A form of to be
58 Food
59 Loose garment worn by Arabs
60 Javanese tree yielding poison
63 At this point
64 A seer
68 Protuberance
69 Impertinent
70 Matter producing heat
71 The topaz humming-bird
72 Angry
74 As far as
76 Islands
78 A tenth part
79 Looks askance
80 Exhausted
81 Turkish title of dignity
82 Expunge
83 Hurry

VERTICAL

1 A shade of red
2 Banish
3 Plunges
4 An American author
5 Retire
6 A large size of paper
7 Fastening device
8 A resinous substance
9 A summary
10 Retreat
11 Affirmative arguments
12 A sheep
13 Perfect
14 Hash
15 Assumed a posture
24 Culmination
26 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
29 Cause to spill over
30 A naval officer
31 Drill
33 Rove
34 Gentlewoman
35 Stop!
36 Comedy
37 One of a tribe of Siouan Indians
38 Inheritor
39 Clubs
40 Split
41 Declaim
42 Irrigate
44 Break off suddenly
45 Very small portion
47 An astringent
48 A fish
51 South American wood sorrels
53 Loose appendage
55 An associate
56 Annul
58 Piece of flat wood used for light punishment
59 One hundred square meters
60 Join
61 A Jewish festival
62 Lessen
63 A pronoun
64 Throb
65 Drags
66 Occurrence
67 Flavor
69 An equal
70 Trees
73 An article
75 A beverage
77 A spring



Answer to Puzzle No. 57

Columbia University
Courses for Home Study

IF YOU are one of the many to whom circumstances have denied academic careers or who have been unable to carry them on as far as you wished, you will welcome the opportunity now offered by Columbia University. After the most careful consideration Columbia decided that under conditions of supervision rigidly and exactly regulated, instruction of University grade could be given, away from the University.

If You Can Not Come to Columbia, Columbia Will Come to You

A wide range of subjects now available.

French	Accounting	Psychology
Religion	Poetry	Short-Story
Italian	Business Law	Art
Banking	Drafting	Greek
Spanish	Marketing	Physics
History	Finance	Astronomy

English Composition
Courses in Literature
Personnel Administration
Courses in Writing
English Grammar
Latin
Mathematics

High School and College Preparatory

There are many more courses available. If the subject in which you are interested is not listed above, mention it specifically when writing for information. Every Home Study Course is conducted by a regular member of the University teaching staff. Direct contact is maintained throughout the course between the student and the instructor personally. Papers are corrected and returned with the instructor's personal detailed comment. The instructor adapts each course and adjusts the material to the particular needs of each student.

Write to the University for Full Information

The University will be glad to send on request full details regarding the scope and conduct of the Home Study Courses. Just fill out and send the attached coupon.

Columbia University
University Extension—Home Study Dept.
New York, N. Y.

Please send me full information about Columbia University Home Study Courses and their conduct. I am interested in the following subject: (Liberty 10-27)

Name_____

Street and Number_____

City and State_____

VOX POP

Right from the Heart

SPARROWS POINT, MD.—In a letter to Vox Pop recently one (Mona) was knocking American Manhood. I wish to answer it.

I have went with girls in practly every State. And I have found that if a man tries to treat them decent they will not go out with him a secound time. If he don't pet and do things he hadent ought to he is to slow to catch cold. It has happened to me *hundreds* of times. Why, 90% of the Amercain girls of to day go out just for that.—*Jack O'Shean.*

Kultured Taste

GREENVILLE, PA.—Beyond all question of a doubt everyone residing in Germany would enjoy reading The Red Knight of Germany.—*R. J. Mertz.*

For Those Who Want—

LEWISTON, ME.—Congratulations! That's a wonderful story you are printing in your magazine. Germany must be proud to have you boost up her Red Killer. I wonder if the parents of the boys killed by him appreciate this story as well as you do?

I understand that Richthofen was only doing his duty, but why not let Germany do her own boasting?—*Disgusted.*

—Gentle Wars

COLUMBUS, OHIO—So Richthofen made Nero look like a piker, according to one of our Vox Pop birds.

I have talked to some of our own good American infantry boys who admitted shooting down Germans after they were taken prisoners.

I heard a boy tell that on the morning the Armistice was signed he had located two Germans in a shell hole, hiding, and because he knew fighting would cease at eleven o'clock would not shoot them.

But when he told an officer of his own company about it the officer took a rifle, climbed to a tree where he could look over into the shell hole, and shot and killed both of these Germans, at 10:30 A. M. I have not read of Richthofen doing anything like that.

I myself was in the heavy artillery, and acting as No. 1 man sent hundreds of shells over to the German lines. I may have killed more men than Richthofen did, but thanks to God I do not know.

If war is right then we are all O. K. But if war is wrong we will all probably meet at the same place—in hell. But nevertheless, if I meet Richthofen there, I'll slip him my mitt and admit that "what it took—he had."—*Just One of the Boys.*

A Good Sonnet, Right or Wrong

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Will you accept the following poem in honor of a man who was respected as a hero even by his enemies?

On Richthofen

Ask not the side he aided, not the flag
That covered his still body, wrapt in death;
They in Valhalla do not hoarsely brag
Of nations, with their racing, heated breath—
Rather the gods would know *how* heroes fought:
How blithely did they lay their young lives down?
How dearly was their place among them bought?
Was theirs a name to gain untold renown?
And as the mead-cups pass from hand to hand,
While lusty voices make the rafters ring,
Echoing deeds to cheer the Valkyr band—
Be sure his name is there a treasured thing,
Honored, because he waged a losing fight
And *loved the battle,* whether wrong or right.

—*William Bachmann.*

You'd Be Surprised!

DENISON, TEX.—I notice that you advertise a binder for saving that Richthofen story. Honest, I believe your whole darn crew, including the editor, must be a bunch of Dutchmen. Who in the devil wants to keep that story, anyhow?—*J. H. M.*

At the Crossroads

NEW YORK, N. Y.—So much discussion about Heaven Help the Mod-

ern Boy! As for me, I'm a girl in an awful position—don't know which to be—popular and wild, or unpopular and good.—*Miss Lorna.*

Normalcy and Legs

DETROIT, MICH.—Regarding Judge Oberwager's article throwing suspicion on short-skirted flappers, I wear short skirts and can not see why the sight of a girl's leg should ruin a boy's morals. Any human being ought to have two legs to be normal. —*A Modern Girl.*

Dry and Reasonable

BEDFORD, IND.—In regard to your article by Mr. Hall, Law vs. Whisky in Indiana, I wish to state I am a dry voter. But I am at a loss to know why the people of Indiana "hound" Mr. Jackson on small as well as large matters—as when he violated the State prohibition act when whisky was needed to save the lives of his wife and sons.

To save their loved ones, the hounders themselves, under like circumstances, would do without a minute's hesitation what Mr. Gilliom and Mr. Jackson did, in defiance of any law or threat.—*E. A. Walker.*

Just Dry

SCRANTON, PA.—The article by Norman S. Hall, Law vs. Whisky in Indiana, seemed very ill chosen. I did not credit Mr. Hall or your magazine with such articles.

If you had criticized Indiana's Governor for not upholding the laws of prohibition and gambling, and his Attorney-General for not doing likewise, I would have given your editorial staff more credit for strength, instead of for easy compliance and complaint.—*J. J. Handig.*

Mr. Smith and His Anvil

WATERLOO, IA.—"The press is the lever that moves the world"—and you are moving it downward at an electric pace. You pander to all that is debasing.—*John Smith.*

Don't Worry! They Get Even in the End!

CHICAGO, ILL.—The article on Prom Trotting has moved me to pity when picturing those poor prom trotters who dance all evening from the arms of one man to those of another without stopping, often with swollen, blistering feet; who must remember everything, dance everything, listen to everything.

Would it be too much for men to show consideration to the girls instead of eternally expecting them to be popular, peppy, and have an everlasting "line"? Some have been attracted by their worth. — *Ollie Whitaker.*

Congratulations!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your article, Prom Trotting, was absolute bosh. Do you mean to say that a girl can actually win a man's true love by turning him down every so often and by going around with any one who asks her to a prom?

I, for one, think the article all wet—because I've tried it. I went out with a good many other fellows and when I thought I had reached the heights of popularity, discovered to my dismay that the man I loved had thought I didn't give a hang, so sought the companionship of a girl who went with him alone. And he married her, too, and I'm still single. —*Helene.*

BEG PARDON

Mr. Clark Cooper, of San Antonio, Texas, has called our attention to an error in LIBERTY for August 27. He writes: "In your Twenty Questions, answering Question No. 20, you state that the first United States postage stamps, bearing the picture of Benjamin Franklin, appeared in 1857.

"The United States issued its first postage stamps in 1847. There were two varieties: one a five-cent showing Benjamin Franklin and the other a ten-cent with a portrait of George Washington."

No Men Need Apply

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Apropos of Judge Oberwager's article, please do

not think that men are positively essential to the modern girl. We can get along quite as well without them; if not better.—*A Decent Modern Girl.*

He Was There!

HOKAH, MINN.—Just a word in regard to the nincompoop who referred to Gene Tunney's war record as "summer resorting in some nice camp."

I don't know or I don't care whether Tunney wins his fight or not, or whether he eats his pie with a knife or a fork; but as a marine myself I do know he put in his preliminary training at Paris Island, South Carolina, and if that's a summer resort—page the devil!—*Chas. Sauer.*

That Seattle Debate

SEATTLE, WASH.—I notice in Vox Pop that we had a couple of letters from Seattle readers. They evidently don't believe it rains here. Eleanor Knowles in her story, Jobs, sure stepped on Seattle's toes. However, I must admit she told the truth. I've lived here three and a half years and I've seen Mount Rainier a couple of times myself.

Christy Thomas is quite right in stating that the total precipitation for 1926 was only 26.12 inches; but oh, how long it took that rain to come down. It seldom rains hard here, but gee!—that terrible drizzle!—*A Little Ray of Sunshine.*

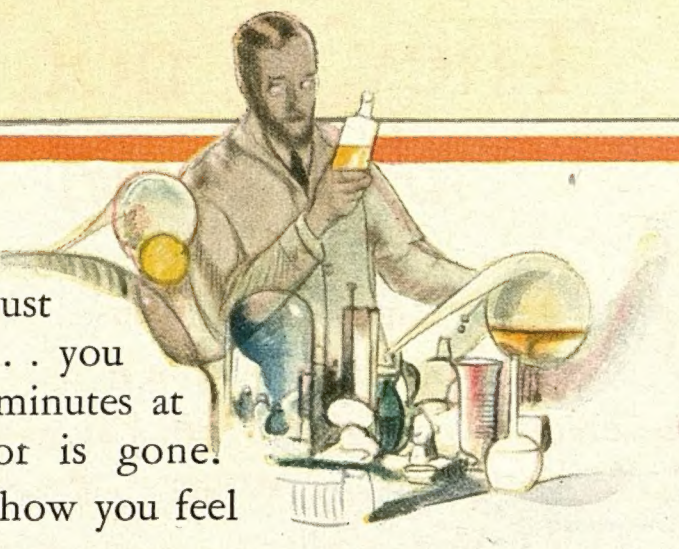
Even Up!

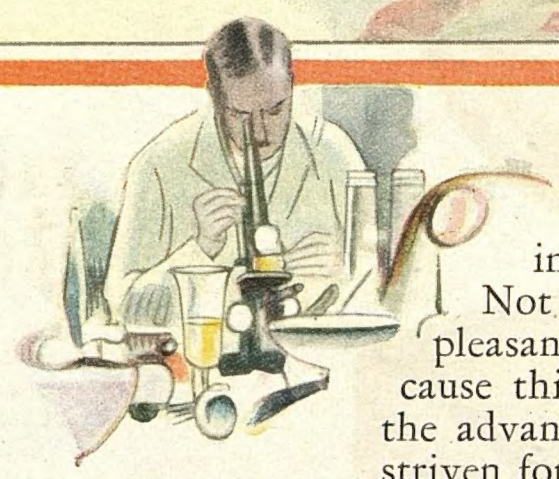
BEVERLY, MASS.—Your magazine is the pig's velocipede, no kidding! That story, A Ride in the Country, was the best serial you have printed! More power to George!

But—here's something that you should throw into the well known waste-basket! That downright trash about Toni, Jr! That stuff is all right for grandmothers and the like, but us young folks want stories, like the above-mentioned one. What say?—*Critic.*

Two modern specialists — an Austrian scientist and an American Physician developed this tiny delicious Tablet to correct our commonest Physical Problem:

Chew it for 3 *minutes* at bedtime *tonight*





A COOL, mint-flavored tablet . . . apparently just a bit of chewing gum . . . you chew it for two or three minutes at bedtime, until the flavor is gone.

That is all. Yet notice how you feel next morning!

Your whole body refreshed, invigorated, purified within—for the deadening poisons of constipation are gone. And gone *without shock to the system*—without injury to the digestion, without any of the unpleasant after-effects that ordinary laxatives may have for you.

That is Feen-a-mint—the answer of modern science to our commonest physical problem.

THE "active principle" of Feen-a-mint is phenolphthalein — a compound whose remarkable laxative properties were discovered in Europe shortly before the World War.

Almost at once the scientific world adopted it. For here was an intestinal stimulant so mild that even delicate children could safely take it, yet so effective that it cleansed thoroughly the entire intestinal tract.

Then, quite recently, an American physician made this new discovery still more effective by combining it with a delicious mint chewing-gum.

Not simply because this was a pleasant, easy way to take it—but because this combination made possible the advantage which experts had long striven for: *thorough mixing of a laxative with the saliva before it reaches the stomach.*

Feen-a-mint was the result.

TRY it tonight yourself—your favorite druggist has it. Simply chew one of the little mint-flavored tablets until the flavor is gone.

The chewing mixes the phenolphthalein with the mouth fluids which aid digestion. The result is easy, natural, complete laxative action in the morning. No unhealthy violent "flushing" of the system—yet complete elimination, such as the usual mild laxative often fails to give.

For children, especially, you will find Feen-a-mint invaluable — accepted as eagerly as candy.

Made only by Health Products Corporation. Newark, N. J.—Toronto, Canada—London, England—Frankfort, Germany—and representatives in all principal countries.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

MODEL H RADIO SPEAKER. Entirely of metal. Crystalline finished in two shades of brown. With 9 feet of flexible cord. $21

MODEL 30, six-tube, ONE Dial Receiver. Solid mahogany cabinet; gold-plated name plate, power supply switch and vernier knob. $80

MODEL 33, six-tube, ONE Dial Receiver. Antenna adjustment device. Unusual selectivity. Solid mahogany cabinet; gold-plated name plate, power supply switch and vernier knob. $90

MODEL E RADIO SPEAKER. The result of nearly three years' laboratory work. Faithfully covers the entire range of musical tones, from the lowest to the highest register. With 9 feet of flexible cord. $30

MODEL 35, six-tube, ONE Dial Receiver. Crystalline-finished cabinet; gold-plated ship-model name plate, decorative rosettes and power supply switch. $65

ONE Dial Receivers licensed under U.S. Patent 1,014,002

Prices slightly higher from the Rockies West, and in Canada

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING:—The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you the stars of opera and concert, in Radio's finest program. Hear it at 9:15 Eastern Time, 8:15 Central time, through:

WEAF . . *New York*	WGR . . . *Buffalo*	WGY . *Schenectady*
WEEI . . . *Boston*	WOC . . *Davenport*	WSB . . . *Atlanta*
WCAE . . *Pittsburgh*	WDAF . *Kansas City*	WSM . . *Nashville*
WSAI . . *Cincinnati*	KSD . . . *St. Louis*	WMC . . *Memphis*
WTAM . . *Cleveland*	WWJ . . . *Detroit*	WHAS . . *Louisville*
WGN . . . *Chicago*	WFI . . *Philadelphia*	WFAA . . . . *Dallas*
WRC . *Washington*	WCCO *Mpls.-St. Paul*	KVOO *Oklahoma City*

They're not alike—
and yet they are

WHEN every note of the music you hear is what the distant artist intended you to hear—that's *tone*. When you select or change programs at will by touching ONE Dial—that's *simplicity*. When your radio always does what you wish it to do—that's *reliability*. When you are glad to have your guests see it as well as listen—that's *beauty*. When you avoid high prices and at the same time enjoy radio to the utmost—that's *economy*.

The instruments composing the family of Atwater Kent Radio differ in special abilities. In simplicity, reliability, beauty and economy they are alike—for these are fundamental.

Write for illustrated booklet telling the complete story of Atwater Kent Radio

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A. Atwater Kent, President
4749 Wissahickon Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.